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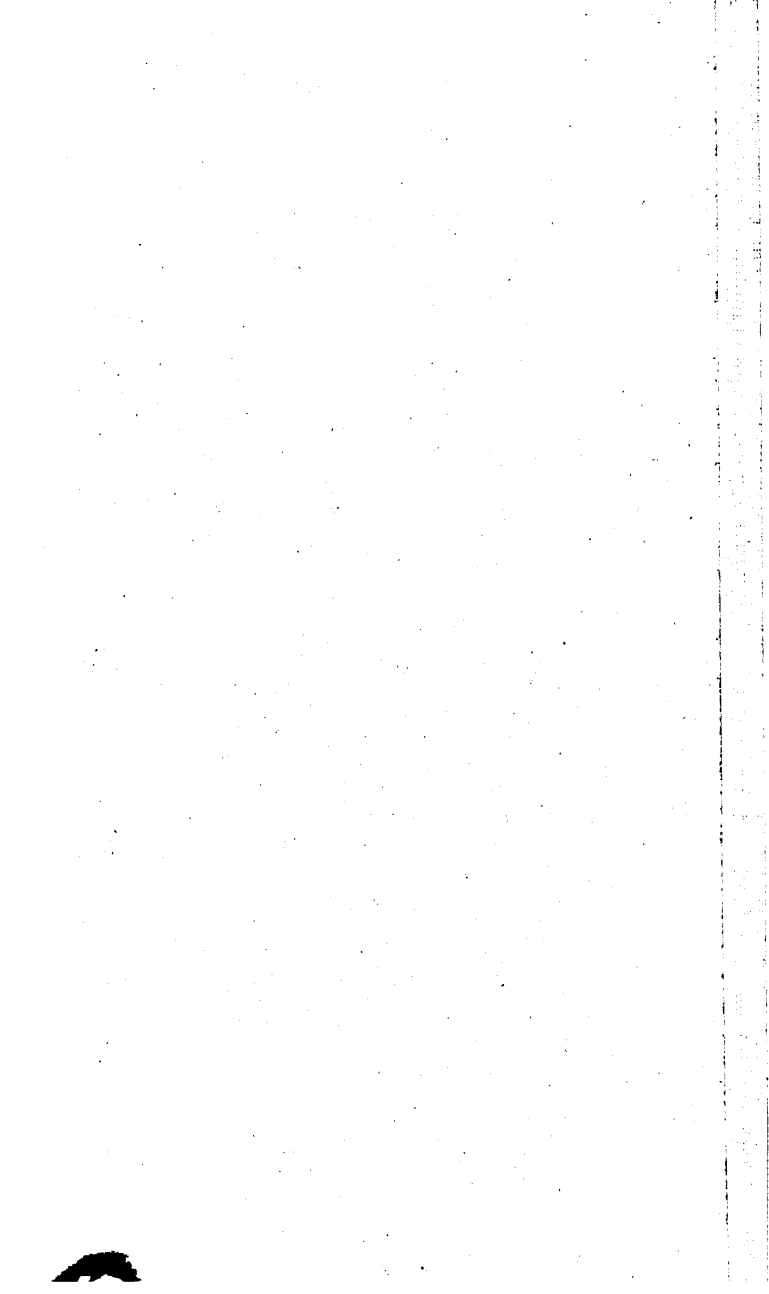
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GRONDALLA,

A ROMANCE IN VERSE,

BY IDAMORE.

Mary Cutts -

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK:

SHELDON & COMPANY, 498 BROADWAY.

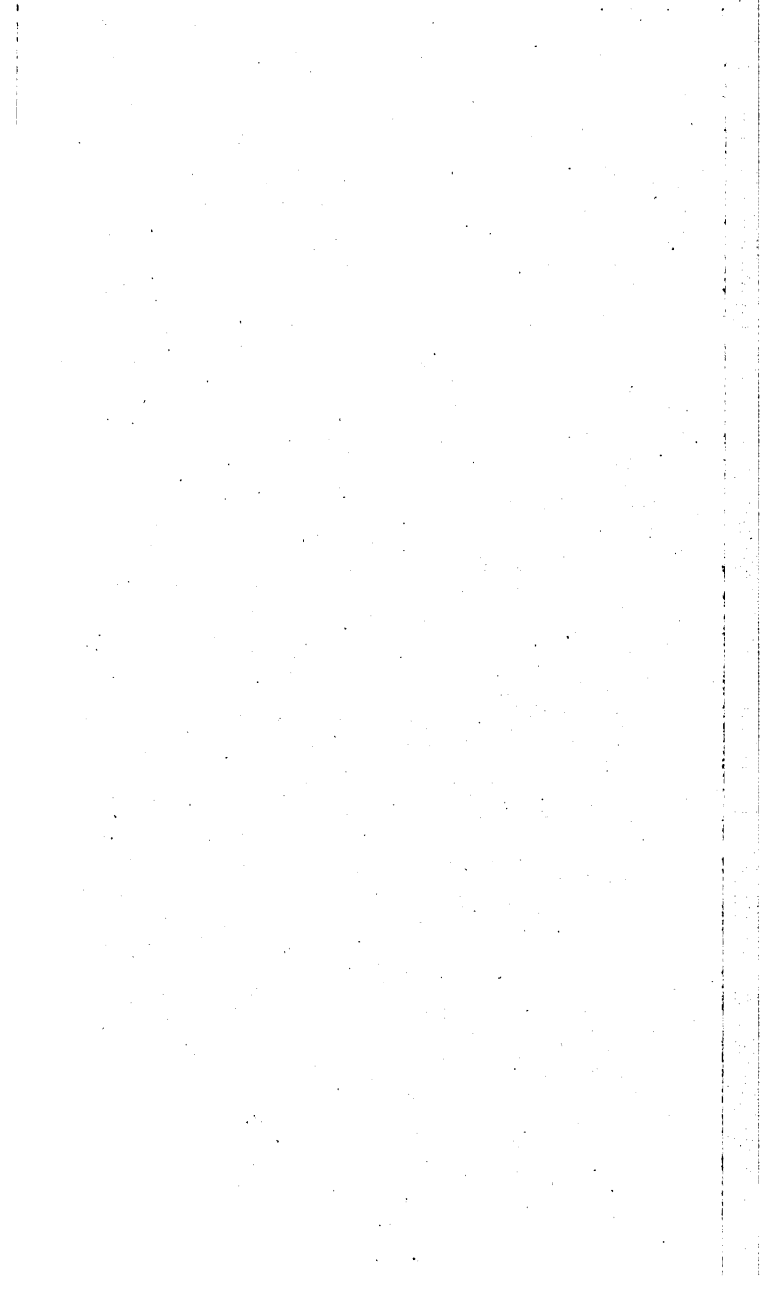
BOSTON: GOULD & LINCOLN.

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1866.







Came thronging to his mind ; but *one*, o'er all,
Consideration gained. " Ah yes, it must,
It must be so," he said, " my Ella 's changed ;
Her heart is changed—or why this silence long ?
Why is it that for two lone, weary years
No line hath reached me from the hand of one
I love so fondly ? Ah, that parting scene !
Could I have been deceived ? were those tears false ?
Deceived in *Ella* ? she to whom my heart
From earliest years was given ; who has been,
Forever been, so guileless and so pure,
So good and excellent ; it cannot be ;
Can such a one be faithless ? never ! no !
And her regard for me so holy seemed,
I will not deem it o'er. Some cause unknown,
Some accident, perchance : and yet, oh yet,
My oft repeated letters sure should bring
Some word, some little answer in reply.
O Ella ! sweeter, dearer to me far
Was the least word, or tone, or look of thine
Than all the world can offer me of bliss.
Why am I severed from my native land ?
Vain thoughts be still ! I will no more repine !
The great Director of all human things
For good ordains ; I bend to his control.
My mother taught me this ;—and, day by day,
Methinks her precepts and her gentle words

Within my stricken heart take deeper root,
And flourish fairer when bedewed by tears."

GRONDALLA.

"Yea, brother, I will go, if 'tis thy wish,"
The gentle Ella said; "for I will own
That truly I do love a merry dance;
I love the music, and the meetings gay
With joyous, happy beings who have ne'er
Known aught their buoyant spirits to subdue,
Ah, little do they deem how soon, around,
Dark lowering clouds may gather,—how the breeze,
Now wafting gently by, may rise and swell,
With a resistless force, until it beats
In fury round their unsuspecting heads!"

"Why, Ella, tell me why," the answer was,
"These terrible forebodings? what, my friend,
Dear Ella, has come over thee of late?
Not long it is since thou wast gay as birds,
And thy dear voice, so musical with joy
It oft would seem as if the silvery tones
Would never leave my heart. And now, methinks,
Thy lovely, fair young brow doth meekly wear
Traces of inward suffering—why is this?
Is it not beautiful, this home of thine,

With its wild forests and its laughing streams,
Its sunny meadows and its winding paths !
And art thou not the pride and the delight
Of many a loving and confiding heart ?
Is not my father thine ? and would he not,
To cheer and bless thee, hold aught else as naught ?
Ah, surely Ella, *thy* heart should be gay !
Consider *me*,—a wanderer o'er the earth,
Destined, perhaps, to roam without a home,
Alone and unbefriended ; far away
From country and from kindred ; amid climes
Of sultry, withering heat, where oft do float
Diseases dire, and death upon the gale."

"Dear Francis," Ella said, "oh, talk not thus !
You must not leave us ; I will soon be gay ;
Indeed I *am* so, brother ; this was naught,—
'T was but a shadow, such as dance and play
O'er the soft waters of yon glittering stream,
Then leave it clear and beautiful again.
Thou seest I have some vanity, my friend,
And am by nature light of heart and gay,
As thou hast had the wisdom to believe,
For though not long it is since first we met,
Not many months, my brother—yet methinks,
I've seen at times a frown upon thy brow,

Perchance not quite a frown, but a sage look,
As if thou saidst, 'Wild, laughter-loving girl,
Thou 'rt far too gay and thoughtless, far too port
To be *my* lady sister;—I did think
To find thee gentle, lady-like and soft,
And not so rude and volatile.' But hush !
Thou 'st said enough to-day ; and we will go
To-morrow to this dance. I must away
To make all due arrangements, as thou know'st,
And so, my-wise young counselor, adieu !"
This said, they parted ; Francis, with a sigh
Scarce audible, and Ella, with a fleet,
Light step and radiant smile.

It matters not

Where Ella's rural habitation was,
It is enough that it was fair to view ;
Ay, beautiful the stately mansion rose
From out the varying shades of lofty trees
That circled it around. And wild and strange
The face of nature seen from that abode ;
Yet was it mingled with such gentle spots
Of quiet beauty, that the admiring eye
Might gaze forever, and forever find
New loveliness to fill the raptured soul.
'And many hearts *were* filled with peace and love,

And many souls exalted by thy charms,
O beautiful GRONDALLA! Here would stray
The rustic tenant of the neighboring wilds,
And lingering long, would mark, with wondering gaze,
Thy cultured valleys and thy glistening streams.
Oft, too, amid thy solitudes, the sad,
The weary and the stricken would find rest ;
And the keen-eye of genius and of taste
Wander enraptured o'er thy fair domains,
Beloved, calm retreat.

To Ella's heart

Each vale and hill, and flowing streamlet gay,
Ay, every pathway of the place was dear ;
For she had never known another home.
Her father, the proprietor, of all,
Ere she had grown to womanhood, had died,
Leaving to her, his only child and heir,
Possessions ample. Yet had Ella, ne'er,
Or very rare, the moment she had given
Her young, pure thoughts to this. She felt indeed
She was not doomed to curb her generous soul,
And this was all to her. The might of wealth
To raise her estimation in the eye
Of its fond parasites, or as a means
Of gratifying pride, she thought not of.

And Ella's mother—yes, she loved her child,
But failing in that faithfulness of heart,
The beautiful fidelity we love,
To an attachment worthy of a life,
Again she gave her hand ; and ah, to one
The sad reverse in elevated thought,
In purity and rectitude of soul,
Of him she once with tenderness had loved—
The father of her child.

Titles, we know,

Though merited by many, yet, alas !
Are often claimed where least they are deserved ;
And many a soul ignoble may exist,
And heart of coward even, beat beneath
The insignia of bravery and worth.

And thus it was with him who had become
An inmate of Grondalla. He was known
As *General* Dorset, although years had flown

• Since military duty had been his.

He was a man of pleasing, soft address,
Bland, courteous, polished, affable to all,
And few were those whose penetrating skill
Sufficed to pierce beneath this glossy veil,
And comprehend the soul. His gentle wife
Believed him pure in heart, for many kind,
Domestic, worthy traits he *did* possess.
And Ella thought him good, for he to her

Had ever been a most attentive, fond,
Regardful parent. Why, then, would she shun,
By instinct, as it were, his presence oft?
She felt his kindness, and would, gratefully,
Her sense of it, express. Oh, sure there is,
Though rare the spirits that repel or charm—
Which for our peace may be—yet sure there is
A secret, silent sympathy of soul,
Or a repugnance native, justly deep;—
A bond of union, or the fixed reverse;
And spirit comprehendeth spirit, ay,
Shrinks from, or loves, when all without may be,
As summer evening, calm. Yet Ella *thought*—
For independent, as we know full well,
Of feeling, are (strange fact) our reasoning powers—
Sweet Ella thought this parent named was good,
And knew him kind and lenient. Far too pure,
Too good herself she was, to ever dream
Of arts and sordid interests like his.

One aim this man of intrigue had in view,
Which, by familiar cherishing, became
The secret, settled purpose of his soul.
This was to wed his son, the only child
Of a first marriage, with the daughter fair
Of her, his present wife, sweet Ella Cleaves.

Her fortune was the bait that lured him on ;
His, long had been a wreck ; and for his son,
Should he not wed as he had long desired,
There seemed no other refuge but to stray
In foreign lands, and seek a fortune there.
And was his son his confidant in this ?
Nay, nay ! that son was far above intrigue ;
His father knew it well ; and ne'er had dared,
To *his* ear, whisper an unworthy aim,
Or thought unholy breathe. This son had late
Come to Grondalla by his father's wish,
He trusting that the many charms of her,
The gentle Ella, would allure his heart.
And Francis deemed his new and lovely friend,
Who kindly called him *brother* when they met,
A being far more beautiful and fair,
More charming for her purity and worth,
Than he had ever seen. Yet he had ne'er,
No, never had the thought within his breast
Arisen, that this being, so divine,
So gifted and so lovely, could be his.
'T is true that as he viewed her day by day,
Held with her converse that gave more delight
Than he had known before—beheld her move,
In the domestic circle, with a grace
Peculiarly her own, united with
A gentle eagerness of soul to do

Her every duty ; or to lighten care
Where others were oppressed : or pleasure give,
And comfort to the destitute and lone,
The sick and weary, and the sad of heart ;
(For oft on deeds of love would Ella stray,
And many an humble spirit knew her well.)
When this he knew, and felt, *himself*, the force
Of her sweet power, her influence o'er his soul
To comfort and to cheer, oh, could it be
That he could love her not, or fail to feel
A brother's tender interest ? for, as yet,
If deeper love was stealing o'er his heart,
He knew it not ; and would have scorned the thought
To mend his broken fortunes with her wealth,
Dear and delightful as to him she was.

The day succeeding to the merry dance,
Where Ella went with more intent to please
Another than herself, (for Francis urged,
As we have seen, her presence at this ball,)
She wandered forth alone to roam and muse.
It was a day of loveliness and peace ;
Just one of those sweet days, so calm and pure,
So radiant with beauty and with life,
They seem a smile divine, to urge the soul
To throw aside each sad, obtruding care,

And dream, in holy confidence, of heaven.
And Ella felt its purity and love;
Yet the allurements of the vanished eve,
So uncongenial to the gentle charms
Of nature in her season of delights,—
To the pure joys the early summer brings,
With her sweet offerings of tree and flower,
And melody entrancing, had not shed
A calm upon her heart. She felt how vain
Were such attractions to give peace of mind;
And, as she mused in solitude, one thought,
One recollection, which she long had striven,
With maiden pride and with submission to
The will of Him, the great controller here
Of all events, to banish from her mind,
Came yet again with all-subduing power,
With undiminished vigor o'er her heart.
“Ah, why,” she questioned, “why, in early life,
Hath this cloud rested o'er my earthly hopes?
Ah, why has he who loved, or seemed to love,
With such devotion and such tenderness,
Whose every thought betrayed a thought of me,
Whose every hope seemed resting on my love,
Ah, why has he forsaken me? and he
So noble and so good, so pure in heart,
As he was ever; for from childhood's hour
Did we not know and love each other well?

Did we not feel our innocence of heart?
And, as we older grew, there was no change,
Save that of deeper love,—I knew of none.
O Julian, Julian! Why, in that sad hour
When last we parted, didst thou promise me,
Or rather not by *words*, for thou didst know
They were not wanted to express thy love,
Thy constancy forever, but by looks,
By interest most touching, and by all
That ever can betray affection true,
Oh why, didst thou impress upon my soul
That thou wast ever mine? It was thy thought;
None other ever entered thy pure heart;
And yet, oh yet, thou hast forgotten all;
Deserted me, thy Ella!—can it be?
Be still my heart; I'll dream no more of love!
This secret I will keep within my breast,
And well I may, for none who know it name it.
And I will strive, as I have ever done,
To smile in unaffected happiness.
Kind Heaven has blessed me with a buoyant heart;
Trusting in Him it shall not be subdued;
And Francis, my kind brother, ne'er again
Have cause to speak of pensiveness of mine,
Which he for many weeks from first we met,
All unsuspecting there could be a grief
Within my bosom lurking, did not note.

Oh, did he know this secret of my soul,
How kind, how warm would be his sympathy !
Little he deemed when late he spoke of woe,
Of hidden, unknown grief, how true the word !
But cease, my heart ;—these shadows shall not play
Too often o'er my spirit ;—time will soothe ;
And with the aid of pride I may forget.”
Reflecting thus, sweet Ella, on a seat
Beneath an aged elm, whose branches low
Hung gracefully around, protecting it
With drapery most beautiful, found rest.
Yet not, alas ! at once sweet rest of mind ;
For here with Julian she had often strayed,
And seated here beneath this sacred tree,
For such it seemed, held oft communings sweet.
She bent her head, and in a gush of tears,
Of warm, impassioned tears, relieved her heart.

When Ella looked around, she saw, not far
From her own rural seat, the form of one
She long had known, who knew not she was near,
But in a thoughtful attitude reclined,
Contemplating, in quiet peace of soul,
The scenery in view. He seemed to feel
Its beauty and its loveliness within
His inmost heart, for a soft smile, a look

Of sweet serenity and holy joy,
Illumined his fair features, which were cast
In classic mould of beauty, pale, serene
And dignified as those of ancient bust,
Or one of Raphael's paintings. Years, 't is true,
Had tinged his once dark auburn locks with grey
And slightly left their traces on his brow,
Yet had not marred the beauty of the face ;
Nay, nay, it seemed as if they had but shed
A softer, holier light—a deeper glow
Of tender feeling and of innate love.
It was a countenance that did imply
Faith, Hope, and Charity had done their work ;
That spoke of inward peace too pure and deep
For mortal man, to give or take away ;
And Ella felt as one, who, worn with grief,
And all exhausted with wild passion's sway,
Might feel, perchance, to raise the sorrowing head,
And see an angel calm, reposing near.

And who was this ? who, merely for his worth,
His nobleness and purity of heart,
His well known, fervent love of God and man,
Ay, for his goodness only, when beheld,
Caused such a thrill of pleasure to the heart
Of this poor maiden ? rich indeed in all

The world holds precious, but yet yearning for
A happiness unfound,—a sympathy,
That world, alas ! for sorrow such as hers,
Can never give. Who was he ? simply one
Who came, a stranger many years before,
And kept a little school near Ella's home.
None knew concerning him ; or aught about
His family and kindred ; but they knew,
They soon perceived, his excellence of heart,—
His unassuming manners, and his skill,
His very rare attainments ; for he knew
What might have well sufficed to fill some place
Far more exalted. Yet this spot he chose ;
And here, from year to year, he daily taught ;
And if there might be some who wondered why
He chose to linger 'mid those quiet dales,
And loved to wander forth at early dawn,
And at all seasons, lone and musing, stray,
They seldom questioned him, but thought it right,
Whate'er the schoolmaster, beloved, might do.

Ella arose, and, with a gentle step,
Moved towards him, for she knew, and loved him well ;
Nay, she had revered him from infancy ;
For he had been her teacher when a child,
And ever spoke with kindness. She had seemed

His favorite pupil from her earliest years.
How oft, when, other daily duties o'er,
The time had been when he would call her near,
Part her long ringlets from her placid brow,
And speak of God, and heaven and holy things,
With such a mild and gentle look and tone
It went to Ella's heart.

"Ella, my child,"

His salutation was, as now she came
With unobtrusive grace, and took a seat
On verdant, mossy bank, not far from him,
"Most welcome art thou to my chosen nook,
My favorite retreat; for I know thou lov'st,
In true and earnest fervency of soul,
The wondrous beauties of the earth and sky.
Here, thankful, I trust, for privilege so great,
In tranquil faith of heart I often hold
Sweet converse with the trees, the birds, the flowers,
And each surrounding charm." But here he ceased;
For as on Ella's face he bent his eye
He saw at once the mark of recent tears,
And suffering stifled only, not subdued.
In truth, "the master," as they called him, knew
Far more of Ella's heart than she had deemed.
Of penetrating mind, he seemed with ease,
Without intention studied, to divine
The thoughts of others. And of Ella's life

He much had known ; nay, it had been his wish,
A thought he loved to cherish years before,
That Julian Marlowe and sweet Ella Cleaves
Might be united, for he loved them both,
And knew their worth of soul. They both had been
His favorite pupils ; and when, hand in hand
Together linked, as oft he'd seen them come
Along the winding path that led them towards
His little school-house door, he could'but think,
If but in after life they are as pure,
As charming and as beautiful as now,
How precious such an union ! As they grew
In loveliness of person and of mind,
And the sweet confidence, the tie of love
That made them one, did strengthen with their years,
Nay, when he knew the fervency of soul
With which in after time young Julian loved
The gentle Ella,—when he saw them stray,
Arm linked in arm, as if no earthly power,
Their pledged, devoted hearts, could e'er divide,
He prayed that Heaven would smile upon and bless
So truthful an affection.

That Marlowe,
The noble-hearted Marlowe, dear to all
Who knew him well, had weak and faithless proved,
The master could not for a moment think ;
Yet there was much of mystery e'en to him.

Why was this pensive look in Ella's eye ?
Why had the soft rose faded from her cheek ?
Why, when her voice seemed tremulous with joy,
Was it to him no echo of the heart ?—
All was not as it should be. "Can it be,
O, high-souled, noble Marlowe, can it be
That the allurements of the painted world,
The glitter, and the vanity and show,
The ceremony and the pomp of man,
Or aught that is most beautiful and fair,
Most tempting to the senses or the soul,
Can have estranged thy spirit from thy *love*,
Thy first, thine only, most devoted love ?
Hast thou forgotten her, the cherished flower
That grew in tender beauty by thy side,
Pure, artless, meek, yet radiantly fair,
And, ever trusting, loved but thee alone ?"—

Thus had the master thought ;—but he'er before
Had he beheld, on Ella's lovely face,
Such marks of passionate and recent grief
As now, with sorrow unconcealed, he saw.
He paused a while, then, calmly, gently, spoke.
"Ella," look forth upon this scene of love,
And see a Father's hand in all beheld,
There's naught below, above, around, we view,

But hath some reference to the bliss of man.
What care bestowed that every daily want,
If he improve the proffered terms aright,
Should ever be abundantly supplied.
Who sends us rain, and dew, and sun, and shade,
To ope the tender bud, unfold the grain ?
Who bids the cattle on a thousand hills
Rejoice in a creation made for man ?
Who regulates the little rill that plays
O'er valley fair, and over mount sublime ?
Now glittering here, or leaping wildly there,
Then, with a softened murmur, gliding on.
Ella, this God, this Father, He who cares
So much for us, would surely not afflict
His weak, dependent children, but for good.
Thou knowest it full well ;—and yet I love,
Oft and again, to dwell upon the theme.
How sweet to feel amid the woes of life
That all is ever right ;—that He who clothes
The lilies of the field in glowing hues,
And even of the little birds hath said,
To them can nothing chance but what He wills,
Can ne'er forget his children. If there be
Some hidden grief within thy gentle heart,
Oh, never for a moment, my sweet child,
Forget the heavenly source from whence it comes !
Look thou to Him, who in so many ways

Is calling thee, and He will soothe ;
Will whisper peace when all seems dark and drear ;
Fear nothing Ella, then, for God is love."

How sweet to Ella were these soothing words !
The kindly tone, more e'en than they had done,
"Shed a soft calm upon her troubled soul ;"
And though the tears were gliding yet again
Adown her cheek, it was a gentle shower
That quickly passed away. She looked her thanks,
As the good master quietly went on.
"Ella," he said, "I ne'er have spoke to thee
Of aught connected with my early life ;
Nor should I now, but often it is well
To witness how the promises of God,
How that religion, sent to us in love,
Through Jesus Christ, hath power to soothe and calm."
As this was said the master clasped his hands,
And pressed them on his brow. It did betray
Commotion of the soul as Ella, ne'er
Before, had seen him show. He paused a while,
One little moment, and then spoke again.
"Ella, I cannot, cannot now reveal
What was my grief ;—enough it is to know
That I had friends but now am desolate.
One scene there is upon my memory,

One recollection, which would haunt my soul
To desperation, were it not for that
Sweet, soothing influence which religion sheds
Upon the troubled heart. Oh, thanks to God
For such a Saviour ! May He be, to thee,
What his example and his holy words
Have been to me ;—a calmed and tranquil man,
Though sinning oft—not walking as I should,
I often fear, in the straight, narrow path
That leads to heaven. Yet is it my endeavor,
As far as my weak judgment can discern,
To do, I humbly trust, my duty here.”
When this was said the master once again
Bent low his head, and pressed his hands upon
That sweet, but slightly now excited face ;
Then calmly raised it with a tranquil smile.

Ella was grateful for this confidence ;
And felt the power of the Christian faith
To comfort and support, to aid and cheer,
More e'en than she had ever done before :
Though ever, in the master's presence, had
This thought, this reverence for its blessed worth,
Possessed her soul. She now forgot herself,
And thought of him alone whose griefs had been,
Perchance, far greater than she e'er had known.

But soon her feelings, influenced again
By this kind, able spirit, did become,
Not only quietly composed, but, as
He now conversed with her on various themes
Of pleasant, cheering interest, almost gay.
And when she parted from him with a smile
Expressive of a heart at rest, he felt
Amply repaid for all that he had said.

Yet no weak, trifling gaiety it was
That lighted Ella's heart ; but rather, far,
A glow of holy joy, an inward peace,
A grateful sense of gentle kindness done,
Which, when she found herself again alone,
With nought around her but the bending boughs
Of the serene, magnificent old trees,
Found utterance in a thankful, earnest prayer,
An aspiration fervent, to her God.
Yes, there; alone with nature, Ella prayed ;
And He who lists, who ever hears the prayer
Of faith and love, did hear and answer hers.

And now each object seen, as Ella strayed,
Seemed to her vision more divinely fair ;
A lovelier grace reposed on tree and flower ;
A richer verdure deepened lawn and mead ;

There was a brighter beauty in the sky ;
A softer tint upon the varying cloud ;
Ay, sympathizing nature gave response
Most gladly to her spirit, as with light,
With free and buoyant step, she onward went,
And soon the summit of a hill she gained,
From whence was seen in quiet vale below
An unpretending cottage, fair and neat,
With cultured garden and with meadow lands,
And fields that spoke of industry and thrift.
It was a lovely, calm, retired spot ;
Shut in by hills that compassed it around
From note of busy world. And there alone
An humble laborer tilled his little farm
From the gray opening morn till dewy eve. -

As Ella gazed she thought that ne'er before
The spot had seemed as beautiful as now ;
Though ever had she viewed it with delight,
There was about it such an air of peace,
And rural loveliness, contrasted with
The dark and rugged hills, she could but think
Seemed ever grateful for so sweet a smile
Of gentleness and beauty in their midst.
The parting sun was throwing his last rays
O'er tree and brook, and verdant meadow land,

As Ella now approached the humble cot
Made dear to her as being the abode
Of those she knew and loved. The farmer's wife
Was one of her most true and faithful friends.
Young, bright and cheerful, with a heart at rest,
A temper kind and sweet, good Amy took
An interest ever active, a delight
In every occupation that became
Her oft laborious, yet her happy lot.
To aid, and cheer, and lighten every care
Of him she loved, gave ever secret joy
To her kind, faithful heart. And then to lead,
As far as her attainments would permit,
The mind of one entrusted to her care,
Her first born, and the darling of the cot,
The lone and only one for much of time,
A charming little girl now eight years old,
To lead that infant spirit to the love
Of all that could exalt and elevate,
Was bliss to her. How thankful and how pleased
Good Amy ever was for Ella's aid
In this employment! and how Ella loved
The little Mabel! for she was in truth
A most attractive, fascinating child,
With her dark chestnut ringlets waving bright,
As with light fairy step she danced along,
And her deep azure eyes, so full of love,

And innocence and bliss. And then her mind
Was one of richest promise, too mature,
Thought Ella often, for her tender age.
How came this flower to blossom in this wild !
Ah ! as we roam this wayward world of ours,
This seemingly mysterious spot of earth,
Do we not find amid its wildest nooks,
Its most secluded, solitary glens,
Flowerets that startle us with glad surprise,
So beautiful they are, as 'neath their bowers
Of dark, entangled drapery they repose ?
Ay, thanks' that beauty in its purest forms
Is not confined to any chosen spot ;
But breathes as freely in the lowliest hut
As in the palace royal.

But the child,
The artless, gentle being who has caused
This unintended ramble—as she came,
With bounding step and heart along the path,
To meet her ever kind, attentive friend,
Exclaimed with joy, “ oh come ! I *am* so glad ! ”
These words, though all the little Mabel spoke,
Gave the kind Ella most sincere delight.
How simple and how light the word may be
That brings the flush of pleasure to the heart !

How easily 'tis said ! how oft withheld !
Thus Ella thought, as with a beaming smile
She now approached the pleasant cottage door,
And there again received a greeting which
She knew was unaffected. This door was not
Like common cottage doors. It had a porch,
And o'er it hung sweet flowers ; and at this time,
Around it drooped and clustered roses fair,
Of many delicate and glowing hues.
The seat within was very tempting ; and,
When Ella was divested of her hat,
She was right glad to sit her down and rest.

The day had been a very busy one
With the industrious inmates of this cot ;
But now came on the pleasant hour of rest,
The supper hour, in which the laboring class,
Their heavy duties o'er, take much delight.
There was a verdant, level spot of ground
Before the cottage, shaded by a tree
Of ample size, a lofty, rugged oak.
It was a pretty, rural spot ; and here
Did Mabel love to spread a table neat,
And take their evening meal. Her mother, too,
Delighted on a pleasant summer eve
To feel the soft breeze on her healthy cheek,

And sit and rest around that happy board.
And now, the table quickly brought in view,
How pleased was Mabel to adorn it first
With a clear snow-white covering, and then, bring,
Assisted by her mother, their best gear
Of cups and plates, and all that was required
For tea array. It made them happier far,
They oft would say, to see Miss Ella there
Than almost any one. This evening, too,
They were more lone than usual, Amy said,
As Jamie, her good helpmate, went that day
On business to the neighboring town, from whence
He might not come till late. All ready now,
Our Ella, with a pleased and grateful heart,
Took, with her happy friends, a seat around
This most inviting table, spread with all
E'en most fastidious could desire, of good
Nutritious things. Such cakes as Amy made,
Though very simple, by no other hand
Could ever be as nice. And then her bread,
Her tender, wheaten bread, how good it was
With such sweet, golden butter! And there were,
Oh, such delicious strawberries and cream,
Such ripe, fresh, fragrant strawberries, Ella thought
They surely were the very, very best
She e'er had seen. She did indeed enjoy
This good, refreshing meal with those kind friends

Far more than many ladies do a rich
Repast in glittering room of state. For here
Was nature's ample hall adorned with more,
Oh, how much more of beauty, than was e'er
By art contrived to please! Sweet notes of love
Were echoing near, from shrubbery and tree;
And hues divine, of crimson and of gold,
With glory were arraying sky and hill.
It was a lovely eve; and Ella's heart
Freely rejoiced in every blessing given.
Ere the repast was o'er, near Ella's hand
A beautiful wild rose came bounding down:
When, looking up, she met the laughing eye
Of Francis, her kind brother, who had been
O'er clump, and bush, and field, and hill, and pond,
He said, to find the missing Ella. Where
Had the wanderer been these weary hours?
"O Frank," she gayly said, "you know not yet
What a sad, heedless truant I can be
At this bewitching season."

"Do sit down,"
Said Amy laughing, "and partake with us
Our simple fare."

Young Dorset needed not
A second invitation: much he felt

The worth of such a pleasant, sweet repast,
With such good friends, and where the summer breeze
Free and unfettered could around him play,
Bringing new health and vigor to the heart.
How much was said ! how social were they all
Around this rural table ! Ella loved
To draw the little Mabel out in talk,
For when she felt at ease she would beguile,
And cheer the heart by her sweet winning ways.
She had, she said, "such beautiful bright flowers,
All in bloom,—such daisies, and sweet-williams,"
They must go with her and just take a peep.
And then, too, she would show them what she deemed
As precious even as her lovely flowers,
The prettiest brood of chickens ever seen.
Her mother said she thought ere very long
To send her Mabel to the master's school,
The walk had been too long for her ere this,
She knew that she should miss her, but she longed,
As Mabel did, to have him take the charge
Of her instruction. Ella was quite pleased ;
And thus in happy talk the moments flew.
But ere they rose to leave, a little face,
A fair, and round, and bright-eyed infant face,
Looked from a cradle sheltered by the tree,
With such a lovely and delighted smile
Upon the happy group, they warmly gave

A quick and glad response ; and Amy said
Her little Jamie had the sweetest naps
That ever baby had.

Oh, let not those
Who may have thought there are but very few
Among the heavy-laboring and the poor—
Or what are named the poor—who e'er can find,
Amid their daily cares, the leisure hours
For tranquil joys like these, let not such deem
As *fanciful* alone, what has been said.
All might find time for such sweet rests from care,
And all might cherish lovely things within
Their simple homesteads, be they e'er so poor.
Too much devotion may in truth be given
To weary care and labor. God is good,
And scatters, e'en along the homeliest paths,
Sweet, beauteous gleanings for the spirit's peace.
These may be gathered, cherished by the heart,
Without affecting even rigid care
And industry. Oh, it is well that some
Know this, and practice what they know and love,
As did the virtuous Amy.

We have said
The eve that Ella with her worthy friends

So much enjoyed, was very beautiful ;
And ere, with Francis, on her homeward way
She had proceeded far, the moon arose,
And made all objects, as it ever does,
How far more beauteous, more delightful still !
O fairest moon ! say what the wondrous power
That bids thee calm and elevate and bless ?
What potent charm dost thou possess, to throw
Such soft and tender beauty o'er each form,
Be it rough, or grand, or gentle, or perverse ?
How canst thou reach the secret, inmost heart,
And bid the tide of feeling roll along
With such bewildering power athwart the soul ?
What art thou ? say, as there unmoved, unknown,
Thou ridest grand among the stars of heaven ?
Methinks thou must be weary on thy way,
For ages have on ages past, and still
Thou art the same, the same that rose sublime
When God, the Almighty, said, " Let there be light :"
And, lo, there was. * And thou wast in the heavens
When the refulgent star of Bethlehem rose,
And pointed, by its consecrated light,
To where our Saviour was. And thou, o'er *Him*,
On mount, and plain, and busy city vast,
Didst shed thy blessed rays, O sacred moon !
And, oh, upon that evening ne'er forgot,
That hallowed eve of passion and of grief,

When, filled with love and tenderness for man,
Ungrateful, erring, sinful man, he prayed,
"My Father! O my Father! not as I,
But as Thou wilt"—it may be that amid
Legions of angels that surrounded thee—
O blessed moon, most favored, thou didst look,
And lend thy radiance to illumine the scene.
Ah, in the garden of Gethsemane
Thy rays must sure have been, O moon of heaven!
And on the holy mount of Olives, too,
How must thy tender light have shed a charm
When, o'er those favored branches, soft it fell!

Ay, gentle planet, where have *not* thy beams
Shed light divine! How many cities vast,
Now gone forever to the regions dark
Of silence and of gloom, hast thou illumed!
How many of the mighty of the earth,
The noble, and the gifted, and the great,
Have gazed on thee in rapture, placid moon!
The peace thou givest sure is sweeter far
Than ought of worldly homage; and the heart,
Oh, must be ever cold, which thy dear light,
Thy pure and holy beamings, cannot soften.
And 'mid the lowly and the desolate,
'Mid weakness, and distress, and gloom, and care,
How has the pious spirit turned to thee,

And drank in deeper piety and love !
Yes, we will reverence thee, O moon of earth !
Though thou amid the vast, the countless throngs
Of glittering stars that radiate in space,
May be as naught. And when we bid adieu,
Forever, it may be, to present scenes,
And far 'mid other glowing orbs may stray,
'Mid other moons and suns, of radiance more
Intense, benign and beautiful, than aught
The spirit prisoned here had e'en conceived,
May we not trust thy calm and faithful light,
That cheered and blest our infancy of life,
O planet mild, may never be forgot.

But whither are we straying ? Near a church,
Of ancient gothic form, that stood alone,
Like solemn sentinel o'er vale and hill,
Were now two beings gazing on the light,
The soft, fair light of this same gentle moon
That has bewildered us 'mid other scenes.
One, a tall, manly youth, with look refined ;
The other, a young maiden, whose sweet face
Betrayed emotion sad, yet peaceful too,
And tranquil as the quiet moonlit scenes
On which she gazed. " Francis," she gently said,
" I often have contemplated this scene,

By daylight and by moonlight, but to me
It never, never yet hath seemed more fair,
More beautiful than now. With what a look
Of quiet, holy dignity, yon church
Points with its spire to heaven. How lone it seems
Amid these vales and hills! how desolate!
Oh, dear to me from early childhood's hour
Have been its dedicated, holy walls.
I love its by-paths, and the very ground
On which it stands. O sacred dome!
Thou venerable type of other times!
Long prior to my life, ay, e'en before
My father, or his father's earliest days,
Thy massy walls arose;—and may they stand
A landmark for the contrite and the just,
A refuge for the erring and the weak,
Long after we have left these earthly scenes,
I trust, for truer joys." Her words were heard,
And revered even, by the friend who stood
Attentive by her side; and if, perchance,
His mind would wander from the holy thoughts
These words suggested, to the thought of her,
And rose to admiration of her worth,
Her purity and beauty, is there one
Who could condemn so noble, pure a heart?

"Some clouds are gathering o'er us," Ella said,
With cheerful accent, as they turned away,
And entered soon the avenue that led
To her own quiet and beloved home.

THE MOTHER.

"Yes, I *did* think her beautiful," replied
A fair young girl of fashionable air,
As languidly she rested on a lounge
In gay and rich boudoir,—“yes, mother dear,
I thought her beautiful, and more than that,
Her face is full of interest, soft and mild,
And tranquil in repose, yet brightening oft,
And beaming with intelligence. Her smile
Has to my eye a most peculiar charm;
And she is elegant and graceful too.
Indeed, dear mother, I did think her far
The most attractive figure in the dance;
And yet I cannot, no, I cannot love her!
I could but think whene'er she passed me by,
Oh, if thou wast indeed as true and pure
As that sweet face would promise,—didst thou love,
As I once thought, my brother more than all

The world beside,—oh hadst thou ne'er proved false
To one who trusted, loved, and worshiped thee,
To a young noble heart, most worthy sure
Of e'en *thy* fondest reverence and love,
Oh hadst thou ne'er forsaken him, fair girl,
And proved thy heart by this one act so cold,
And light in its affections, how wouldst thou
By me have been beloved! I ne'er have seen
One whom with more delight I could have called
My sister. But enough of Ella Cleaves.
And yet since I have met her I can think
Of no one else. How very strange it is!
The moment that to me she was made known
I thought I saw a change come o'er her face,
As if a sudden leap her heart had given,—
A look as if a depth of feeling there
Was firmly and most quietly suppressed.
Yet sure the expression of that angel face
Was not in truth of nature like to this;
Oh no, no, no! How could it have been so?
A glow of shame might truly have been there,
But not of grief and tenderness of soul.
And yet there was a look within her eyes
That thrilled my very heart,—I almost deemed,
Just for an instant, that a heavy tear
Was resting on the lashes,—but she turned
So quick, and with so very bright a smile

Upon her young companion, that I knew
It could not have been thus. He was, it seems,
A son of General Dorset, and of course
Devoted to fair Ella, who bestowed
More smiles on him than on the pleading looks
Of any other swain."

"She views him as
A brother, it may be," replied the lady
Who had been addressed, and who, while hearing
All her daughter said, had gravely sat
Abstracted, as it were, and deep in thought :
Her graceful head reclining on her hand.
She was a lady of some forty-five,
Or fifty years, perchance ;—of figure fine,
Imposing it may be, yet pleasing too,
Blending with all the dignity and grace
Of years advanced, a native soft contour
That made her very charming. And her face,
Though bearing traces of an innate grief,
A sorrow that had chastened every line,
And noble feature there, yet still retained
Much of its youthful beauty unimpaired.
One charm there was had ripened with her years,
A living glow of love and tenderness,
Which spoke the mother's heart.

"Clara," she said,

"My mind is ever wandering to the land
Where thy dear brother, far from home and friends,
And with one bitter grief upon his heart,
One disappointment, that has shed a gloom
Upon his otherwise so radiant hopes
Of happiness in life, doth now, alas!
To advantage my concerns, so kind remain.
Regret is vain; and yet I nearly wish
I had not in his boyhood placed him where
Such sorrow might arise. Yet 'twas the wish
Of Ella's father, who thy father loved
E'en as a brother, that his son should be
By him protected till he came of age.
And who so able to direct the boy;
To educate, advise, and lead his mind,
With ardor, to the love of every true,
Of every manly, elevated thought?
It would have been, I knew, the very wish
Thy father would have had, could he have known.
Alas, alas! his life so near its close.
Most deeply did it grieve my stricken heart
My child to leave; and yet obliged to stray
In foreign clime, without a home of rest,
As then I was, I could but think it best.
As years advanced, that Julian should have loved
His beauteous, gentle playmate, surely was

A circumstance not strange ;—and when I knew
How excellent and pure in heart and mind,
How formed, by every lovely female grace,
T' advance his happiness, sweet Ella was,
I felt a new delight, as well thou know'st,
In the bright, cheering hopes of such an union.
Ah, sad and mournful was her Father's death !
Of his successor little do I know,
As I have met him only in the world,
'Mid festive crowds, where native traits of soul
Are oft with art concealed. To me he seems
A man of pleasing manners and address,
And one of winning speech and sentiment,
Yet Julian loves him not.

Oh, why this change
In Ella's feelings ! wherefore can it be
That since the parting hour not one reply
To Julian's urgent letters has been given !
It seemeth strange ;—and yet, methinks but one,
One only cause, my Clara, can exist,
Her love for him is o'er. If so 'twere not,
No influence or persuasion could induce
This wrong, this most unjust reverse of mind."

When this was said, the tender mother rose,
And paced the room in silence, with her hands

Together pressed, while o'er her brow there passed
Fast varying shades of feeling, that betrayed,
Alternately, both doubt and fear, and hope.
At length she spoke. "Oh, if it *may* be so!
If some mistake should but have caused this change!
If Ella still doth love him, and the look,
The inward struggle that to thee did seem,
To agitate her lovely face, was real,
And not imagination on thy part,
How would my heart o'erflow with tender love
For one so dear to Julian! and how swell
With a determined will to do her justice!"
She paused a moment, and then said, "But no!
There *cannot* be mistake! she loves him not!—
Oh, why to Julian is she still so dear!
With how much candor doth he yet allude,
In each communication, to his grief!
With what a gentle spirit doth he speak
Of her caprice,—as if from her it took
No trait of loveliness, or native grace!
She is the same sweet Ella yet to him;
All beautiful and pure as when he first,
Ere even early manhood on his brow
Had set its signature, began to love.
He wishes, e'en hath trusted, there might be
A dereliction of his heart from one
Who may, he fears, have been *induced* to err;

But no, he loves her still, with that devout,
Deep tenderness can never know a change.
O Julian! may a mother's prayer be heard,
And may thy manly heart not be condemned
To cherish in its deep, pure, hidden depths,
A life-long, and an unrequited love!—
Clara, my child," the widowed mother said,
After a moment's thought, "Why shouldst thou not,
While to the south I go, resolve at length
To visit our good cousin, who of late
Has taken to himself the pastoral care
Of the Grondalla church, as it is named?
He, and thy cousin Edith, long have wished
An intercourse with us; and it may be
A pleasing source of profit to thyself.
There, more of Ella wilt thou see and know;
And 'mid Grondalla's solitudes canst roam,
And rusticate to e'en *thy* heart's content."

"It shall be so;" the smiling Clara said,
With sudden animation, "but I fear
Miss Ella will not be disposed to know,
And notice with a very gracious will,
My ladyship. Yet surely I will go.
It is a dream that has been floating through
My humble brain for all the length of time

Since the late eve when I did first behold
This strange, incomprehensible fair one."

AFTONDALE.

'Twas morn,—effulgent, beauteous, early morn,
That joyous hour of renovated life,
When every heart that e'er hath felt its power
Beats with new vigor,—when the earth and sky,
Ay, every floweret, shrub, and tiny leaf,
Puts on its purest most resplendent robe,
As if to meet with joy the eye of Him
Who formed and who created. List the songs
Of the gay choristers as forth they pour
Their notes of bliss upon the balmy gale:
How soul-entrancing, exquisite their lays!
Ah, words are weak, are worthless, to express
The thrilling beauty of the melody,
The rapture it inspires, when, lending each
His little note the concert great to swell,
From tree to tree it peals, from bower to bower.
And not alone, ye gentle, loving ones,
Oh, not by dwellers of the earth alone,
Are heard your warblings!—other notes there are,
Though hushed to mortal ears, that chime with yours.

Glad thought, that angel harps are thrilling oft
With tender, gentle harmony divine,
Around the daily and familiar paths
Of human life ;—that seraphs from on high
O'er weak humanity their vigils keep
When the eye slumbers and the tongue is mute.
Ay, He who never slumbers, never sleeps,
Hath given his holy angels charge to keep
Weak, frail, dependent man in all his ways ;
And where, in what remote, sequestered clime,
In what obscure and isolated spot,
Doth not pervade the watchful eye of Heaven ?
If we the wings of glowing morning take,
And wander to the sea's remotest bound,
E'en there His hand doth lead, His power doth hold.
Ah whither from his presence can we stray ?
Give thanks, give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts,
For he is good ; his mercy shall endure
Forever and forever. Praise the Lord.

Fair morn ! if heedlessly we've wandered, thine
The fault. 'T was morning, and an aged man
From his abode came forth, to note with joy
The beauteous works of his Creator's hands.
His three score years and ten were numbered now ;
And oft he meditated on the hour,

When, 'mid the scenes of earth, would ne'er again
His voice be recognized, his form be known.
Yet much was there to conquer and subdue
Within that spirit, ere prepared it was
To enter the abodes of love and light.
To which, with ardor warm, it did aspire.
Impetuous, imperious, was the will
That oft did agitate the heart of him,
Whose locks of purest white, contrasted with
An unrelenting, dark and haughty brow,
To fanciful observer might have seemed
Like to the pearly cloud in somber sky,
Or as untarnished snow on rugged mount.
Yet deep within that spirit's hidden core
There was a fount of gentleness and love ;
Ay, one of tender beauty, which would fain
Have broken from its bounds and gushed abroad,
To the sweet soothing and the healing, mild,
Of many a wounded heart, had not stern pride,
And a strange feeling never analyzed
By mortal yet, have kept it pent up there.
Yet sometimes it would stray, if gentle touch
From some kind, loving hand enticed it forth.
And oft 'twould swell in secret, and o'erpower
The aching, fearing heart, oh more, far more
Than if free, welcome egress had been given.
Oh, who can comprehend the soul of man,

The complicated spirit,—with its throbs
Of joy, and pain, and love, and fear, and hate?
Its beautiful revealings, holy hopes,
Alloyed with envy, pride, and all the host
Of evils that besmear; throwing too oft,
Too oft, alas! a shadow dark athwart
The loftiest soul.

Yet, education, ah!

How much in truth for evil, or for good,
To thee is due! and as this hoary man
From Bigotry's stern hand was early taught
His paternosters and his ave-Marys,
There was to him no true and holy faith,
No lofty virtue e'en, or light divine,
No other gate to heaven, without the pale
Of his own sacred apostolic church.

And now, as forth he strayed amid the paths
Made fair and lovely by his taste and care,
For with an energetic, powerful mind,
A deeply earnest love he did possess
For all things beautiful,—as lone he mused,
The thought of one away, who long had been
A cheering friend and helpmate, whom he loved
With heartfelt tenderness, the only child
Of a beloved daughter, fair and good,

Who many years before had sought that home
From whence no traveler comes—came o'er his mind.
Yet to him, likewise, came the happy thought
That he was not alone ; for now a sweet,
A dear, familiar, ever welcome voice,
The morning salutation kindly gave.
Ay, yet he had a daughter ever near,
To comfort and to cherish and to soothe,
T' assist with gentle care in every task,
And pour a hallowed light upon his soul,
That tempered oft each harsh, ungoverned thought
With its pure beauty ;—as the moonlight ray
O'er dark ravine, or wild and craggy steep,
Sheds heavenly mildness.

What though forty years
Had come and vanished since this spirit pure
Became a resident of earth ? she was
E'en dearer and more precious to the eye
Of him she loved and honored, than if youth,
And early beauty had adorned her brow ;
For many of those years with constant love
To him she had devoted :—she the last
Bequest of her, the angel being gone,
The ne'er forgotten idol of his youth.
“ Dear Isabel,” he said, as she approached
With all that feminine and gentle grace
So beautiful in woman, and which is

A part of her own nature, as the hue
That charms us on the floweret is its own.
“My daughter, come! delight thyself with me
In the enchantments of this glowing morn.
Surely Aurora never gave to earth
A more benign, a more bewitching smile.
How soft and fresh, and balmy is the gale!
How fair the sky! how pure its azure hue!
And look, my child, how yonder clouds of mist
With soft, ethereal beauty melt away
As the proud sun advances. Oh, how sweet,
How beautiful is morning! how it cheers,
Exhilarates and warms an old man’s heart!”

“Dear father,” the good Isabel replied,
“It is indeed enchanting; what a glow
Of radiant loveliness o’er earth and sky!
There is not e’en a blossom or a leaf
But holds its gem of beauty. And, oh look,
Just look upon these flowers! was ever seen
A richer, fairer, or a sweeter throng
Of gay and blooming ones? Ah, there they are—
My beauteous morning-glories—all awake,
In love with early sunbeam! Do behold
With what a delicate and gentle grace
They twine around, and cling to their support!”

"My child," the father said with quiet smile,
"So *many* glories the sweet morn displays
I know not which to admire and love the most.
And yet this very hour I fear I've been
Ungrateful and regardless of my joys,
For nearly with impatience I have wished
That Francis would return ;—why lingers he,
Dost thou imagine, for so long a time?"

"I know not, father, only that he seems
Quite happy, as thou know'st. It is, perchance,
His father's will."

"Ay! and a will it is
That ever was beyond *my* finding out.
And yet it may be natural, this wish.
But Dorset ever did possess, my child,
A soul incomprehensible and strange.
Much do I fear my Mary's noble heart
Was not as happy as its purity
And worth did merit."

A sigh made answer
To the last remark ;—a silence came ; and
Then the father said

"Yes, Frank I miss ; would
That so many leagues were not between us.
Methinks you said that much you did not know
Of the young daughter at Grondalla—Ha?"

“ Not much, dear father ; and yet I have heard
That she was beautiful ; and did possess
Great worth of character, and ”—“ and, a most
Charming, pretty *fortune*, too,” he answered,
“ Hum !”

Much of that day by Isabel to
Lone and pensive meditative thought was
Given. Her mind was not on Francis ; dear
As e'en from childhood he had ever been.
There was a wish within her tender heart
Connected not with him ; a hope, a love,
That time, long years of absence, never yet
Had thrown a shadow o'er. There yet was one
Dear as her very self ; the pride and joy,
And playmate of her youth,—the one bright star
Of all her infant days,—her guider, friend,
And trust,—in soul congenial, and in thought
As pure. O love fraternal ! how in hour
Serene and joyful dost thou add a ray
That throws a brighter and a lovelier light
O'er bliss itself ! And when the clouds, the dark,
Tempestuous clouds of life arise, how calm,
Undimmed and clear, thy beacon light shines on !

Yes, Isabel, a brother had been thine,
And thine is still,—though many anxious years
Have rolled away since thou didst see the face

Of him the banished one ; forbidden e'er
His pious father's house to enter more
With the deep stain of *heresy* upon
His soul. For sentiments declared hostile
To all that father's cherished faith,—to all
The ceremonies of the Papal church—
Of the august and holy church of Rome.
For openly declaring that in truth,
In strict and holy conscience, he could not,
Now that to man's estate he had arrived,
To all the creeds and doctrines and beliefs,
To all the forms and practices, submit,
That had from earliest infancy beset,
And o'er his reason with imposing awe
Presided. That in truth when now his mind
Had burst these shackles, and declared itself
All free and irresponsible to man,
With a most perfect right to think and act
According to its dictates, he no more,
With unrepenting heart, could bend the knee
At the same shrine where e'en his best beloved,
His ever to be honored, laid their faith.
Yes, for this frank avowal, he, the son,
With every grace adorned and manly charm,
Learned and intelligent beyond his years,
With a warm, glowing, ardent, lofty heart,
Yet sensitive and gentle as a girl,

The pride and the delight and hope of him,
A stern, inflexible, but loving parent,
For this avowal was this son expelled
E'en from this father's presence—bade to seek
Another and a more congenial home
To spirit alien to the holy faith,
The Catholic, the one and only church,
Planted by Christ himself, and watered by
The tears, the sufferings, and the prayers of saints
Innumerable.

And gloomy was the day
To the afflicted ones at Aftondale
When Gerald Arlington forsook his home.
Most sad and desolate that home was left ;
And bitter tears were shed. We enter not
The father's wounded heart ; his pride sustained,
And the persuasion that this stern decree
The voice of Heaven inspired within his soul ;
For that command there could be no repeal ;
It was his solemn duty to obey.
Ah, little thought he of the anger deep,
The wrath infused, that mingled in the cup
Containing naught, he would have fain believed,
But his *most solemn duty*,—what is man !

And thus, to seek a fortune as he might,
Without assistance from a father's hand

Of aught, save what had been already given,
An education large, was he, the son,
Sent forth to buffet the cold world alone.
In love and sympathy the sisters found
Some solace for their grief; but soon—and mourned
In heart by Isabel—the elder left
Her father's dwelling and her home, a bride.
And Isabel remained in loneliness;
Yet with a firm resolve, united with
A patience and a gentleness that won
And softened the stern heart of him she loved,
Her only parent, more than aught beside
Could e'er have done, she did devote her time,
Her thoughts and wishes, gladly, to promote
His comfort and his bliss. O woman! ah,
How much on thee depends!

No one but she,

The noble Isabel, had ever dared
To name the name of him, the banished one,
Within the hearing of the father stern;
But she had many times with gentle warmth
Implored that father's pardon for his son;
And as the years successive rolled along,
And still no pardon came, 'twas nearly with
The bitter feeling of despair, alas!
Her heart was oft afflicted.

Since the words

That morn addressed to Isabel, she thought
Could Gerald but return, no loneliness,
No yearnings unsupplied, would grieve the heart
Of him, her venerable parent, more.

By rumor had the sister been informed
That in another climate far away,
Her brother had, from weary wandering o'er
The cold world for its favors, found a home ;
Yet that should e'er a free forgiveness come
From a still honored parent, he with joy,
With gladness, would return, to cheer and soothe,
If so he might, that parent's lonely heart.

With a firm heart did Isabel resolve
Yet once again to sue for him she loved ;
And that another morn should not arrive
Ere this request was made. The day had passed
In beauty and in quietness away,
And the soft twilight hour was far advanced,
When this all-trusting, hoping, loving child,
This duteous, gentle daughter, heard the step
She had been fearing and yet longing for.
"Well, dearest Isabel," the father said,
"Another day is o'er,—'tis vain to wish,
And yet indeed 'twould truly glad my heart

If our dear church was nearer our abode,
That we, my child, our vespers might unite
Within its sacred walls."

"Would that it were,
Dear father; for the church, the holy church,
With all its emblems pure, its solemn air
Of beautiful repose, which seems to lull
Each light, unholy feeling, much I love.
And yet may not our supplications rise
As fervently to Heaven, in love and faith,
From altar unadorned, from lowly fane,
Or e'en amid the most familiar scenes,
And daily haunts of life? Thou know'st it well,
My father; and that he whose words divine,
And pure example, were a beacon light.
To all true Catholics, did seek when here,
Ay, often chose the most retired spots,
The loneliest wilds, to offer to his God
His sacred, holy prayers. Then why condemn
The Christian merely for the faith that swerves,
That cannot conscientiously subscribe
To every form and ritual is approved
By the one only church thou deemest right?
Ah, there is one, one being who doth plead
To Heaven for thee at every time and place,
Where'er on earth the hand of God may lead,
Who bends the knee in spirit and in truth

At every altar for the parent loved.
Alas, my father! will it *never* be
That thou wilt take thy first-born to thy heart?
Will thou ne'er grant a pardon for a fault,
If so it was, caused only by the love
Of what he deemed a higher, holier debt?—
Ah, let not weary day succeed to day
And thou still, still deny thyself the bliss,
The joy of such an union! How his love
Would cheer and gladden all thy evening hours!
His manly heart and presence give delight!
Restore a son, my father, to the home
He ever loved, he ever so adorned.
Too late it soon may be;—oh, say the word
Would glad his heart and mine, before, alas!
Pale death hath chilled that venerable form,
And thy hushed voice canst ne'er again be heard;—
Ere he, thine only son, is left to mourn
That the forgiving word was never said,
That an own father's love was all denied,
And he was ne'er permitted to advance
That father's earthly happiness, or soothe
His lonely pilgrimage, for years on years
Ere the last moment came his God allowed
For deeds of mercy and of love on earth.
My father wilt thou hear me? say the word
I do entreat."

For many moments there
Was no response to this petition ;—calm
The father stood, with head averted, as
If the power of giving utterance was lost ;
But when the dreaded answer came at length
Poor Isabel shrunk back with feeling near,
Almost akin to fear. “No more ! my child,
No more ! Have I not said I ne’er will grant
A pardon for a sin I deem so great ?
Then wherefore urge me now ? I tell thee *no* !
I *cannot*, *will not* take him to my heart.
Is it no sin, deem’st thou, to quit the faith,—
Forsake the holy rites, the doctrines great,—
The mighty doctrines that for ages past
Have been the pride and glory of the church,
The established usages ordained by God,
By God himself, when on this humble earth
He deigned to take the form of Jesus Christ,
And institute a church with Christ the head ?
O glorious three in one, and one in three !
One Father and one Christ, and yet all one ;
Not one alone in sentiment and love,
As heretics presumptuously affirm.
And canst thou ask forgiveness for a faith
That disbelieves this doctrine ?—and—oh, others
Mightier, it may be, and dearer yet,
Peculiar to our church ! Waves, too, alas !

The holy and the venerable forms,
The imposing rites, the garniture, the grand,
Magnificent array and combination
Of all beauty rare, that industry of man,
That human taste or genius can devise,
To solemnize, and lead the wandering heart
With reverence to God;—and asks for *simpler*
Teachings, *simpler* forms. And can I grant
For these irreverent derelictions from
The holy, sacred church, a pardon free?
Ah, I had trusted that my son, my child,
My own, my first-born, would have been a guide,
A holy, chosen light to many a heart!
Yes, I had deemed a self-devoted life
To the true church of Christ, would have prepared
His ardent spirit for the bliss of heaven.
Most fondly had I hoped when time had given
More faith and love and sanctity of heart,
The holy mitre would have decked his brow,
And, as a faithful prelate of the church,
He would have stood the revered and revered,
The loved of saints on earth and saints in heaven.
But now—alas! alas!"

"My father, my
Dear father," answered she who ever loved,
Who ever revered him, "believe indeed
Most truly, deeply do I grieve for thee,

Yet Francis is a wanderer from the fold,
And upon him thou ever hast bestowed
Thy love and kind protection."

"That, my child,
Though grievous, yet I ever knew would be;
For influences many has he had
From sources various. But that is sure
Comparatively naught. I ne'er have deemed
The son of *General Dorset* would become
An ornament and glory to the church:
Good, kind and gentle as the General is;
And much as I love Francis. No! it is
My son, mine own and only son, for whom
I grieve."

"I sorrow in thy sorrow, more,
Far more, my father, than another can,"
Did Isabel reply, "yet may I ask
Forbearance on thy part while yet again
I do entreat to thee for him I love?
Ah, who hath said if ye forgive not men
Neither your heavenly Father will forgive
Your trespasses to Him? and that whate'er
To others we may mete, shall be to us,
Yes, measured back again? And sure thou know'st,
Oh well, my father, dost thou know, that he,
The holy Jesus, did proclaim when here
How many times a brother to forgive!

Ah, days are hastening on ;—again I ask
Forgiveness for thy son ; defer it not ;
Grant him, oh grant him yet again thy love,
Thy sympathy, thine aid. My father, hear,
Oh hear, thy daughter ere it be too late :
Let not, I do entreat of thee, the sun,
The sun of *life*, go down upon thy wrath.
My dear, afflicted parent, cease to lead
A life of loneliness, when one there is
That could, and would, be all to thee on earth
Thy spirit could desire. Cease, cease to grieve !
Be happy, my dear father ; and believe
Thy son will be accepted by his God,
Whate'er his faith, if truly he doth lead
A life of self-devotedness to Heaven.
Oh, grant my prayer ! for blessed are the meek,
And blessed, blessed are the merciful,
Said Christ."

The father answered not, but turned,
And sought with hasty step his lonely room.
When there, he threw him on a seat, and bent
His hoary head upon his hands, as if
In thought profound. And now there came before
His mental eye, a gorgeous, rich display
Of fair and beautiful adornments,—such
As genius with her mighty skill had formed,
And had invested with a power and grace

Known only to herself. These vanished all
Save one, and one that ever in his heart
He deemed the jewel of his church, on which
From early boyhood he had loved to gaze,
A beauteous painting by a master's hand
Of the pure, meek-eyed Jesus. Now it came
Before his vision with a look so mild,
So tender in expression, the soft eye
Beaming upon him with such earnestness,
Ay, almost with imploring glance of love,
His feelings were subdued beyond control,
And gently yielding to their force he wept,
The *father* wept,—the tender parent now,—
Long, long he wept in agony of heart.
“My son, my son,” he did exclaim at last,
“My Gerald, my dear boy, my love to thee
Is greater, stronger than I dare express !
My Gerald, my lost child ! oh, would to God
That thou hadst kept the faith, my loved, mine own !
When but a child, how precious was to me
Thine every word and look ! and older grown,
With what a pride of heart did I regard
Thy loveliness of person and of mind,
Thy bright intelligence and modest worth.
My child, my first-born, and mine only son,
Where, where art thou ? thy father's heart is sad,
Is longing for thee, and thou art not here,
My Gerald, my dear boy, alas ! alas !”

THE PICNIC.

Return we to Grondalla ;—where, within
Its quiet domicile, there might be seen
Fair Ella, with her brother by her side,
Or him she named as such, chatting at will
One day succeeding to the pleasant eve
When last we parted from them.

“ We shall have
A charming time I do not doubt,” said Frank ;
“ I love these rural rambles 'mid the wild,
And sweet seclusions of our forest land ;
And quite a party will there be of us,
Our reverend pastor, and his daughter good ;
Miss Clara Marlowe, who will soon be there ;
The master dear ; and last, not least, thou know'st,
This stranger Avingwerd. I know not yet,
Where, in the deep recesses of my brain,
To give this unknown, worthy wight repose.
Upon the shelf where those I honor most
For all things fair and lovely are bestowed,
I do not *quite*, for some instinctive cause,
Incline to place him. Yet he seemeth good,
Intelligent and gracious to a charm,
It may be, to a gentle lady's heart.

What think'st thou of him, Ella? for indeed
I have not heard thy sage opinion given
Of this mysterious rover. Why is he,
Dost thou imagine, here? and what the cause
Of all his gloomy rambles solitaire,
Of all his pensive attitudes and sighs.
With now and then such joyousness of soul,
Made visible to all, as might befit,
With far more grace, a man of fewer years;
What think you of him Ella?"

"Truly, Frank,

I have not thought concerning him at all,
Or very slightly. Yet to me he seems
A man to be commended for his taste,
And many fine acquirements. Surely, too,
A gentleman decidedly he is
In manners and deportment. True he has
Some thoughts eccentric, or what seem as such
To brains of inexperience like to ours;
Yet for his pleasant traits we will conclude,
With thy kind leave, dear brother, not as yet
Quite to condemn this solitary wight,
Who is so taken with our fair domains.
And now thy words have led me to reflect
Concerning him in earnest, I should say
There was some secret grief within his heart,
Some sorrow he has known, the thought of which,

E'en when the very brightest gems of wit
Are glowing on his lips, doth steal across
A sensitive, perchance, and tender heart,
And cause in manner and expression too,
A singular reverse."

"Well, be it so,
If *thou* dost so conclude," did Frank reply ;
"Only I trust these strange and wayward gleams
Won't shoot across his heart too oft, the day
We look for so much gayety and joy."

"Dear Francis, sure there is no bliss in life
Without some passing shadows ;—and full oft,
To me, they seem to add a deeper grace,
A brighter glow to every dear delight ;
As the soft mist that plays upon the lawn
Doth make the landscape finer ;—or the cloud
That hides the moonbeam from the loving earth,
Doth only cause a far more radiant glow
When from it it has faded. Is't not so ?"

"Ah yes," *thought* Francis ; "so it is, methinks,
The pensive play of feeling o'er *my* heart,
The melancholy that of late seems hovering there,
Doth but increase *thy* beauty, Ella fair,

And make to me each lovely trait appear
More exquisite, more beautiful and dear."

"Now, Francis, e'en thy visage hath a grave
And sober aspect," Ella lightly said;
"What reminiscence sad, what tender dream,
Or pensive cogitation, hast thou called
So speedily from out the vasty deep,
To darken, or to brighten, as thou wilt,
Thy countenance of light?"

"I scarcely know
Myself, dear Ella;—do not ask of me
More than I dare impart;—for I would fain
To *thee* reply with openness of heart.
Yet if thou *wilt* be wilful, thou must know
A shadow steals across my soul at times,
Whene'er I think of what the time to come
May possibly reveal of care and grief.
The future, the dark future, lies before me;
Ah what may it contain of unknown woe,
Of sorrow and of anguish!"

"And of joy,
Of happiness untasted, all the bliss
That mingles in the cup of human life,
That crowds the sorrows, overpowering each
With smiles, and gentle words, and deeds of love,
With all that's fair and beauteous," Ella said.

Grief *must* be thine, dear Francis; 'tis the lot
Of mortal man to taste the bitter draught,
Ay, oft drink deep. Yet let not thoughts of ill,
Unhappy, dark forebodings, taint thy soul
In its first freshness, for the sweets of life
Are far, oh, far more numerous, as I said,
Than are its woes, if but with willing hearts
We do accept them;—and should sorrow come,
With e'en her darkest mantle round her cast,
There is a balm, there is a healing power,
A solace and support for every grief.
Not long it is, dear Frank, since thou didst chide
In gentle friendliness, a pensive look,
And sober word of mine; and now, my friend,
The kindly, mild rebuke I do return,
Thy troubles being only, as I think,
Anticipated evils, open more,
Far more to censure, as you well do know."

"And thine were *not* of that description then,"
He quickly answered. "Ah, dear Ella, say,
What sorrow has come over thy young heart,
That gentle, loving heart, so formed for bliss?"

"I said not there had been a cause for woe,
Or that mine heart had ever known a grief.

I spoke in haste, dear Francis. Now, with leave
Of thine, my friend, we'll not allude again
To tearful grief and sorrow, but will speak
Of the all joyous day we're bid advance
With smiles, and nods, and wreaths, and gay delights."

And so it came ;—a bright, enchanting day—
Soft, cool and sweet, the loveliest of the throng
That grace the season when the summer ray
Is most intense. Ella and Frank, with joy,
And with the trust and buoyancy of youth,
Ascended that fair morn the pleasant mount
That led them from their home, and gazed awhile
With rapture on the beauteous, tranquil scene
Its hight commanded. Here was hill and dale,
There meadow beyond meadow ; and, at rest,
With calm and placid look, as if no eye
But that of love upon it e'er had gazed,
Was seen the consecrated, holy church,
With its fair columns and its glittering spire.
Beyond, a little distance only from its walls,
Though almost hid by shrubbery and trees,
Peeped out a pretty parsonage, of hue
That softly blended with the verdant tint.
'Twas so embowered with branch and flowering shrub,
Often the stranger scarcely could devise

Where was the winding pathway that would lead
The footstep to its porch. Not doubtful she
Who from her infancy had loved the way,
To that revered abode, and loved it yet,
Although the residence it was of one
But late the guide and guardian of the flock
That met and worshiped at Grondalla's church.
And now, as Ella did advance to greet,
With Francis by her side, the friends who were
'Neath that respected roof that morn to meet,
From there go forth to pass a day of joy,
Of careless pleasure, 'mid the wild retreats,
Th' enchanting scenery of this forest land,—
Why did the beautiful, the rosy tint,
That the fresh, breezy air of early morn
Had caused to glow upon her lovely cheek,
Fade from its resting place, and leave all pale
That gentle countenance of love and truth?
If Francis could have touched the snowy hand,
That now just culled a rosebud from its stem,
Ere she the threshold entered, sure he would
Have felt it tremble ;—Ella, why was this?
Ah, there was one, one stranger 'neath that roof,
That our young heroine, with a heart more firm
Than oft possessed by woman, feared to meet;
Feared lest some passing shadow o'er her face,
Some unsuppressed emotion, might betray

Feelings, remembrances, it was her wish
Might unsuspected rest within her heart
For aye in deep repose. Sweet Ella! *now*,
The dreaded recognition, 'mid the gay,
The eager, joyous greetings, from the lips
Of other all unheeding ones, is o'er ;
And thou mayst stray with one whose eye alone
Took cognizance of thee, and marked thy cheek
Grow pale, and paler yet, as thou didst turn
From that dark, radiant eye, so like the one -
That stole thy young heart in its early morn.
The *master*, with a smile of sweetness gave
His arm to Ella, who could scarce suppress
The rising tear as eagerly she clung
To him as to a parent, or a friend
In whose sincerity and worth of soul,
In pure and holy trust, she could rely.
For some time neither spoke, though words of glee
Were echoing near them, and the joyous laugh
Of gay anticipation did resound
Amid the wild and oft bewildering paths
Through which they wound their way.

The master when

(The name we love to call him) when he knew
That Ella's gentle spirit had resumed
Its wonted calmness, spoke in kindly tone,
At first on subjects light, until at length,

The converse, as it ever did when they
Familiar met, assumed a tone of grave,
Yet deepest interest, very far beyond
The trifling thoughts of unreflective minds ;
For theirs were spirits lofty ; in their aims
Not earthly, but aspiring, ardent, pure.
They deemed it no intrusion on the forms
Of social life, no outrage on the ways,
The fashions of the world, to speak amid,
Should inclination prompt, ay, e'en amid
Its gayest scenes, to friend of kindred thought,
Of what was ever to their trusting hearts
Of import greater than aught else they knew ;
Ay, of the God that made them ; of the love
In all His glorious, all His beauteous works,
So tenderly, so eloquently told ;
Of the immortal spirit, of its hopes,
Its aspirations, and its future growth ;
Of the *forever* and *forever*, which
That spirit was created to enjoy ;
Of the vast scenes, the unimagined space,
The worlds on worlds, with still new worlds untold,
The revelations glorious, to be known,
Such as no words can paint, or human thought
Imagine for a moment. These themes,
With all the avenues that lead to these,
The paths where Genius ever loves to roam,

Where science doth illume and art adorn,
They loved to stray amid. But who can tell
The thronging, countless subjects, that delight
The pure, exalted, heaven-aspiring mind ?
This know we, that our lovely heroine oft
Imbided new thoughts, new feelings, from the rich,
The cultured spirit, that with gentle wand
Touched and revived her own.

And now they came

To a familiar scene, a thriving dale
Reposing calmly 'mid protecting hills ;
And near the smiling cottage were at rest
Their own and pleasant party, waiting there
Their coming steps. And foremost there was one
Who but a few days since a stranger came
Among them, known by none. Yet Avingwerd,
The name he gave them—seemed as much at home
Amid these mountain paths and hidden vales
As if forever his free foot had trod
Grondalla's greenwood hights. As now he stood
With his arms folded, 'neath a lofty tree,
In graceful, quiet attitude of rest,
His pensive features just contending with,
As 'twere, a playful smile, the master thought
He ne'er before had seen a nobler form,
Or face of manlier beauty.

“What spell,” said

Avingwerd, " what potent spell hast thou been
Conjuring up, Monsieur, to fascinate
Thy fair companion there? Surely the rose
Reposing on that cheek, to art of thine
Doth owe its loveliness. I marked it not
When first the gay salute we gave this morn."

" Dost ask me for a spell," the master said,
" With these pure mountain breezes wafting by,
These fresh, sweet, life-inspiring morning gales
Playing so blithely, joyously around?"

And soon another eye with searching glance
Took note of Ella, as she now advanced
To where her friends awaited. 'Twas the same
So feared by her that morn; but Ella's heart
Was tranquil now, and as she onward came,
With the rich flush still mantling on her cheek,
And her soft clustering ringlets falling round
Features that no observer could forget,
So beautiful they were, so pure and mild,
E'en Clara Marlowe was compelled to doubt
If aught but truth, and all things fair and good,
Could for a moment find a resting place
Within that lovely form. As Ella gave,
With her own joyous, animated smile,

To all a salutation, a light step
Was heard advancing rapidly, and soon
A charming little figure, with a face
Of most bewitching loveliness, appeared.
The child looked up at Ella with a bright,
A glad, yet modest look, as if she feared
Th' request she wished to make was far too great.
The timid, eager words were heard alone
By her addressed, "Oh, may I, may I go?"
A moment Ella paused, then kindly said,
"Yes, Mabel, if your mother gives consent."
"Oh yes," the child replied, and vanished quick
The little hat to find, and basket light
For berries, or sweet flowers, or whatsoe'er
Her fancy might direct. Meantime the voice
Of the good master, who could never pass
A neighbor by without a word of cheer,
Of kindness and of sympathy, was heard.
"Ah, Jamie, ever at thy work, my friend!
Look, Avingwerd, I didst ever now in all
Thy peregrinations o'er this fair round world
E'er contemplate a finer, richer crop
Then may be looked for from the worthy toil
Of this good friend of mine? I flatter not;
But here there are such signs of thrift and care,
Such marks of industry, it makes my heart
Right glad to gaze on neighbor Wharton's farm."

"Ah, labor is my business and my joy,
I love it, for it keeps my feelings right,"
Replied an honest, strong and pleasant voice,
And as the master of this small domain
Now rested on his spade, and looked around
With countenance expressive of content,
And health, and peace, and purity of heart,
And satisfaction too, upon the scene
His own industrious hand had rendered fair
And beautiful, th' observers thought they ne'er
Had known of instance that revealed more clear
A true, innate nobility of soul.

"Yes, master I do love the very ground
I cultivate,—the sky, and hills, and all
That wall and fence my little homestead in,"
Said Jamie, (the familiar name his friends
And neighbors liked to call him by), "I love,
In truth, I say again, the earth I turn;
For sure it is my all.—Not *quite*," he said,
As now with kindling eye he marked the forms
Of those on earth most dear, his loving wife,
With her bright happy features; and the pride
Of her and him, the winning, darling one,
The beautiful, sweet Mabel, with her hat,
Her pretty hat of straw, just pressing down
With slightest touch, as 'twere, her nut brown curls,
And yet a prisoner made by ribbon pure

Of azure blue, that was outrivalled by
The deeper shade of that same lovely tint
Beneath the eyelid fair. The father looked,
And if a tear just moistened then his eye,
It was not one for which his honest heart
Might feel ashamed.

Our friends declining now
Good Amy's hospitable offer kind
Of rest within her cottage, pleased with all,
Went on their way, while lingering words were said,
Expressive much on Ella's part of love
And kindness, and on Amy's too, who felt,
And ever did express an interest warm
For "the sweet lady of Grondalla," as
In pleasantry of heart she oft would call
Her favorite, "Miss Ella."

Was ever child
More gratified, and pleased, more full of life,
More buoyant with delight, than was our own,
Our witching little Mabel now? as with
Her basket on her arm she glided on;
Her happy face just seen, then lost a while
'Mid bushes, bending boughs, or shrubbery wild.
Where'er a pleasant opening did invite,
Or some peculiar aspect would betray
The sweet retreat where flowerets love to hide,
-here bright berries might perchance be found,

Where'er her fancy led, her little feet,
If path it was accessible, would stray.
Yet ne'er forgotten by her friends around,
Who oft responded gaily to her call,
Her note of gladness, as some favorite flower,
Or new and beauteous pathway met her eye.
And ever and anon by Ella's side
Her pretty, fairy figure might be seen,
While rapidly were words and smiles exchanged,
And then away again the tiny form
Was clambering some rock, or searching 'mid
The wildest, rudest nooks for hidden prize.

And oft did Mabel visitations make
To our friend Dorset, as, with active foot,
And with a pleasant lady on each arm,
He did proceed with entertaining word,
And buoyant heart; though oft were glances sent,
Unwittingly perchance, towards Ella, who,
By Avingwerd protected, seemed engaged
In conversation pleasing; while, alone,
And yet not far removed, they strayed along.

The master and the pastor were absorbed
In converse grave. So seemed, at least, to think
Our busy Mabel; who would gently list

A moment to their words, then bound away
With sober look, as if beyond her ken
Their thoughts and reasonings were. And yet she loved,
Oh, how she loved the master's words to hear
When to her little ear they were addressed,
As oft they were in kindness !

Thus advanced

Our little party, till th' ascending sun
Seemed fast attaining its meridian hight,
Then often would they linger, sometimes sit
'Neath spreading boughs, or in some cool recess.
Now altogether,—and then oft apart
Would several stray,—as inclination led.
Much happiness was theirs, for lovely were,
And very beautiful, the scenes around
Portrayed, as 'mid these wild, calm solitudes
They roamed. And converse too, rare converse lent
Its power to gladden and delight. Not *talk*
We mean,—heedless unmeaning, talk,—that pours
Its words around from fear of seeming still,
Not taking time to think and to enjoy.
Let light garrulity like this, be given
To throngings gay alone, where fashion reigns,
But 'mid the solemn loveliness and grace,
The beauty and the purity and peace,

The *majesty* of nature, let, oh let
The spirit be at rest, to muse, or speak
Its raptures at its will. Then oft will flow
Its beauteous glow of thought, the interchange
Delightful of the mind, and friend, a friend
With that pure, holy confidence will meet
Which forms forever, and alone, the charm
Of friendship true ;—that gives the secret tie
To the domestic altar ; that alone
Doth make it joy a fellow heart to greet.
O sweet, *unbidden* gayety ! How far,
Far more delightful to the mind and heart
Than mirth of other sort ! We love thy tones,
For well we know thee pure and free from guile.

Such mirth, with converse sweet, may be inferred,
Beguiled the moments of our wandering friends ;
And yet perfection we do not ascribe
To them, for they were mortal. And now they
Gain a little eminence, shut in on
One side by huge waving trees, that more than
One long century had stood, as if to guard
The beautiful retreat they did enclose.
Around them hung festoons of clambering grapes,
That sweetly delicate and verdant vine
So oft the beauty of the wild recess,

Which seems as some sweet spirit of the world,
That accident or weariness of life,
Of busy, gay, and artificial life,
Had driven to the wilderness for rest.
No fruit was on it yet; or scarcely formed
The tiny clusters, as they wound around,
With tendril and with leaflet, their support;
Or drooped in graceful wreaths from tree to tree.
This spot o'er looked a prospect far and wide,
Including many beauties; with, beyond,
A lovely view of soft, retreating hills.
It was a favorite resort of those
Who loved to meditate 'mid nature's charms;
And here our little party had resolved
To pass some happy hours of social rest.
Excepting tempting berries, and cool draughts
From clear and limpid streamlets, that had given
Some sweet refreshment as they passed along,
Naught had they had for physical support.
But here, within this pleasant, cool recess,
As if the Genius of the place had known,
Had prophesied their wishes, there appeared
Baskets of various sizes, filled with all
The very nicest taste could e'er desire.
Perchance some lovely fair ones might have told,
Or *one* at least, from whence the offering came,
But let that pass. Soon, busy hands began

The various contents to bring forth to view,
And now, what tempting, luscious, wholesome fare
Did seem to say to all, "come, come and eat."
Here, there were slices of delicious bread,
With ham, neat's-tongue, and chestnut roasted fowls;
And there, were sweet French rolls, and pastry nice,
With cake of every genus. But we cease,
We tell not all the viands, as conveyed
To rural table, they were soon arranged
By gentle, willing hands, about the board.
And now, how pleased was Mabel! How she flew,
With glad and busy look, to lend her aid!
Indeed, within her very soul she thought
That, all combined, the place, the smiles, the words,
With the good cheer inviting, she had ne'er,
No, never been so favored; and her heart
With gratitude and pure delight o'erflowed.
They chose the spot where gushed a generous spring
Of purest crystal water. Oh, how sweet,
How grateful and refreshing is the draught
Amid the wilderness of nature's own
Delicious beverage, when fatigued and worn
And weary with our ramblings! How it slakes
The craving thirst, reanimates and cheers us!

Our wanderers soon invented rustic seats;
And then, in pleasant shade, 'neath vine-clad trees,

Around their rural board, they gave to mirth,
And cheerfulness and smiles, long hours of ease.
Not long to *them* ; for far did they prolong,
When appetite was sated, their repose :
Conversing, and enjoying the delights
The scenery afforded. Happy they were ;
Or whatso'er of private griefs were theirs
(And who that has them not?) seemed for the time
Forgotten. E'en Ella's heart was joyous,
Blithe and gay. Her native tone of feeling,
Unobscured, shone beautifully forth, giving
To all she said or did, a winning charm.
Songs filled the air with melody ; and none
More pleasing were than Ella's, who possessed
A voice of thrilling sweetness. Avingwerd
Was charmed ;—and *Francis*—ah, within his heart,
Within his very soul, he felt her power,
Her loveliness and grace. All gladdened were ;
Even the master with a manly voice
Poured forth sweet touching songs with wondrous skill.
None seemed more gay than Avingwerd. He was,
As Francis whispered, in his brightest mood ;
And cheered and charmed them by his pleasant words,
His rare intelligence, and stories good,
Ay, there were fair ones present that could scarce
Believe he was not young. Perchance they thought,
Or the light wish just came and glanced away,

That he less years had seen. Forget we not
That one there was of that profession there
That takes the lead in holiness of all ;
But one he was that gladly lent his aid
To exhilarate and cheer ; for well he knew
The *nature* of the joyousness around,
The *beauty* of the spirits that he loved.

Thus time flew on ; until the setting sun
Admonished them ;—and as this glowing orb
Threw suddenly its flood of beauty o'er
Rock, vale and hill, and rivulet, and tree,
One exclamation of delight escaped
From every lip, for never had it seemed
To leave this favored world in greater state.
Such splendor and magnificence appeared
As mountain after mountain lighted up
With Heaven's own radiant tints, that every heart
Seemed touched with awe profound. There was not one
Beholder of the scene who e'er had felt
The power, the might, of faith and hope and love,
But what, with spirit grateful, could have bowed
In all humility, and worshiped there.

Soon passed away this glory ;—yet our friends
Some moments lingered, still well pleased to gaze

On the far-reaching space, now overcast
With just one soft, pale, beauteous rosy tint.
And as they strayed and looked, some talked apart.
The master, taking little Mabel's hand,
Who was in silence seated by his side,
Said, "Is it not lovely, Mabel? Do you not
Delight to gaze on such a night as this
Upon the wondrous beauties of the sky?
What thoughts, now tell me, Mabel, doth it bring
To thy young mind, when the refulgent sun
Goes down in such a robe of beauty dressed?
Doth it not lead thee to reflect on Him
Who made all things so fair, and on a world,
A heaven of beauty, whither we may go
If here we do His will, and holy are?"

"Oh, yes, I think of *Him*," the child replied,
"He is so very kind, and good to me;
But *can* there be, dear master, can there be
Another world more beautiful than this?
Oh, I am happy here;—I have not felt
As if I wished to leave it, e'en for heaven.
Ought I to think another far-off world
More fair than this? my friends are all so kind,
And all things are so beautiful and sweet."

"My child," the master said, "be happy still;
Enjoy this world;—for truly, as thou say'st,
It is a beauteous one;—but, Mabel, here
Thou canst not *always* live, as thou dost know;
Then ever let it be thine earnest wish
To be as good and perfect as thou canst.
And, ah!" he clasped his hands, and seemed to speak
More to himself than her—"when sorrow comes,
And worldly tempests bow this spirit pure,
Wilt Thou, O God!"—His eyes were raised to heaven;
No more he said was audible;—yet, oh!
The look, the action, sank in Mabel's heart,
And never left it. Yet not to sober,
Or to render grave, but to transfix
A deep, abiding reverence and love
For the great Deity, her heavenly friend,
Who for her sake, had been with solemn word,
So fervently, confidingly, addressed.

During the time the words above were said,
Were two young ladies wandering alone.
"O Edith," Clara said, "one thing is sure,
That Ella loves young Dorset; 'tis for him
My brother is deserted; marked you not
How gentle were her words whene'er to him
They were addressed,—how very sweet her smile!

Far more so than such friendship would require.
All, all is manifest ; I see it now ;
She has been faithless to her early love
For a new suitor, who can never be
What Julian is and would have been to her."

"Stay, stay, dear Clara," Edith did reply,
"Be not so hasty : recollect, my friend,
That Ella ne'er had seen young Dorset, when
Thy brother's oft repeated letters came.
Thou hast forgotten ; many months went by
Ere Dorset at Grondalla did arrive."

"Ah, so it was," said Clara ; "viewing him
As but a near connexion, I did not
With care regard the circumstance, although
I recollect his interest at the dance ;
Yet that, may be, was natural. But e'en so,
She surely loves him *now* ; thou must, I think,
Have noticed what will lead thee to arrive
At that conclusion."

"No," did Edith say,
"I have not yet, dear Clara, quite advanced
To that important epoch of my sage,
And grave determinations. That *he loves her*,
Most truly and devotedly, I do

In all sincerity and faith believe ;
But her regard for him, to me appears,
Not more than such a kind, affectionate,
And loving nature as her own, might have
For such a friend, as circumstanced she is,
Without e'en one on whom she can bestow,
In right, the name of brother or of sister."

"Dost think so?" Clara said; "yet, cousin dear,
The time has come she ought with less regard
And liking to deport herself, methinks,
Unless her wish it is to favor him."

"Clara, she knows not of his love to her :
It is a thought, I venture to affirm,
Has never passed her mind. Oh, she is good
And artless ! much I wish, the bond between
Thy brother and herself did still exist
Unbroken. He will ne'er, no, never find
Again, I fear me, Clara, one so formed
To give him happiness."

"One he may find
Of *truer heart*, my cousin ; and what can be
Than that, of greater value, greater worth ?"

"I cannot, cannot doubt her faith of heart,"
Did Edith answer. "Some mistake, methinks,

Must sure have caused this trouble."

"Oh, I wish,

I trust it may be so ! replied her friend ;

"Yet what could it have been ! To-day I chanced

My brother's name to mention, and at once

Her sweet, expressive face did change its look,

And turned, dear Edith, to a marble paleness."

"Come, loiterers, come !" now suddenly called out

An eager voice, and Francis Dorset stood,

All breathlessly, beside our ladies fair.

"Now say for what have these communings been ?

Come, tell me all ! When ladies talk apart,

Look grave, and seem in earnest, ye must know

I ever deem some mischief may be near."

"Ah, think'st thou so," said Edith, "and what, pray,

Are thy conclusions when wise *men* do stray,

And cogitate and whisper ?"

"Oh ! of course,

Then must there be in truth great thoughts profound,

And specious, mighty reasonings of the brain,

And glowing eloquence in low, sweet tones,

Which, could we hear it uttered, would delight,

Astonish, and bewilder with its strength,

Its purity and beauty. E'en now, behold

Thy father and the master, and confess
Me right in my assertions."

" 'Twas my choice,
Believe, my friend ;" the master, in a tone
Of gentle emphasis, without a thought
Of eloquence or wit, was saying when
Frank Dorset did refer to him and his
Companion. "'Tis so," he did continue,
"'Twas my own, my voluntary choice, this
Quiet life ; and now I would not leave it,
Would not forego my destiny, for all,
Ay, not for all the honors and the gifts
Within the power and will of erring man.
I have ambition ;—and, in years gone by,
It moved and stirred within my youthful heart
Like to the fire secluded in the depths
Of some volcanic mount. But, thanks to God,
Far from the wish to pour its wild results
Athwart a dazzled world, it took a mild,
A calm, serene, unheeded, gentle course,
'Mid dales and quiet hamlets, where was naught
To agitate, or interrupt the pure,
The fertilizing power, it strove to bring
To elevate and glad. Oh yes, my friend,
Amid these peaceful, solitary shades,
Far from the cares and turmoil of the world,

My days have passed in happiness and peace.
The aspiring aims within my heart that throbbed
In early life, long, long since have been quelled ;
And in their place sprung up (oh thanks to Him
Who has a revelation made so pure,
Sublime and beautiful to feeble man !)
A plant of heavenly origin. It asks,
It seeks no earthly favor, no applause
Of man, no titles or distinctions, but,
Apart from all the glare, from all the pride
Of life, 'twould meekly aim to bless, to cheer
And soothe. Ah, my good friend, how much there is
Within the hidden, unobtrusive paths
Of weak mortality requiring aid !
How oft for kindness trembling age doth ask ;
Weak, infant minds for guidance and support ;
And weary, anxious hearts, oppressed with woe,
And grief in thousand forms, for gentle love,
And true and earnest sympathy of soul.
Forget I not to whom I do address
Such words as these. Thou know'st I would not take,
Oh, far from me would be the wish to come
Between the holy messenger of God
And his peculiar care ! Yet long the times—
As in associations like to this
Too oft it is—that we are left, the way,
The narrow road to heaven, alone, to find ;

Or, otherwise, full well I know the cares,
The many urgent duties that demand
The hours of those who thy profession claim.
And—grateful thanks again to the divine,
The pure and holy word on us bestowed—
I love my fellow creatures. 'Tis my joy
To labor for their good as well I may :
To hold my little lamp their feet to guide
Amid this thorny wilderness of care :
'Tis slight, the radiance that it sheds, yet oh,
Mine *own* weak, erring heart it gently cheers,
And kindly lends its aid to illume and glad
Full many a dark and solitary hour.
And grateful am I more than I can speak,
That He who guides and regulates our lot
Has placed me where his kind, creating hand
Hath made all things so lovely and so fair.
He knoweth well the nature he hath given,
How his sublime and beauteous works delight,
And penetrate my heart ;—and 'mid these pure,
These beautiful revealings of his skill,
In kindness, he hath granted me a home.
And here, again I would assert, I've known,
And still sweet comfort take. Then question not,
Oh, ask not thou who knowest well the world,
The ruffled world, and all the ways of men, '
Why, 'mid these silent, tranquilizing shades

My home is laid—believe, though not on earth
Is happiness unmingled with alloy,
And favored spot is *not* where passions wild,
Where mortal, erring, passions may not come,
Yet here, far more than 'mid the busy haunts
Of men, sweet peace presides. Here do I know
Dear hours of sacred rest apart from care :
Believe, believe, my friend, content is mine !”

“Thanks for thy words !” the pastor did reply ;
“Thou hast revealed a heart and feelings rare
And precious to my soul. Thanks to my God
For such a friend to aid and cheer my way !
Thy friendship shall be cherished as a gem
Most dear and valued. Bear me on thy prayers,
I do entreat, and we will toil in love,
In joy and peace, and holy trust, together.”

The master took the kindly offered hand
With fervent pressure, but without reply,
While o'er his cheek there strayed a gentle tear.

Some portion of the time while home they walked
Was *Ella* with the master ; and they found
Full many pleasant, cheering words to say,

As, slowly, at this lovely twilight hour,
Well pleased to meet again, they onward went.
They spoke with gladness of the happy day;
With gratitude for all they had enjoyed;
Of the sweet influence of the balmy air;
Of the delightful, the enchanting views
The ever-varying landscape had portrayed;
Of the rich sunset, and the genial flow
Of animated thought; all, all had given
An influence gladdening, cheering to their hearts.
And soon, ere Ella was aware, some words
Were said regarding Clara Marlowe. Then
Did there come upon the speaker's face
A glow of gentle feeling,—not of pain,
Precisely, at that moment,—no, it was
A rush of dear remembrances, that caused,
As now she leant upon the arm of one
So worthy of her confidence, her voice
To tremble and her cheek to glow. She ne'er,
No, never yet had Ella breathed the word
To human ear, that Julian had been false.
No need there was to friends of nearest kin;
Yet ah, for her sweet nature! she who claimed
From her a mother's title, was not one,
Though knowing many virtues, in whose heart
Could Ella find true sympathy and rest.
And yet to other ear, to other friend,

Not even to the master, whom she knew
So truthful in his friendship, had she meant
To tell her grief. And now how was it that
The words were uttered and the story told
Which she had deemed were buried in her heart ?
That pride innate, we blame not, cannot blame,
True woman's own and lofty pride of heart,
Which in her bosom swells whene'er neglect,
Or cool and calm indifference bids it rise,
Seemed for the moment hushed. The tale was told
In sweet, confiding, childlike, holy trust,
And the kind master as he pressed her arm,
Said gently, though the bright and rapid rush
Of color to his cheek, evinced a glow
Of ardent, warm, perchance of angry thought,
" I thank thee, Ella, for thy confidence ;
I felt, I knew, that in thy tender heart
Deep sorrow had gained entrance, and I've longed,
Yes, Ella, I have trusted that the time
Would come, as now it has, when thou wouldst ope
That heart to me, and kindly tell me all.
The burden that is shared by loving friend
Is ever, oh, how lightened of its weight !
And I am happy that the painful words
So hard for thee to speak, have found at last
An utterance in my favor. Thou hast cause,
My child, for deep and earnest grief. To know

The one that you have trusted and have loved,
Ay, did believe so lofty in his worth,
So true and pure, unworthy of that love,
Is cause enough for sorrow ; for oh, can,
Can there on earth an anguish be more keen
Than that arising from the knowledge gained
That one we deemed all excellent and pure,
Trusted in perfect faith, can meanly err ?
Ay, this conviction sendeth to the heart
An arrow keener, deeper, than aught else.
Yet fear not, Ella ; it is not for naught
The ever loving hand of God is laid
Thus early on thee. Thou wilt pray for strength
To bear this trial rightly, and it will
A blessing prove beyond our feeble power,
Perhaps, to penetrate. But this we know,
That every trial purifies the soul ;
As from its base alloy, the metal cleared,
All pure, and bright, and beautiful remains.
I cannot flatter thee, my child, and say
Perchance 'tis all mistake, and that in time
All may be as it was. No, Ella, no !
I see not how that thus it e'er can be :
No, I would rather urge thee to forget ;
To check all soft remembrances, forsake,
With resignation, every fond regret,
And with a trustful, a confiding heart,

Look calmly to the future ;—not too much
Of happiness expecting ; for, alas !
The bliss, the pleasure unalloyed, too oft
The youthful heart anticipates with joy,
Doth *never* come on earth. Yet, Ella, well,
Oh, well we know, that to the pure in heart,
To those who guard and keep the conscience clear,
Who relish simple pleasures, there is much,
Oh, much of deepest happiness and joy,
E'en in this thorny world to be attained.
Then waste not, Ella, thy affections pure
Where none are blessed,—but let them, let them beam
To cheer thine own, to gladden other hearts."

Her grateful thanks did Ella in reply
Express for this advice, so kind, so good ;
And when that night, shut out from every eye,
She held communion with her heavenly Friend,
And when in quietness she did review
The thoughts and feelings which of late had cast
Their shadow o'er her soul, she felt indeed
That she had erred,—that much, too much, alas !
Of tender feeling and of vain regret
Had mingled with the memory of one
Who was, and must be for the time to come,
As naught to her. Did not his silence say,

His long protracted silence, that his love,
His early love, ay, even his regard,
Perchance, had ceased? She felt it must be so,
And did resolve, although it could not be,
No, no! another she could never wed;
No second Julian could the world contain;
Yet would she teach her heart submission, and
Her thoughts restrain whene'er they did revert
Unto the past, the beauteous past; the dear,
The tender past; to which the present seemed
A void, a blank, a desolation. Cease,
O Ella, cease! the present may be made
A joy, a bliss, a paradise, to thee,
If thou canst bring thy mind, school but thy thoughts,
To *resignation* true.

And what, now all

This story sad had been revealed to him,
The well-beloved master, when alone
Again he found himself at stilly night,
What were his meditations? He had long
From observation known, as we have seen,
The sun of Ella's heart was clouded o'er;
Yet *why* it was so,—what, alas! had caused
The separation from a being loved
So long and well, to him was all unknown.
And though the moments were when fear prevailed
That Julian had been false, yet, loving him,

Believing him so noble, he could not
Decide it thus,—it was a mystery all.
But when no longer doubtful, wonder first,
And indignation in his bosom swelled
At such desertion. Then, that Ella's heart
Each tender recollection should forego,
The wish arose, as far as in his power,
To aid her to forgetfulness of one
Whose love for her, all lovely as she was,
Had passed away. This thought induced the words
Which when in calmness he did now review,
His gentle nature thought, could not but fear,
Might, to that wounded heart, have seemed too harsh,
Long did the master meditate ; his soul—
Although familiar with the ways of men,
For years accustomed to the dubious world,
Its follies strange, its weaknesses and sins,
Yet ever keeping holy and undimmed
Its unsuspecting nature, doubting not,
For to the pure in heart are all things pure—
Filled with *surprise* whene'er there was revealed
An action of dishonor or of guilt.
Strange doth it seem, and yet 'tis ever thus
With lofty, godlike, elevated hearts ;
So blent their noble traits with childlike *trust*,
With gentle, sweet simplicity, they seem
E'en like to those, in purity of heart,

Of whom, did Jesus say, as them become.
O nature childlike, artless, simple, true !
No contact with the world can brush away
The pureness and the beauty thou didst bring
From thy Creator's hand !—It still exists,
'Mid perils and assaults, as holy, fair,
As when all radiant and fresh it came
From scenes divine.

And now, 'twas not, alas !
Surprise alone the gentle master knew,
Deep grief he felt, that one he long had known,
Had loved from infancy, should thus have erred.
And warmly did his prayers ascend for her
The wronged and suffering Ella ;—and for him
In whom he had believed with perfect faith,
The lover of her youth. And then, though 'mid
This cloud mysterious there was not to him
One ray of light—he could not comprehend
Its purpose or its cause—yet, knowing well
That all doth ever work for good to those
Who love with filial heart their heavenly Friend,
He calmly laid his head upon his bed,
And slept, as should the trustful, in sweet peace.

May we be pardoned if we do revert
To what was passing at the pleasant home
Of Mabel's parents, ere she did return

From her delightful ramble, on the eve
Of the bright day she left them ? just a glimpse
To take of the employments, and the calm,
The tranquil, happy hearts of our good friends.
Not that upon that evening there was aught
That varied from their usual daily round
Of occupations, but to please, indulge
Our pen, if so we may express it, by
Thus taking for a moment a survey
Of rural pleasures and of rural cares.
And while without the threshold Jamie sits,
Where the pure western breeze can fan his brow,
Bringing such sweet refreshment, now the day
With all its labor and its care is o'er,
We'll follow Amy to the *Dairy*, where,
With lightsome heart, she pours and strains with care
The snowy, foaming liquid ; which the hand
Of her beloved helpmate has arranged
To make the process easy for the strength
Of her, the chosen partner of his life.

Didst ever see a dairy, gentle friend ?
A dairy kept as dairy should be seen ?
And didst thou ever know a *sweeter* place ?—
Ay, they may talk of perfumes and of scents
As odoriferous as the spicy gales

Of Araby's sweet land, or Carmel's top ;
Of *aromatics* that outvie the rose
When crushed in all its glory ; of the breeze
With richer fragrance loaded than the air
That blew o'er Eden's garden ; and yet not
Relate, or speak of aught as purely sweet,
As grateful, for the impress it doth bring
Of cleanliness unrivalled, as the smell—
Perfume or odor are expressions cold
For such aroma—as the *smell*, a well-kept,
Well-conducted dairy yields. And now all
The new, sweet milk in glittering pans bestowed,
Our Amy, with a pearly shell in hand,
Proceeds to where another sister band
Are waiting her approach. How soft she skims
The thick, rich cream ! how gently ! firmly too,
That scarce a drop of thin, discarded milk
May venture to intrude. This labor done,
If labor it can be, will she permit
Our prying spirit just to take a peep
Within that *inner* sanctum ? Ah, the door
Is opened now, and what a rich array
Of golden beauties deck the snowy shelves ;
Row above row in order all arranged,
With each a beautiful green leaf impressed
Upon its pure, round, tempting, ample face.
'Tis Amy's signet ;—she delights to cull

These gems of nature, as they ever seem
To her own delicate and native taste,
And place them where the beauteous form of each
Seems more observable than when they wave,
Together nestling, from the shrub or tree.
Now, if thou lov'st rich, tender, creamy cheese,
The very nicest and the very best
That can be manufactured, do request
Of our obliging Amy a good slice.
For but a moment she will disappear ;
And then, with plate in hand, again she comes.
Ah, there is what will make the cheese a feast,
That piece just severed from a wheaten loaf.
Now with thy cheese and bread do take a seat
Beneath yon ancient, venerable tree ;
Or thou mayst freely rest within the porch,
So fair and pretty with its drooping vines,
And cheer thee with the light of Jamie's eyes,
And pleasant smile of welcome. But not yet,
Stay but a moment, we entreat of thee,
Merely to give one little glance within
That very broad and massive stony jar
That Amy opens. " What ! *oranges* ? " Oh no !
Be not so hasty with thy bread and cheese ;
Of larger size, my friend, these yellow balls.
Ah, *now* thou know'st them well ; and look again,
Another jar is opened. Didst thou e'er

See roses blooming half as temptingly
As do those golden ones impressed with care
On every unctuous ball?—Now, Amy, all
Thy active duties over for the day,
How sweet to rest thee by thy partner's side,
And talk of all thy pleasures and thy cares!
In simple *truth* no stranger on this eve
Has viewed thy wholesome dairy. There has been
No one to mark thee, Amy, while thy cares,
Thy duties were so faithfully performed;
No eye but His who watches over all.
Yet though it may be that no one has been,
In recent time thy bounties to receive,
Yet, tender spirit, loving heart, how oft
The humble traveler, weary, worn and weak,
Gladdened by smile of thine, has stretched himself
Upon the grassy mound around thy door,
And with a draught of nectar from thy hands,
Allayed his feverish thirst, and satisfied
His long-neglected appetite with food.
Not with such food as sometimes is bestowed
On weary suppliant,—no! but e'en the best
Thy dairy and thy cupboard could afford.
Thanks, Amy, for thy kindness to thy *kind*;
For all thy goodness;—may it be to us,
To all who know thee well, a lesson fair.

And now what gentle touch on Amy's arm
Calls to her face that loving, radiant smile?
What chubby figure has succeeded now,
By dint of evolutions known to none
But beings of his species, in so far
Attaining his intentions, as to stand
Upright upon his feet her chair beside,
And looking upward with exultant look,
With countenance expressive of delight,
Of hopeful, warm affection, and pure health,
Is sending forth such tiny shouts of joy?
Ah, little Jamie, thou hast naught to fear
Of slight or of neglect, from her whose love
Hath never for a moment swerved from thee,
Or varied ever! Thou hast naught to fear;
As the warm pressure in her loving arms
Convinces thee full well, thou laughing rogue!

And sure the absent one is not forgot
As evening grey comes on, and one by one
The tardy stars come peeping through the sky.
Forgotten? no! her name is uttered now
With heartfelt tenderness and cheerful hope;
And little Jamie hears and knows the sound,
The dear, familiar, precious, household name.
He turns, and for the first time seems to miss

The one who seldom at this quiet hour
Was absent from his view; who ever came,
Ere sleep had closed his eyelids for the night,
To shower sweet kisses o'er his brow and cheek.
And, hark! a step is near; she's come,—and swift
As meteor's flash, the form appeared, and the
Sweet voice was heard of her they loved. She's come—
The smiling Mabel—full of life, and bliss,
And happiness, for she has passed a day
Of radiant delight. So has it seemed
To her young, joyous nature; and so been.
A word or two of quick reply is given
To each inquiring, loving parent dear,
And then displayed before sweet Jamie's eyes
Her precious little basket, heaped with all
Her diligence could find of whatsoe'er
Was beautiful and fair, or could afford
To darling Jamie pleasure. What boquets!
Magnificent to him, if small of size.
What tasteful wreaths of gentle flowerets sweet
Now made his little heart to leap with joy!
And when dear Mabel threw around his neck
A rosy garland, rich, and bright, and gay,
No coronal of pearl from lover's hand
E'er to his lady fair gave more delight.

THE DEPARTURE.

In sobered beauty did the morn appear
Succeeding to the eve and day that gave
Such pleasure to our friends. The orb of light
His glowing beams threw not o'er mead or hill;
One universal veil of sombre hue
Concealed his rays, foretelling of the dark,
The fearful, frowning, coming tempest's gloom.
Like to the veil environing the gaze
Of weak mortality;—whene'er it breaks,
And glowing light is o'er the soul diffused,
The chilling storm passed by, how glorious, fair,
Serene and beautiful, the ray divine!

Yet Francis Dorset, as he strayed alone,
Could not but think the dark and gloomy sky,
The melancholy aspect nature wore,
More in accordance with his soul that morn
Than were her gay delights. "Yes, I am changed!"
He murmured to himself, "Oh, ne'er before—
No, never have I known the power of love,—
Its mighty power, its sweet and soft control!
I've struggled with it long; deeming, perchance,

Or trusting from my very inmost soul,
'Twas only admiration that I felt.
Ha! would it were so!—but, alas! no, no!
It is a deeper feeling than I dare
Scarce whisper to myself. I love her more,
Far more than ardent word could ever tell.
O Ella, beauteous, lovely Ella, why,
Why was I thrown within the gentle power
Of thy enticing charms? why was I brought
From my own quiet home of rest and peace,
From loving, honoring, and protecting him,
Mine aged parent in his lonely years,
And placed where every charm of earth combines
To fascinate my heart? And yet how good,
How holy and how pure the influence here!
How beautiful is all! Ah, if a life
Devoted to thy bliss, dear Ella, could
Suffice to make thee happy!—no, no, no!
It cannot be;—there's something whispers me
I was not born thy destiny to rule;
Thou art beyond me;—I have felt it deep,
Oh, deep, within my heart. And why was wealth
Bestowed on thee in such abundance, with
Such lovelier, dearer charms? Ah, *that*, to me,
Perchance, would be a prize I should not scorn;
And yet, oh yet, I cannot brook the thought.
My father;—ah, if 'twere not for that fear!

Once did he give me cause to deem his heart
Was resting on that bait. 'Twas slight, the word,
And yet within my very soul it sank,
And gave me a determined will to tear
Each gentle feeling from my heart away
Ere I would even ~~seem~~ a suitor mean.
O Ella, Ella! must I then forego
The happiness thy tender love would give?
Thy love, dear one? Ah, truly I am not
As noble as I deemed;—another cause,
Methinks, doth rule my heart;—thou lov'st me not,
Or ever canst! I've seen it in thine eye,
I've read it in thy tone—thy careless word,
Thine open, pure affection, unsuppressed;
Thy kind, confiding tenderness, like that
A gentle sister knows. All this to me
For weeks has been like daggers;—yet I ne'er,
No, never meant, or thought, to ask thy love.
How strange is man! oh, what a compound made!
And *who* is Avingwerd? why comes he here
With his alluring words and gentle tone?
I like him not. Perchance it may be so
Sweet Ella's fortune is his selfish aim.
What have I said? can any one bestow,
In soberness and truth, on *that* a thought,
When so much worth and purity of heart,
Such angel loveliness, make mean the dross?

And then his years ;—yet what, alas ! to me,
Are *his* intentions ? she can not be mine,
And he of lofty, noble heart may be.
Off Jealousy," he said, " thou viper harsh !
Clasp not thy biting fangs around my heart ;
I spurn thee from me—demon dark, avaunt !"

As through the varied, the meandering grounds,
Grondalla's groves and by-paths, Francis roamed,
He came to a secluded place of rest,
Erected in a quiet, gentle nook ;
'Twas overspread so thick with clustering vines
That he had entered ere he was aware
An occupant was there. Both gave at once -
A momentary start, for Avingwerd
('Twas he) his head was resting on his hand,
Absorbed in thought ; and as he raised
His pale, abstracted face, it seemed to Frank
There was a melancholy more profound
Upon his features than he e'er had known
E'en Avingwerd express. " Good morn to thee,
Thou'rt musing," Francis said ; " and sure this place
Is fitted for such purpose, with its calm
Locality. I often here repose
And meditate, whene'er my soul is given
To such fancies."

“ And that is not as oft,
By very much, as yonder hidden sun
Conceals his beams, I do suspect, my friend.
Thy spirit seems too radiant to seek
These lonely interludes to cheer its powers—
If such is the result.”

“ Methinks,” said Frank,
“ Some slight reflection, by thy words, is cast
On this same beaming, all-effulgent orb,
The center and the source of radiancy.”

“ I crave,” said Avingwerd, with gesture bland,
“ His royal majesty’s most gracious pardon.
One thing is sure—*my* brilliancy, as his,
Is all eclipsed just now ; so make, I beg,
No comment on my words. Thou hast aroused
My spirit, Dorset, from the grasping hand
Of foolish retrospection, and I give
Warm thanks to thee. And how, to-day, is the
Sweet lady of thine household, now is o’er
Our pleasant woodland ramble?”

“ Quite well,” said
Francis in a careless tone. “ How very
Dark the sky is looming now ! It surely bears
A fearful, gloomy threat upon its brow.”

To this was no reply ; for Avingwerd
Again seemed wrapt in deep, absorbing thought.
Yet Dorset deemed *himself* the object now ;
For his mysterious friend, if friend he was,
Seemed curiously scanning every look,
His every feature with his searching eye,
As if he ne'er until that moment had,
With any note, regarded him. Francis
Could not but feel, it must be owned, a slight
Embarrassment at such survey ; yet, speaking
Unconcerned and gayly, said, " And what dost
Think, my friend, concerning me ! My visage
Merits, may I trust, thy sage approval ?"

" I think," said Avingwerd, with genial smile,
That darted in an instant o'er his face,
Thou art in verity, in faithful truth,
As fine a fellow as I e'er have seen."
And then, with graver look, "'Tis naught to me,
Thou mayest think, perchance, and yet I would
Thy purposes in life were fixed and sure,
Not wavering and uncertain. True there is
A glowing season in the morn of life
When joy and gay romance may nearly sit
Supreme upon the altar of the heart.
Yet, as thou mayst infer, this is the time

For earnest, deep consideration, too ;
And soon consideration must succumb
Most cheerfully to action. Ah, prolong,
Prolong it not, this season of repose.
Pardon me, Dorset ; think me not, I beg,
Presuming thus to give advice unsought ;
I mean it but in kindness, and my years
May warrant words like these. I take a deep,
An earnest interest, more than thou hast deemed,
My young friend, in thy welfare. Question not,
Ask me not why—I scarcely know myself.
Yet partly it may be that *I* have erred.
Instead of forcing early from my heart
A tender grief, that struck its fibers deep
And far within, I've nourished it with care,
Have yielded in unmanliness, and now,
All destitute of hopes or of pursuits
I linger day by day. An unforeseen
Event provided means, ay, ample means
For maintenance ; yet, all I would resign
For some bright beacon to attract my thoughts,
Some object to beguile, some hope to cheer,
Some occupation that would lead my soul
From the illusive, vain, and airy world
Where nothing is, and place it on the real,
The solid resting place of sober truth.
Often, e'en now, do I resolve, alas !

Yet doubt again, and hesitate, and pause.
And thus 'twill ever be—the time has passed
For action now—*I am not what I was.*"

The last remark, in softened tone so deep,
So touching, was expressed, that Francis would
Some sympathizing answer in reply
Impulsively have given, had not his friend
Resumed his words instanter. "No," he said,
"I am not what I was ; I feel this truth
Within my very soul that I am changed ;
I know not how—I know not in what way.
Oh, there are moments known to me of pain,
Of deeper sorrow, of intenser fear,
Than I can e'er express. But why to thee
Do I convey all this ! Dorset, there is
A look upon thy face that brings to me
Fond memories of yore—that bids me dream
Again of days departed. E'en thy name
Some recollections feeble doth convey.
I know not of thy parentage ; or where
Until the present time, thy days were spent."

For some few moments past had Avingwerd
Been pacing to and fro the little space
Of their secluded bower ; but when he made,

With hesitation slight, yet earnest look,
The last remark, his restless step had ceased,
And listening for response he chanced to pause
Upon the threshold of the rural dome.
Francis replied by simply mentioning
The name, and place of residence of him,
The father of his mother, who had been
For many years to him, an honored sire.
But where was Avingwerd? The words were scarce
From Dorset's lips, ere he, the former, rushed
From where he stood, and entering a grove
Of heavy foliage, was seen no more.

The storm! the pelting storm! the wild and fierce,
The loud and raging storm! who hath not felt,
As now in sheets, as 'twere, its waters pour,
Sliding aslant,—and now in rushing streams,
Beating and dashing over roof and space,
Who hath not felt, amid the gloom and dread,
Its grandeur and its beauty? How the tall,
Magnificent old trees, do bend and sway,
And quiver, as the blast, the fearful blast,
Sweeps o'er them in its strength! restrained alone
From devastating earth by His control
Who guides and wields the tempest at His will.
How like are all the changes nature knows,

From the wild beatings of the mighty storm,
To her serenest forms of loveliness,
How like, these various shades, to human life,—
To the delights, the joys, the frowns, the griefs,
The sweet, the sad vicissitudes of life!
This last idea was floating through the mind
Of Francis, as he gazed abroad, secure,
And calmly sheltered 'neath Grondalla's roof.
Since the preceding day when Avingwerd
So hastily had fled, there had arisen
Within his troubled heart emotions new;
New feelings had sprung up, new thoughts of one
He had not loved—had even nearly viewed
With dark suspicion and with deep dislike.
And thus it is, how oft! Ah, could we read
The soul of care-worn man—had we in full
But knowledge of the griefs, perplexities,
And pains concealed that lie, ay, *silent*, oft,
Within the holy sanctum of the heart,
Chasing away the sunbeam from the brow,
The health-hue from the cheek, what might the change
Be in the judgment given? How would, may be,
Sweet charity come in, and kindness bland,
Where jealousy, aversion, and mistrust,
E'en envy, with her evil eye, had reigned.
Frail, erring mortal, judge thy neighbor not;
Thy fellow-pilgrim through this world of woe,

Forbear, forbear,—it is not known to thee,
That spirit's deep recesses ! *Judge him not.*

One fear pervaded Dorset's mind, alas !
Since the remembered words and hasty flight
Of Avingwerd, that pain conveyed severe.
“And can it be,” he uttered to himself,
“Has there in verity a shadow fallen
Upon that intellect we all revered,
That brilliant mind, that, when it willed, diffused
Such glowing thoughts and happiness around !—
It is a fear that never, ne'er before
My heart had entered ;—sad, oh sad, if thus !
Mysterious the purposes of God !—
And, ah !—the thought, alas ! still haunts me yet,
Although my father slights it—that he may,
This stranger, Avingwerd, may be to me
Of kindred near.”

This thought possessed so much
The mind of Francis, that himself had been,
'Mid stormy gales, the wanderer to seek ;
And at his temporary home was told
He was not there,—returned the previous morn,
And with unwonted haste bade them adieu ;
Forever, it may be.

“Of kindred near,
Said Francis ;—“ay, it may, it may indeed

Be so. And where, oh, whither is he now?
Would that he knew how welcome to my heart
Would be the friendship and the kindly love
Of relative like this. Yea, he is right;
I will demur no longer—will abjure,—
Will throw this veil of softness from my heart,
And plunge into the busy, bustling world.
It is my province;—I do feel it such;
And I will well perform it, be it but
The will of Heaven. Yes, yes, I will away;
Far from the joys that have entranced my heart,
Away to other scenes, to other climes.
And now I seek my father;—he must know
My will—and that no longer can I waste
In idleness the morning of my life.
Ah, Ella, loved one, would we ne'er had met!
And yet, oh yet, the memory of thee
Shall be as precious balm, a soother sweet,
A sanctifier holy to my heart!
But here's my father; and my purpose now,
Trusting to his consent, must be revealed."

The father entered with the quiet smile,
The calm, unruffled look, that seldom left
His features, let the play, the motion 'neath
This placid surface, be whate'er it might.

Francis first spoke, expressing yet again
The thought that Avingwerd might truly be
The uncle banished from his Father's house
In years gone by. "No, no, my son; give o'er,"
The father said, "that idle thought. I feel
Assured, again I say, it cannot be.
'Tis true I ne'er beheld the banished one,
As he had left his home before to me
Thy mother, or her family were known.
Yet Gerald Arlington is far away,
And would not wander here. No, no, my son!
Do not perplex thy head with thoughts of him,
This wayward, crazed, and visionary man,
This *Avingwerd*. Farewell to him for aye."

Francis not feeling, as his father wished,
Quite satisfied, assured, upon the theme,
Or happy with his comments, yet refrained
From dwelling on the subject; and, with fear
Of how his farther words might be received,
Yet with determination to express
His purposes, revealed in full, the thoughts,
The resolution formed, to seek afar,
And that without delay, in distant lands,
As once had been suggested, for the means
Of ample maintenance, perchance of wealth.

It might have been a moment ere reply
Was given by the General. When he spoke
It was in calmest tone. "My son," he said,
"I cannot part with thee—or not as yet.
I trust I may not keep thee from the path
Of duty;—yet it seemeth hard, most sad,
To me, the thought, that many anxious years
May pass away when thou art gone, ere we
Again behold thee. And, in truth, my son,
Of late there has arisen in my mind
A new idea;—or rather, Frank, I have
Detected, as I feel assured, a slight
Ay, more than slight, an interest warm and deep
In Ella's heart for thee. Start not;—for sure
Thou knowest I would not deceive, and lure
Thee with such hopes, without a firm, a full
Belief, from observation made, that thus
It is. She loves thee, Frank;—and though indeed
This love, I fear, is not returned by thee
As it should be, my son, yet sure, in truth,
By every kind, by every gentle word,
By each attention that a lover would
Delight to render, thou hast won her heart;—
Unwittingly, perchance,—but yet 'tis done.
I know full well that Ella's lordly wealth
To thee is naught; or rather thou wouldst spurn
The thought of *such* allurements for thy love.

Yet, Francis, is such *worth* to be despised ?
 Such excellence of heart, with every charm
 Was e'er possessed by woman ? Ah, the love,
 Methinks, of such a being should not be,
 'Amid the world's seducements vain, o'erlooked."
 "My father," Francis answered, "were the gems,
 The wealth of all the world within my grasp,—
 Was every honor offered me that man
 On man has e'er conferred, I would reject,
 With joy would I reject them all, as mean,
 Could I possess the love, the precious love,
 Of this same holy heart."

All this was known

Before unto the General ; yet he said,
 "And art thou *sure*, my son ? It cannot be
 That thou lov'st Ella, and would wish to seek,
 For time unlimited, another land
 Without one effort made to know her heart.
 What though I knew not of *thy* love to her,
 Yet her regard for thee, her interest warm,
 Oft uttered in thine absence, has aroused
 My truest sympathy. And hast thou not
 E'er marked a sadness o'er her spirit steal
 A soberness, and yet an effort made,
 A sweet endeavor to control her heart,
 And check each tender feeling, she would not,
 With maiden pride, for worlds should be observed ?

Ah, Francis, Ella loves thee;—and thou leav'st
Her, wealth and happiness, for dubious joys,
For schemes uncertain, and for days unknown.”
The conference was interrupted here.

When Francis found himself again alone,
“*Loves me !*” he said—“ doth Ella love me ? no !
It cannot be—my father is deceived.
Would, would that he were not !—Ah, what a gift
Would be that priceless heart ! With what a deep
And ardent fervor would my spirit glow
With love for thee, sweet Ella, could I but,
Oh, could I but believe thy heart was mine !
But no, no, no ! it is not thus ; and yet
I, too, have marked a sadness on thy brow,
A pensiveness which thou wouldst fain conceal,
And have to thee alluded to the thought.
Yet this was naught ;—some sympathy of heart
With others’ griefs, some gentle sorrow of
Thine own, sweet one, might surely well have caused
These light, these passing shadows o’er thy soul.
No, Ella, no ! thou lov’st me not !—I will,
I must away,—must tear myself from thee,
And bend my spirit,—if it can be so,
To other objects and to other thoughts.
Ere one short week has passed, this dear retreat,

These beauteous glens and solitudes, where first
My unsuspecting heart knew aught of love,
Must be, O Ella dearest, all forsaken—
Ay, and by me forever, it may be.”

THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath morning!—how profound the peace,
The quiet and the rest, the *calm* it brings,
When, over hill and dale, and purling stream,
Or haunt of busy man, it pours its ray!
Where'er on earth this holy morn may beam,
Its gentle dawning should allay and hush
Each passion rude, and every thought of ill.
It comes to whisper peace to care-worn heart;
To breathe of love, a tender Father's love,
To weak, dependent children; of the care
That never ceases, ever lives for all.

'Twas on this sacred morn that Ella went,
Rejoicing on her way, her grateful heart
O'erflowing with the love, the filial trust,
And adoration meek, that doth befit
The children of His hand who reigns supreme,—
Went on her way alone, 'mid winding path

Familiar, towards the church, the well-beloved
And venerable church, of these domains.
It was a lovely morn; the recent storm
Had left no traces rude; one vivid glow
Of liquid radiance over leaf and stem
Was all that told its presence had been felt.
The lowly floweret raised again unharmed
Its modest head, and nature wore a smile
Of freshness and of beauty, that inspired
With gladness each delighter in her charms.
And Ella's heart was peaceful, was at rest.
Since her late conference with the master kind,
Whose admonitions faithful, and advice,
She did esteem most precious, there had dawned
More peace upon her heart, more holy joy,
By prayer and by reflection, than she e'er
Had known before. Already did she take
A deeper interest in the cares of life,
Its pleasures and its duties; and she felt
That might she pass her days, and never form
That tie that binds (or so pretends) two hearts
As one, she could be happy yet. The love,
The deep, devoted, the confiding love,
Sweet Ella deemed should with the marriage vow
Be closely linked, she ne'er again could know;
Yet tranquil happiness, as far as e'er,
Amid the ever changing, dubious scenes

Of life, it can be known, might well be hers.
And as she now approached the sacred dome,
Where infant voices gentle, and sweet smiles,
Glad welcome ever gave her, she did feel
A deeper pleasure through her bosom glow,
A truer joy, and interest more devout,
In contemplation of her duties there,
Than for a long time she had known before.
Ah! to the heart that in the guileless mind,
The trustful innocence of childhood, joys,—
That swells with eager hope and fervent trust
The seed well sown, will ripen to the bliss,
The future, growing, and abiding bliss,
Of these young, loving spirits,—there is sweet,
Ay, true and deep delight commingling with
The task, if so it be, these souls to guide,
These minds to bend and form, and gently lead
To holy aspirations, holy love.
There is no knowledge to the infant given
More precious to his heart. How eagerly
That little spirit, if thy words are wise,
Are simple, as befits his dawning mind,
Instructor kind, how eagerly that soul
Drinks in thy precepts, dwells upon thy words,
Believes and feels, nay more, resolves and trusts!
Ah! let no doctrine strange perplex the mind,
The budding mind of childhood ;—tell him not

Of mysteries, of sacrifice vicarious,
 Or of aught thou, e'en *thyself*, canst scarcely
 Comprehend,—aye, *dost not*.

And, teacher, oh!

If thou dost *love* these beings of thy charge,
 Beware of aught that will impress the mind,
 The facile, the retentive infant mind,
 With what is named the *terrors of the Lord*.
 Let not the words *severity* and *wrath*
 Be linked in close alliance with the God
 Who made and loves, who blesses and protects,
 Our *Father* watching o'er us, unto whom,
 With filial, trusting, and adoring hearts,
 We should forever bow;—the God of love.
 Ah, closely shun this error! It will cling,
 This early impress, round the infant mind,
 And set its stamp on every thought of God.
 No words of his forbearance and his love
 Will wash it out, it will survive the years
 Of adolescence, and in after time
 Will scarcely yield, alas! its chilling grasp
 To reason or conviction.

Of the wrong,
 The *wickedness of sin*, thou canst not speak
 With too much fervor,—no! nor of the sure,
 Just punishment it merits, will receive,
 In this world and a future;—but refrain

From blending with this punishment the *wrath*
Of the Almighty. Let our thoughts of *Him*
Be filled with adoration pure and high,
With perfect *reverence* for a Being whose
Immortal attributes are all divine,
Are such as to demand our tenderest love,
Our holiest affection. Ah, could we make
Our efforts and our teachings but as plain,
As simple and as earnest, as were his
Who called in love the children to his arms,—
Who bade his dear disciples be as one,
As was the Father one with him, in love,
In feeling, and in sentiment and thought,—
One, one, in perfect unity of will,
In love for man, for sinful, wandering man!—
Yes, how devoutly, truly, are ye one,
O holy Father, blessed Son, in deep,
Abiding interest and love, for us
Frail erring mortals! But we cease—we would,
We *cannot* speak the gratitude and praise
Should fill and elevate our feeble hearts.

Ella, uniting with the little band
Of teachers and of children, raised, devout
In heart, her prayer to God, as solemnly
The words fell from the Pastor's lips, to guard,

Defend, and keep these helpless ones from sin,
And every danger. The petition o'er,
One simple strain of melody arose
From many mingled voices. Oh, how sweet,
How touching, oft, such music! Then were the
Lessons of the school commenced. To Ella,
With her class of gentle girls, dear Mabel
At the head, the labor gave, not often,
Aught but pleasure. It ever was a joy
Sweet Mabel to instruct; for though of late,
With little heart o'erflowing with delight
At the enchantment of the scene around,
She had expressed the thought there could not be
A world more beautiful and fair than this,
Yet never was there interest betrayed
Deeper by infant tongue, in all was taught
Concerning holy things, than was by her,
The winning Mabel, with her heart of joy
And gladness.

When Ella was at leisure,
She remarked her neighbor, the good master,
With what kind, what gentle patience, he was
Laboring to instruct a thoughtless boy;
One who had ne'er received from friend at home
Instruction or advice,—had never learnt
Aught worthy by example,—whose young heart,
Alas! seemed deep incrustated, as it were,

If not in sin, in ignorance profound.
The master had, by efforts many, brought,
In trust, this poor, uncouth, neglected one,
Within these holy walls, within the reach
Of such instruction as he could bestow ;
And now, with eagerness and gentle word,
Was trying to elicit from that heart
So buried 'neath its mantle, some bright spark,
Some little ray of feeling, that might cheer,
And give the promise of a brighter hour.
Ah, fruitless seemed the effort ! yet did not
Our kindly master waver ; well he knew
The worth of human soul ; oh, well he knew
His master would have taken to his arms
This child with others, and have breathed a prayer,
A blessing on his head. It was indeed
For such as he, to lowly earth he came.
Yes, struggle on, O teacher ! ne'er despair
Though tedious be the path ; the future hour
May bring sweet flowerets from this stubborn soil.
Or should it not, thou hast laid up a gem
To add unto thy crown for thee prepared
In mansions ever blissful ; falter not.

The school dispersed, the ancient church bell pealed
Its note sonorous, hailed by many hearts

As welcome summons; and from hill and dale,
From far and near, the rural wanderers came,
To worship and to list the precepts pure,
And exhortations urgent, from the lips
Of one whose whole demeanor spoke his deep,
His heartfelt interest in the holy cause,
The sacred, solemn trust committed him.

The intermission hour was ever spent,
By Ella, near the church; she loved to stray
Around its precincts, and to mingle with
The little band that oft would linger there.
Her rustic friends all loved her; there was ne'er,
In Ella seen, a motion or a look
That caused them pain, embarrassment, or fear.
They stood not far away, with silent dread,
With envious eyes, and all the host of thoughts
A supercilious manner, e'en a smile,
If condescendingly bestowed, may bring.
No! dearly they loved Ella, with her mein
Of unaffected gentleness and truth,
Her dress of simple beauty, unadorned
By costly ornament, or aught she deemed
Amid the unpretending vales of life,
From fashion's glare and thralldom far remote,
As suiting not God's holy Sabbath day.

There was an influence pure, a charm
About this venerable church, that Ella felt
Most deeply. It was not alone, that 'mid
The fairest works of God its spire arose,
Imparting with the thoughts they do convey
Of the surpassing skill, the wondrous power,
The love to man so tenderly evinced
Remembrance of the revelation great
His hand hath given—not this alone conveyed
To Ella all its interest and charm ;
No, she had worshiped there from childhood's hour ;
And, by a parent's hand, whose manly form
Was reverently laid its shade beneath,
Oft had been led the peaceful pathway o'er
Conducting to its consecrated ground.
Yes, here reposed the father of her love ;
And by the pure white monument that rose
In quiet dignity to mark the place,
And neath the willow that his grave o'erhung,
Did Ella love to sit and meditate.

As here she rested on this holy day,
An old man, who had known her from her birth,
Respectfully came near, and took his seat
By hers ; for many a mossy stone,
That served the rambles here for rest and ease,

This quiet, unmolested grave-yard knew.

“ Ah ! Thou art thinking of the days gone by,
Of him who loved thee well, and loves thee yet,
For can a parent's warm affection die ? ”

He said, as calm and placidly he raised
His wrinkled face to hers, “ it cannot be.

Ah, I have lived through many, many a year,
Yet never has it been for me to know

The children of the righteous e'er forsaken !

Ella, I loved thy father, and it seems

To me as yesterday, when he, a boy,

Did ramble o'er these meadows, full of life,

And happiness and joy. I knew him well ;

And in his boyish days he oft would stray

To my lone cottage there on yonder hill,

And talk, and ask of me instruction grave

On tilling land, and all connected with

Mine own pursuits ; and as he grew in years

I marked him yet, for every one did bring

Some fresher grace his beauty to enhance

Of mind as well as person, till, at last,

Like a rich golden ear of corn, he fell,

All ripe for heaven.”

Ella, with' tearful eyes,

Gave gentle, sweet reply ; for to her heart

No music could be sweeter than such words—

And thus encouraged the old man went on.

"Yes, he was ever kind, and ever good,
Beneficent and wise, and true and just,
A noble heart a noble form within.
No more upon these mountains and these vales
Shall we behold him, with his vigorous step,
His genial manner and his beaming eye!
No, he hath left us! and the paths are drear,
The vales are lone without him. But ere long
My summons must be here; and then, again
I humbly trust to meet him, where no more
Can earthly troubles vex, or sorrows come.
—Look, Ella, yonder!" said her aged friend,
"How diamond-like, how beautifully clear
The water glistens as the sunbeams play
And dance upon its surface! Oh, it is
In truth a lovely day! I feel its breath
Upon mine aged cheek like soothing balm.
Didst thou, dear Ella, ever think how God
'Mid human griefs and sorrows, cares and ills,
Still smiles in nature, saying, '*All is well!*'"

Ere Ella could reply, a footstep soft
And fairy-like drew near, and hurriedly
Did little Mabel whisper, "Please to come,
O dear Miss Ella, please to come and walk,
Just for a moment, in the cedar grove,

It looks so sweet and beautiful to-day,
The bell will ring directly ; please to come.”
The old man then arose, and with a smile
Of approbation and delight on both,
Moved slowly from them, as kind Ella took
The hand of little Mabel in her own,
And cheerfully complied with her request.

As towards her home, that eve, with peaceful heart,
Did Ella wend, the thought came o'er her, where
Was Francis, her kind brother, on this day ?
It was the only Sabbath he had not
Attended her on her return from church,
And sympathized with every event,
And oft with every sentiment and thought
The services had brought. Why absent now,
On this enchanting day, so beautiful,
So radiantly fair, all nature seemed
As holding holy jubilee of praise ?
When Ella soberly reviewed the past
Few days, she thought o'er Francis there had come
A change—he was not what he had been—he,
Who ever so attentive and so kind
Had been to her, and who had ever seemed
So happy in her presence, now, with care,
She could but think, avoided her, and was

Less cheerful than his wont; he seldom smiled,
And wore a gloomy, pale, and haggard look,
A sober, sad expression, why was this?
The thought afflicted Ella; she resolved
A gentle conference to hold ere long
With this same wayward youth, and to entreat
The reason for this change.

THE RESOLVE.

The Sabbath o'er,
The morning brought no beam of joy and peace
To soothe the heart of Francis,—still he seemed
Unhappy and depressed; and when alone,
That day, he wandered forth with pensive tread,
Ella pursued, and traced him to a lone,
A quiet arbor, whither he had gone
For melancholy musings. Ne'er before
Had Ella marked such sadness on his brow,
Such deep dejection, as he now evinced,
When, listlessly, upon the rustic seat
He threw himself. He started at her step.
“Shall I disturb thee, Francis?” Ella said,
In kindest tone, as gently by his side

She took a seat, "Excuse me; but I fear
Thou art not well;—why lookest thou so sad?
Has any grief, hath any thing occurred
To trouble thee, dear Francis? Would I knew
The reason of thy sorrow, for thou know'st
That to relieve and comfort thee, if so
I could, would be a joy to me."

"Do not,"

Said Francis, "grieve thyself for me. Leave me,
Ella,—leave me to my thoughts, my *misery*,
For so indeed it is, and must be, till,
Yes, Ella, till my spirit can subdue
Each wrong emotion, every useless wish."

"And hast thou erred in aught? it cannot be,"
Said Ella, "tell me all,—and bid me not
To leave thee: Thou hast ever been to me
So kind and so confiding that it pains,
It deeply pains me, this late change of thine.
And hast thou lost thy confidence in me?
Sure when I called thee brother I did mean
To act a sister's part in grief as joy."

"O Ella, well I knew thou meant to be
All that was good and lovely, and thou hast,
Thou hast been—art—and wilt forever be!

But now, oh now, dear Ella, I would be
Alone ;—oh leave me, I entreat ; for soon,
Ere many days, I quit my native land,
I go abroad forgetting every tie,
Each by-gone joy and pleasure, every bliss,
And looking only to the future hour
For succor and repose.”

“ And can it be,”

At once was the reply, “ and wilt thou go,
And ne’er again review the days gone by ?
And wilt thou leave us ne’er again to cast
One thought on those that love thee !—on the hours
That have so oft beguiled, so often cheered ?
On her, thy sister ! whose delight has been,
Since thou wast known, to hold communion free,
And cherish thy kind friendship as a gem
Of precious worth to one whose years have been,
Though few indeed, yet desolate full oft.”

Here Ella ceased,—for tears were gushing fast
From her averted eyes,—and as she pressed
Her hand upon her brow, she seemed, as ’twere,
Regardless of the interested friend,
Who now with sudden, eager movement turned,
And bent on her a fond, inquiring look.
“ And must,” she said, as if that to herself

Alone she spoke, " must all I e'er have loved
Forsake me then? Will no dear friend abide
To glad me with the voice of truthful love,
To cheer my wayward spirit, and "—no more
She said ere Francis caught her hand ;—a gleam
Of radiant, joyous, momentary hope
Had darted like a sunbeam through his soul.
Her hand in his, he would have spoken words
Of deep, impassioned love, that absence, time,
Or change could ne'er affect—when, as he met
That sweet, expressive face, to him so dear,
A something, or the absence of that look
Which would have given rapture to his heart,
Restrained his utterance, and he turned away
With air almost of coldness from her gaze.
" Excuse me, Ella ; I would only say
Thou ne'er canst know a friendship more sincere,
More true and fervent than is mine for thee.
Oh, canst thou doubt it ! or believe I meant
Thy ever gentle kindness to forget,
Thy truth, thy worth of soul, and, dearer far
Than words can ever tell, *thy* friendship sweet !
No, I was rash, unthinking, it may be.
O Ella, pardon me if e'en to thee
I am reserved !—my *duty* calls me hence ;
I leave thee, Ella, and these beauteous scenes,

That never, never will forsake my heart,
I leave them all, and you, at duty's call."

" 'Tis grateful to me, Francis," Ella said,
" Thy words to hear of kindness and regard ;
Yet, my dear brother, tell me, tell me why
This gloom is on thy heart. I know full well
That care and grief, perchance, may well be there,
These partings long, alas ! are ever sad—
Yet why this *deep* dejection, this despair,
This *misery*, as you named it ? Tell me why,
As thou wouldst tell a sister of thy blood,
I do entreat thee, Francis;—for it pains,
It grieves my very soul to see thee thus.
Oh gladly, if within my power it be,
My brother, would I aid thee, did I know
The secret of thy heart;—oh, tell me all !"

" Ella, my friend, I *cannot* name to thee
The secret of my soul;—cease then to plead.
Let but thy prayers, thy kindest thoughts be mine,
For these are all I ask, are all I crave.
And now,—oh, strange request on thee to urge !
Yet, dearest Ella, leave me, leave me, now !"

"I go," she answered, rising, and in tone
Feigning resentment that she did not feel,
"I go,—I leave thee, fearing I have been
Intrusive on thy sorrows. I have looked
For confidence from thee without reserve,
And now"—she sighed most deeply—"feel indeed
I may have erred, perchance, in asking this;
It may be I deserve it not, thy love,
Thy trust unlimited; yet much doth it
Affect my heart to know I have it not."

"Have not my love?" did Francis answer, "O,
O Ella! stay but a moment!"—and he
Seized her hand—"have not my *love*?—oh tell me,
Tell me, then, why am I wretched—wherefore
This despair? O Ella, Ella!" He ceased;
His voice had trembled;—deeply moved he stood,
With fervor grasping her dear hand in his.
Ella was mute;—astonishment and grief,
And many painful feelings undefined,
Were floating with bewildering power athwart
Her now awakened mind. Francis again,
But now in tone of gentle firmness spoke.
"And thou hast not, O Ella, read my soul!
Thou, in thine artlessness, knew not my love
Was more intense than words can ever tell!

O Ella, yes, I love thee with a love
As ardent, deep, as ever felt by man !
Could I, oh, could I, for so long a time
Have been beside thee, seen thee, heard thy voice,
And not have loved thee? it could not have been.
Yet, oh, I never meant, thou wilt believe,
This love to tell ! No, Ella !—thou wouldst ne'er
Have heard my sad confession, my despair,
But for thy kindness and thine interest now.
I've ever felt and known that not for me
Thy pure heart ever trembled ;—this has sealed,
And would forever, too, have sealed my lips."

Ella thus far had heard, ere o'er her brow
A sudden paleness came ;—the present, past,
Regret and sorrow for a noble heart,
A thousand thoughts combining, rushing o'er
Her sensitive and tender spirit, caused
A momentary faintness, and she laid,
Ere conscious of the motion, her sweet head
On Francis, who, did instantly support
Her gentle form, exclaiming, " Ella, dear,
O Ella, loved one, speak, thou art not well !"

A moment only, and she raised her head ;
" Yes, Francis, I *am* well ;—oh, pardon me !"

She paused—a look of grief and of regret
Passed o'er her lovely face ere more was said.
“Thou sayest, Francis, thou hast read my heart ;
Thou *hast*, my brother ;—ever be to me
What I have deemed thee ;—thou wilt ask no more,
O noble Francis ; and may He who guards,
Who watches o'er us, ever guide and keep,
Protect and bless thee ! Leave me now alone.
She motioned him away, while, overcome
Again with her emotions, languidly
She sank upon a seat as seeking rest.

Francis gazed earnestly upon her face,
Then taking, with impassioned air, her hands,
In deeply agitated voice replied.
“Yes, I will go,—must leave thee, dearest one !
My *sister* ;—for that name, that tender name,
At least, thou wilt allow me. I depart :
May angels guard thee,—Heaven its blessings send,—
My friend,—my Ella,—my beloved,—farewell !”
He bowed his head upon her trembling hands,
He pressed them to his lips, and then was gone.

Ella a moment motionless remained,
Without a thought defined, She then arose,
And gaining soon her own apartment, paced
Its limits o'er and o'er with hurried step.

She could not rest : the sweet, the holy peace,
Which recently its gentle dawn had shed
Across her troubled breast, had vanished now.
The being, friend, companion whom she loved,
And, as a brother, welcomed to her heart
In gladness, could no more, oh, ne'er could be
Again, a brother only. " Ah ! and is
It thus ? " she said ; doth Francis love me ! oh !
Would that I could recall the peaceful hour,
The days I knew it not ! and why, alas !
So blinded and regardless have I been ?
I dreamed, I thought not of it ;—and thy smile,
Thy words, O Francis, fell upon my heart
Like dew upon the vine, that, crushed and torn,
So visited, revives, looks up and smiles.

Yes, this was peaceful, beautiful, but ah !
O Francis," she continued, " why this change ?
Why place thy love, thy deep and earnest love,
On one, alas ! to whom the very name
Awakens thoughts of cruelty, deceit,—
Who shrinks with horror, nearly, from the word
Conveying feelings, sentiments like thine ?
Oh, fatal, sad attachment of my youth !
Why is it thus indelibly impressed
Upon my very soul ! I love thee not,

O false, inconstant Julian; yet would know
Why 'tis thine image rises to my view
In nobler beauty, more attractive form,
Than aught on earth I've ever seen or known!
Why is thy look than others more divine?
Dearer thy glance, and holier far thy smile!
Away the thought! O Julian, leave my heart!
Forsake its deep recesses;—not for thee,
For aye, must pine this spirit! Quit thy hold!
Beguike me not! I would, I would be free!

Poor Ella! but we leave thee now to tell
Of one who did most earnestly possess
Thy friendship and regard, if not thy love.

When with excited spirit Francis gave
To Ella an adieu, his purpose was
No more to see the being so beloved,
But, ere another sun, Grondalla's scenes
To quit—it might be never more to know
Again. With this resolve, by deeper thought
Confirmed, he met his father, and revealed
At once to him the purpose he had made.
And soon, a knowledge of the scene just o'er
The father, bland, drew forth; yet seemed he then
As if the tale of love he heeded not,

But spoke of Frank's departure with a sigh,
A warm appeal that thus it might not be.
"No, leave me not so suddenly," he said,
"It is far too abrupt: I know it best,
In time, thou shouldst depart: another clime
May offer other hopes not realized here,
Or seldom. Yet, my son, the hour to me
Will be most sad and dreary when we part.
I am alone as 'twere; amid, 'tis true,
The loveliest scenes of nature, charms that vie
With any region on the earth for grace
And elegance of touch,—yet am I lone
And melancholy oft. My friends once known,
Of other days, are not; or are, as thou
Wilt soon be, far away. I seldom greet,
I seldom press confidingly the hand
Of true, congenial spirits; and I muse
In gloomy sadness, for at times there seems
A void within my breast,—a hollowness
Imbedded in my soul, as if a joy,
A radiant bliss had vanished from its grasp,
Of nature and of character unknown.
And then I ponder with bewildered mind;
Yet still unsatisfied and unassured.
Add thou to this, my son, that rigid time
His stealthy hand is placing on my brow,—
That on thy late return thy father may,

Bereft of vigor and of manly force,
Be but to thee as naught, or—but no more,—
Away this vein," with gayety he said,
With a forced cheerfulness, "thou shalt not hear
More in this strain; yet earnestly I beg,
I ask it as a favor, Thou'lt prolong
The day of thy departure:—give me time
For thought,—for resignation, if it must
Be so, to thy long absence,—Thou'lt comply,
My son?"

Francis a moment waited ere
Reply. The words just listened to, within
His breast had roused deep melancholy thoughts
He silently was struggling to dispel.
At length he answered: "Be it as thou wilt.
My father shall not ever plead in vain
Whene'er to his request I can accede
As willingly as now." They parted here,—
The father plunging soon, in feverish haste,
Within the gloom of an entangled wood.
When far away from human eye or ear
He gave at once his feelings vent in words.
"This *timid* boy," he said, "why could he not
Have pressed his suit with vigor?—Why doth fear
Forever stay his tongue, palsy his nerves,
And crush irreverently within his heart
Each elevated, lofty aspiration?"

Bah ! it is weakness :—thus shouldn't *I* have plead,
Should *I* have sued. The girl, if not at once,
Yet to a suit with spirit urged and force,
Would yield at length ; what woman that would not ?
What matter if the love, the foolish love,
She bore to Marlowe, in her bosom lurks :
It may be soon expelled !—By Heaven it *shall* !
What ! have I sought for tedious years gone o'er
To *break* and *make* a link would add at once
An all-sufficient power to me and mine,
And shall I now consent a silly whim ;
A girl's ideas of sentiment and trash,
Shall mar my purpose and my hopes defeat ?
No ! thus it shall not be ! consent she must
Ay, Francis, Ella's thine :—it is my will,—
My will, and it shall be !—I have not lived
Till age has tinged with ruthless hand my hairs,
And furrowed hollows hideous o'er my brow,
To be defeated by a *woman's* word.
No, no, my son !—thy welfare is of worth
Than aught on earth far dearer to my soul.
Ah, what so boundless as a parent's love !
How beautiful it is ! surmounting all,
Each obstacle opposing it ;—or all
At variance with the interest of the child.
I'll to the girl,—to Ella,—and by words

Of artful policy, in such a cause
Most sure commendable, I'll gain mine end."

This ebullition o'er, the General chanced,
Emerging from the wood, to come at once
Upon a smile of nature so benign,
A scene so fair, so beautifully calm,
He paused a moment,—for, within his breast,
Hemmed in, alas! with much, as we have seen,
From which a *moderately* virtuous mind
Would e'en with scorn and with abhorrence turn,
There wound a little stream of gentleness.
Perhaps it was engrafted in his soul,
Or it was native taste, yet there it lay,
This gleam of beauty, and if aught could bring,
Insinuate for a moment from his heart,
Pure aspirations, from the selfish ends
Of worldly dreams aspiring, it was this
One bright spot, this love of nature in his
Erring soul. He fancied, too, (what vagary
Strange, that fancy will not take?) that in his
Heart there glowed Religion's flame, that her sweet power
Controlled full oft, and swayed his ardent mind.
Alas! alas! how would the brow divine
Of blest *Religion* pure, be overspread
With tender sorrow and with gloom profound,

How would she droop her radiant wing and sigh,
If she could call no loftier spirits here,
If holier hearts, and purer, there were none,
Her beauteous, heavenly diadem to deck!

This wicked man; for with no softer term,
No gentler epithet, do we design,
In mild forbearance, to connect his name—
As now he gazed upon the palcid scene
Before him spread—the winding river pure,
The bending boughs that overhung its banks,
The soft reflection from the surface given,
The noble range of hills, receding far
And fading into mist,—the beauteous whole,
So many charms combining, there arose
Within his breast the thought, the flickering thought,
“Am I not wrong?—the Author formed not man,
The being to admire and to repose
His loving eye upon a scene like this,
For aught but purity.” Ah! man of sin, •
Hold on to this emotion:—keep, oh keep
It in thine earnest grasp:—it is not yet,
It is not yet too late:—thou may'st retract,
And scatter joys where misery thou hast brought,
No, no! 'tis *gone*, the thought, the angel thought,
And thou art on thy way with purpose dark.

It was the evening of the day, the scenes
Of which, affecting Ella, were portrayed,
That, lone and musing, with her soft eye raised
In contemplation of the starry throng
That glittered o'er the pure, expansive sky,
She sat,—her soul indulging with the trust
That 'mid these bright creations she might find,
Her earthly trials o'er, some home of rest,
Some spot where sorrow and where care comes not,
When near her was a step, and then at once
A voice in quiet, gentle tone remarked,
“How beautiful the eve! just such a one,
My child, as thou dost love,—how calm the scene!
How radiant the sky! sure the Creator
Of these glowing orbs, designed his children,
Erring and sinful though they be, for bliss,
As far as here can ever be attained;
And yet it seemeth oft we cannot cast
Our cares away, as duty would constrain,
Is't not so, Ella?”

“Too often is it
Thus, I fear,” she said; “yet where the earnest,
Faithful, warm *endeavor* is, to do aright,
We cannot doubt the kindly smile of Heaven.”

"We cannot,—thou art right," the answer was
From him, in law, her father,—“thanks for this;
And my devoutest wish this eve, my child,
Is thus to be resigned, and in the joys,
The dear delights of life, forget its woes.
Yet trouble has come over me this day
Of import grave. Thou knowest, Ella, well
How much I love my son,—how worthy he
Of tenderest regard,—then wonder not
At my depression, with the painful thought
That soon, alas! we part; ere many days
We part for many years. This doth affect
His father, Ella, more than can be told.
He goes to combat with the world alone,
To buffet with its follies and its crimes,
Its coldness and indifference as he may.
O Francis, would, oh would to Heaven, my boy,
Thy presence could have been the staff and stay
Of my declining years!—How sweet to me
Thy glance to meet, thy cheering voice to hear,
It would have been, as down the hill of life,
With slow and trembling step, I may descend!
But no, thou goest, and thou goest, too—
O Ella! shall I say it?—with a heart
Oppressed and stricken,—with a fever there
That may, alas! consume it,—with a love
For one, who though a heart possessing, warm,

O'er flowing with affection, yet can ne'er,
No, Francis, never can return to thee
The tender, deep attachment like to thine.
—Mistake me not, sweet Ella:—I do not,
I cannot ask of thee to love my son :
Thy thoughts are not on him : thy choice, I know,
Of fortune some more favored one will be.
Yet thou wilt pardon the o'er flowing heart
Which has revealed confidingly its grief,
Looking, as ever doth the troubled soul,
For sympathy and kindness."

"Oh, ask not
Pardon," Ella said, "for warmly do I
Thank thee for this trust, reliance on my
Sympathy,—'tis thine indeed most truly.
Yes, deeply sad to me will be the hour
When Francis leaves us:—deeply shall I miss
The kind companionship of such a friend ;
Yet of thy words of *other* thoughts regarding
Fain would I speak ; and canst thou deem indeed
That one more blessed by fortune might by me
Be held in higher favor than thy son ?
Ah ! little dost thou know this heart of mine
If thus thou thinkest:—never shall I wed,—
No, *never !*"

"How !" he replied, "not *marry !*
Ella sure thou canst not mean the word : thou

With thy rich, thy precious gifts from nature,—
With thy power, in all we can imagine,
To bestow on him thou call'st thy husband
Every bliss,—*thou*, Ella, not to wed!—How
Strange 'twould be! surely, my child, thou mean'st not
What thou say'st!"

"I mean it *not*?" she answered
"And canst *thou*,—thou, who hast known my trials,
And the cause,—who knew of the awakening
In my heart, my young, confiding heart, of
Feelings warm, of—reverence, may be, for one
Who seemed perfection, canst *thou* feel surprise
At such determination?—Ah! methinks
The heart must be of adamant could swerve
From such an altar."

"Ella, and what,—oh
Tell me," answered he, the troubler of her
Spirit, "tell me of what *that* heart, alas!
Was formed, that wooed thee—won thee—then like—ay,
Like cruel savage, left thee?—thou, the sweet,
The gentle, lovely, Ella,—ever good,
Confiding, tender, beauteous. Ah! my child,
What was *his* nature?—canst thou, canst thou tell?"

"'Twas good, 'twas excellent, 'twas all that man,
That woman could desire!—Oh, speak not thus,

Not thus, I do entreat thee, of the friend,
The playmate of my youth, the confidant,
Beloved, of many years!—who though, belike,
That *once* he may have erred, yet naught on earth
Shall tempt me from him to withhold respect."

"O Ella! sweet deceiver of thyself,"
The General said, "to *me* it can but seem,
That he who without cause from thee to swerve,
Who left thee with thine earnest, full belief
In his abiding truth, and then, alas!
So soon, with motive unexplained, withheld
From thee his confidence, is not, my child,
Oh, cannot be, one worthy thy regard.
Ella reflect:—thou wouldst not waste thy life
With thoughts of him, with thoughts of one has proved
His spirit is estranged,—his love for thee,
Whate'er in days gone by it may have been,
Has past away!—Ah, Ella, with thy sense
Of right, of delicacy pure, of all
In woman's heart most lovely, thou'lt not yield,
Through years that may await thee, thine affection?
In secret pour it with a lavish hand
Upon an altar that will give to thee
No incense in return!—Again I ask,
I do conjure, entreat thee to reflect:

A *life* is now before thee; for thy days
Have been as naught, it may be, to the scenes
Which are to come. Oh, think not, Ella, that
There are not hearts as noble and excelling,
As lofty in their nature, and as pure,
As thou didst deem was his, thy once betrothed!
Thou art, my child, the last surviving hope
Of a respected and an ancient line,
Thy family *expect* that thou wilt wed,
It is a duty thou dost owe them,—sure
Thou wouldst not crush these hopes, wouldst not defeat
Their wishes by a *will*, a girlish *will*,
Determined not to marry: it would be
Unworthy of thy nature, such a purpose.
Or if thou'st so determined, may they not
Expect from one as noble as thyself,
A mind so generous, that some sacrifice
Of inclination, Ella, will be made,
Their views to favor and their hopes to meet?—
Let me entreat thee, then, with all the warmth
Should penetrate the words of one who stands
In place of him, thy natural protector,—
Who loves thee fondly, and would wish for thee
True happiness forever,—let me urge,
Implore thee, when thou meetest, as, may be
Ere long thou wilt, with one who may inspire
Deeper and warmer feelings than has he,

Mine own unfortunate, beloved son,
Let me entreat thee, Ella, for *thyself*,
Thy life's long happiness, to meditate
On what I now have said !”

Ah ! well, at heart,
The seemingly unselfish speaker knew,
That while thus pleading for another's cause,
For one he knew not, he was pleading but
For him, his own. Full well he knew, that ne'er
Would Ella love again as once she loved,
That this self-knowledge in her gentle heart,
Blending with motives he had dared advance,
Might lead a nature generous as hers
To deep consideration of the cause
Most near his heart,—that when but once her mind,
Her sense of right, of duty, was aroused,
Nothing there was his wishes to impede,—
E'en with her recollections of the past,
Her tender, early love—ay, nothing that
Her kind, her noble soul, would not o'ercome.

The General looked at Ella for reply
To his last earnest words,—but none she gave.
Her deeply glowing cheek and moistened eye
The only answer was. She soon arose,
And simply saying, “Thou'lt excuse me now : —

I cannot more converse upon this eve,"
Went to her own apartment. And when there,
What were the flashing and exciting thoughts,
That like a sudden hurricane, as 'twere,
O'erswept her mind ! Must she, oh, must she yield
The pensive joys, the recollections sweet,
Through life she trusted might have been her own,
The privilege of *not forgetting* one
Once dearer to her heart than aught beside—
Must she this last alleviation yield,
And, by a sacred vow, her right of thought
Renounce for aye ! Perchance it ought be so :
Better to throw aside the lingering joy,
The melancholy would pervade her heart,
Dear though it might be, than to nourish there
Its unnutritious fruits ; ay, better far.
Here Ella checked the pace that to and fro
Was hurrying her unconsciously along—
And sinking on a seat, and bending down
Her lovely face upon her hands, mute, still
As death, for many moments rested.
Ah ! who can tell the countless thoughts that thronged
In that brief space, athwart this angel soul ?
The words just listened to, from him, whose power
Had waked this turmoil in her gentle breast,
Came rushing past ; but no suspicious thought
Of him, the artful pleader, once arose,

To chill that virtuous heart. She keenly felt,
Oh, deeply did she feel within her soul,
How far more gentle would have been the words,
How soothing the persuasions from the lips
Of one who was no more; her parent lost.
For, oh, ye deep *pretenders* to each grace,
Each virtue pure and lovely, be aware,
There is a gentleness about *true love*
That only true love knows. Yet Ella ne'er,
E'en for an instant, deemed the motive aught,
Of him who had exhorted, aught but pure.
How rarely does the deep condemning thought
E'er fix itself on those we long have known
As fond familiar inmates! frailties small,
Ay, *great*, we keenly know; but for the crimes
That startle with their might, we look afar,
Where love hath never rested.

Ella raised

Her head at length, and 'o'er that speaking face
Sat now a calm tranquility, as if
Her spirit was resolved, and peace again,
Within her bosom had resumed its reign.
"And thus it must be—I will wed," she said;
'Tis right—it is my duty—I must yield:
Yes, yes, I must renounce each tender thought,
Each precious, dear remembrance, must forget
I once have loved,—forget the fervent words,

Th' impassioned glance that sunk into my soul,
The tone, the smile, all, must now rooted be
From out this heart forever,—I must wed ;
My family *expect* it. 'Twas a dream,
A girlish, heedless dream, that lone my life
Might calmly pass away,—it cannot be ;
'Twas wrong the thought. O Julian, fare-thee-well !
Thou never canst be mine : our days apart,
And all unknowing of each others' griefs,
Each others' joys, must ever now be spent.
My friend, my early, dearest, *only* loved,
I wed, I wed another ! It must be.
And now my mind arranged, my purpose fixed,
Who is so worthy, who so formed to soothe,
And animate and cheer this troubled heart,
As he, the noble Francis ! Yes, my friend,
Thou who hast loved in secret, who hast been
So delicate and timid in thy hopes,
So unpretending, when with half thy worth
And graces, others would presume, to thee,
If e'er to any one on earth, I yield
This hand,—no more. And should I, must I wed
This heart withheld ! Yes, he shall know it all ;
If thus he will accept me I am his,
His unto death, to be for aye as true,
As gentle, as devoted, as within
The power of erring woman it can be.

Thou shalt not leave us, Francis, and thy home,
Thy country, for the strange, the dubious
Favors of some other clime. It is in my,—
Oh, thanks to Him, the kind dispenser here
Of every good!—within my power it is
To grant thee all for comfort and for ease
Thy nature couldst desire. And thus, yes, thus
It shall be, if the will of Heaven.”

The morn,
With its glad, joyous smile of brightness, found
Sweet Ella tranquil, with her late resolve
Unbroken, unresisted; ay, within
Her recently excited, troubled heart,
So pure a peace its influence diffused
It nearly rose to gladness. Not without,
Oh! not without appeals of faith to Him
Who can alone the raging storm allay,
Alone the lacerated spirit soothe,
Had this serenity come o'er her soul.
And when she met again the eye of him
Who knew so well the struggle and the pain
Her spirit had endured, her cheek was pale,
But calm her whole demeanor, and her look
Most beautifully placid. With a sweet,
An almost cheerful tone, she told him all,
Her sad, contending thoughts, and the result.
“Now, now,” he said, “thou art *indeed* mine own,

My daughter! This is more, dear Ella, more
Than I had dared to hope. My happy son!
God bless thee, Ella! may he be to thee
E'en all, if possible, *thy* virtue merits.
But yet, my child, one simple boon I ask,
It is, that never wilt thou name to him,
To Francis, the engagement that was made
In days gone o'er."

"What!" answered Ella, "wouldst,
Canst thou, his father, wish me to deceive
Thy son? to make myself unworthy of
His love, *his* candor, by concealment? why,
Oh! why dost thou request of me this strange
And cold reserve towards one to whom my soul
As daylight should be clear?"

"It merits not
The name," was the reply, "thou hast bestowed.
I call it not deceit: concealment 'tis,
I know; but such, dear Ella, as I deem,
From knowledge of the tenderness, the love
My son for thee possesses, as indeed
Is only right, is only just and kind.
If he, my child, had e'en the slightest fear
That he within thy heart a rival had,
'Twould goad his spirit more than can be told.
O Ella, then I ask for *his* repose,
His happiness, that never thou wilt name

This secret of thy heart. 'Twill pale away,
'Twill fade from out thy thoughts ere long, believe,
And happiness serene and pure be thine."

Most deeply this proposal probed the heart
Of Ella; and it was, oh naught but the
Idea, did she refuse, the happiness
Of Francis would be marred, could e'er have led
Her spirit for a moment to bestow
One thought, one yielding thought, on the request.
But this thought given, it was not alone, though
Mighty was its weight, the influence named,
That swayed and fixed her hesitating mind:
No, Ella, 'twas thy gentleness o'ercome,
Thy love of giving pleasure. Ah, this trait,
This love of yielding to another's wish,
This oft the almost only fault we know
Of elevated natures, though it be
All robed in beauty, yet, alas! how oft
The generous and the noble hath it led
From the high paths of virtue far astray!
Yes, she who was entreated felt and knew
That to the joy she had already given,
To the apparent bliss of him who urged,
The father of her lover, she could add;
And this, O Ella, turned the trembling scales,

Perchance, without thy knowledge ; and the thanks,
The gratitude of him who plead, was told
In tone of warmest feeling to thine ear.

“ And now,” he did continue, “ I have wished
For thee, dear Ella, bliss with one unknown,
Some future suitor for thy heart and hand,
But, oh, with Francis, whom we know so good,
So excellent, how *surer* to my heart,
My child, thy happiness ! Forgive, I pray,
A parent’s boast : I can no more refrain
His worth to speak ; but here he cometh, and
I leave to thee the passage to relate

Will thrill his heart at once with radiant joy.”
Ella drew back ; she thought, she wished, she felt,
His father her intentions should have told,
But he had vanished,—and she stood alone
With one from whose mild, penetrating glance
She ne’er before had shrunk. How pale he was !
How sad the look he gave her ! Yet she felt,
She knew there was a struggle in his heart
To seem at ease. Yet surely he was changed,
E’en since the painful hour when last they met.
Can this be Francis, she had known so gay,
So blithe, in days gone o’er ! It touched her heart,
The deeply sad expression of his face,
The paler and more haggard look, she e’er
Before had noted. She forgot herself,

(The timid Ella but a moment past,)
And springing towards him gently took his hand.
Was it the touch, the look, that brought to him
Fresh life, and sent at once a thrill, a glad,
A gushing thrill of pleasure through his heart ?
Yet thought he not of aught but Ella's soul
With kindness was o'erflowing, as might well
A gentle sister's for a brother sad.
But when she laid her head upon his arm,
And said, " Dear Francis, wilt thou be to me
Forevermore a lover,—even such
As thy late words implied that thou couldst be ?
And wilt thou never leave me, ne'er forsake
Thy Ella,—she who trusts her every hope
On earth to thy control,—and who will be
All for thy joy within her power it is ?"
When Francis heard these words, and saw the look,
Th' angelic look, that seemed the very soul
E'en of such blissful sounds, he bent his head,
He clasped sweet Ella to his throbbing heart,
With feeling too intense, too deep for words.
'Twas a new rapture ; such as never, no,
E'en for a moment, had he thought would e'er,
Could e'er be his.

And when the wishes, hopes,
The long projected plans, of him who brought

To this result his avaricious dreams,
Seemed now so near fulfillment, did he know,
Oh, did he taste *true* happiness of soul ?
Say, is the flower of glowing hue, that waves
O'er beauty's ringlet, is it sure the *rose* ?
The fragrance-giving, lovely, peerless rose,
With its pure petals woven, it would seem,
In angel's loom ? And do the rays that glance
From yonder jewel, named, do they proceed
From forth the *diamond*, with its depth of light,
Its wondrous beauty, known to naught beside ?
And is that painted cheek, that tells the tale
Of human weakness, merits it the name,
Oh, can we call it *health's* enchanting glow ?
And thus the joy that fluttered in the breast
Of him the sinful, merited, oh not,
Oh not indeed, the dear and sacred name
Of happiness ! of happiness serene,
Holy, and true, and beautiful, and pure.

And Francis—was *his* late despairing mind
Composed and happy ? knew he now the bliss
So true and pure a love would seem to merit ?
Ah yes, sweet, radiant happiness was his !
The beaming smile returned ; the glowing hue
Of joyous health again suffused his cheek ;

The languid eye its brilliancy resumed ;
Yet perfect not the radiance of his soul.
One gem there was, alas ! he would have given,
If so could be, e'en countless worlds to gain ;
It was the heart, the kind, the noble, pure,
The priceless heart, of her so fondly loved.
Ella had told him that her friendship true,
Her highest, deepest, tenderest regard,
Was his, and his forever ; " but, my friend,
Dear Francis," she continued, " ask not more ;
This heart is wayward ; would, oh, would indeed
That I its deep emotions could control !
For, oh, within the world there lives not one
On whom I could bestow it with more joy
Than on thyself !" Francis most gladly heard
E'en this assertion from the lips of one
So dear ; and knowing not, suspecting not,
This heart so deeply valued e'er had loved,
Resolved, by every gentle, winning word,
By every assiduity of love,
To gain, if possible, the prize he sought.

And happily the summer days flew o'er
To Francis and to Ella ; yes, to her,
The self-forgetting Ella ; she who dared
Scarcely a moment to review the past,

Who ventured not within her inmost soul
One lingering glance to throw,—ay, e'en to her,
Whose soul no deeper pleasure ever knew
Than when conferring joy, these summer days,
Of melody, and flowers, and love, and hope,
Flew happily along. True was it, ah !
We must conceal it not, the moments were
A pensive sadness would pervade her heart,
And from her countenance of love and truth
Subdue the joyous glance, the winning smile ;
And Francis would detect and feel the change,
And fear would steal, and wonder o'er his soul ;
Yet ere he long could ponder, bright again
The radiant smile would beam, and all was joy.

THE ISLAND.

It was a splendid morning ; bright and clear
The waters glittered, as, with buoyant hopes
Of hours of pure delight, a party gay,
In simple row-boat, glided from the shore
Of beauteous Grondalla's winding stream.
Far o'er the sparkling wave an Island lay ;
A wild, rude isle, and rude the dwellers there.
It was but recently the kindly smile

Of culture fair, had reached them ; but of late,
The steady purpose and exertions great
Of our good master, aided by the kind,
The generous hand of Ella, had reclaimed,
And brought this little fold within the pale,
Comparatively sure, of cultured life.
The little school-house with its jingling bell,
Now threw its humble shadow o'er the green,
And though, as yet, no sacred house of God
Could there be found, the pious heart to cheer,
Yet oft, on this remote, secluded isle,
From 'neath some favored roof, the voice of some
Good shepherd could be heard, in tones of love,
Persuading, urging, guiding to the fount
Where living waters flow.

How light and swift
O'er the soft rippling wave, the pinnacle flew !
The lovely morn, the gentle motion, and
The balmy air gave joy to every heart.
"Oh beautiful !" the little Mabel said,
"How I do love the water ! see, oh, see
The pretty shadows just below us there !
How quietly they rest ! Those lovely flowers !
Oh, I could put my hand beneath the wave
And gather them, I know ! They seem more soft
And gentle, even, than the living ones
Upon the banks above. Say, do they not ?

I think that I could love them, oh, how well !
Just as I ever love all gentle things."

"Thou shalt have flowers to love," the master said,
"That rest in beauty 'neath the placid wave,
If I can coax them from their calm retreat ;
And beautiful, fair flowers are they too ;
The sweetest and most delicate that grow ;
And, oh so graceful ! You can twine them round
Your hat, or neck, or arms, and they will give,
In kind return for kisses, such perfume,
Such sweetness, you will love them more, far more
Than gaudier ones."

"Oh !" Mabel did exclaim,
"I know them well ; and once I had one ; and——
Oh, how I loved it ! it seemed made for love ;
Yes, yes, the *water lily* ! are you sure
They grow where we can find them—and to-day ?

"Yes, ere we homeward go," the master said ;
"But think not much about them on the isle ;
For I would have thy thoughts, dear Mabel, rest
On the poor children there ; and thou wilt sure,
Oh, well I know, feel kindly towards them ; and
Do all by pleasant word and deed, to give
Joy to their little hearts, for they have not

Been blest, as thou hast been from birth, with kind
And gentle friends. Their parents never told
Them, Mabel, of the God who made us all,
Our heavenly Father,—or of Jesus Christ,
Our blessed Saviour,—never told them once
They must be good, and love each other well;
No, no, alas! they never heard of this.
But *now* they read their books, and even those
Who taught them not, are gentler than they were.
—Thou lovest, Mabel, all the beauteous things
Our God has made,—the glittering wave, sweet flowers,
And singing birds, and trees, and grass, ay, all
That's fair and lovely to behold; and this
Is right; for these dear things were made for us
To love; for our delight and good. Yet more,
Far more than all these treasures, Mabel, those
Must love the *souls* that God has made; and ne'er
So selfish be, though all around thee teems
With loveliness and beauty, to forget,
'Mid these enchantments sweet, the hearts of those
That, it may be, thy love and care would cheer,
Thy smile delight. For, oh, than all the world
Thy fellow-creatures are of greater worth;
Of how much greater I have told thee oft;
And now remind thee of it, to impress
In early youth, dear Mabel, this great truth
Upon thy ductile mind."

“ And I do thank
You, master, for I fear,” the child replied,
While o’er her cheek a hightened glow betrayed
An innate thought, a consciousness, perchance,
That she had erred, “ I fear that I have loved
These beautiful dear things much more than thou,
Than many people, who are not as dear,
As lovely as are they. I know I love,
Oh, more than I can tell, my parents dear,
You, and Miss Ella, yes, and many more ;
But there are *some* I’ve seen that I do think,
Though I may love them just a little, yet,
Yet—I fear sometimes I love the flowers more.”

The master, taking Mabel by the hand,
And looking at her earnestly, replied,
“ Dear Mabel, when our Saviour was on earth,
And called the little children to his arms,
Did he not love them more than all the flowers
The world contained ? He did not call to him
The beautiful alone, the pure and sweet,
And gentle ones around,—no, no, they came
From every by-path, every lowly shed,
Where dwelt the rude, uncivilized of earth,
That daily thronged his path. It was their *souls*,
Their innocent, their guileless souls he loved,

Regardless wholly of the garb they wore,
The soiled, rent garments, or yet worse than this,
The very sadly too, it may have been,
Neglected forms."

And when upon his path
There daily came the miserably poor,
The maimed, distorted, lunatic and blind,
Ay, e'en the wretched leper, every form
Revolting to the eye, the touch, the thought,
Say, did he ever shrink from one of these?
Or e'er evince e'en one emotion save
The tender one of love?

Well do I know
That often are around us, those, my child,
From whom our spirits with aversion turn ;
The rough, the rude, th' ungentle and the harsh,
'Tis difficult to love,—unless beneath
This hard exterior we detect a heart,
As we may do, of softness and of worth.
Thou knowest, Mabel, well, how oft the meat
That buried lies beneath a crusty shell,
Is tender, sweet, and pleasant to the taste ;
So often is it with our fellow-men ;
Some good exists, some graces may be found,
I can but trust, believe, in every soul.
And, ah, how oft, by searching, may appear
Such lovely virtues, as most amply will,

Oh, how delightfully ! repay our trust
In them ! Yet there are those, indeed—so stained
By sin, alas !—we shrink from contact with ;
And deem it right. Yet e'en these wretched ones,
If we cannot by word or deed do aught
To cast one little ray their path across,
To show how dark, how fatal it may be,
Yet for a moment we must ne'er forget
They are God's creatures, and beloved by Him.
And can *we*, erring mortals, e'er refuse
To love the beings made and loved by God ?
No Mabel, no ! The new commandment given
By Jesus Christ, to love as he loved us,
Thou never will forget ; I fear it not,
If thou wilt lead thy little mind to think,
Whene'er thou seest those 'tis hard to love,
Upon his beautiful and blessed words."

" Oh yes, I will, I will !" the child replied,
" All His dear words I love ; and I will think,
Reflect upon them oftener than I have :
I mean I *hope* I shall," she sweetly said,
Resting her little head with gentle weight
Upon the master's arm—" I hope I shall
Be good :—I mean to be."

" Thou *art*," he said,

“ Dear Mabel ; and we all, oh, very much,
Do love thee ; yet there are, I well know, none
Of any age, but need, to make them grow
In virtue, wise reflection. Now I hope,”
Her kind friend did continue, “ thou wilt have
A most delightful day ; and though I wished
The lovely water lilies might not be
The first engrossers, Mabel, of thy mind,
Yet do I ever trust the beauteous works
Of nature fair, may shed upon thy soul
That bliss and sweet tranquility, designed,
We can but feel, by Him who made them all.”

After a moment's pause the master said,
“ And now, dear Mabel, look !” when, as they turned
Quite suddenly the bend of that pure stream,
And broader, deeper, its blue waters lay,
An isolated spot, begirt with trees,
And shrubs, and rugged rocks, came full in view.
“ Oh, oh, it is the island !” Mabel cried,
“ The *lovely* island ; look ! Miss Ella, look !
Oh, how I long to be there ; and to see
Those poor, dear children ! Now I spy a path
Beyond the trees : how pleasantly it looks !”

"A few more strokes," said Ella, "of the oars,
And you will have your wish: keep quiet now,
Dear Mabel; take my hand."

"Oh, what a jar!"

Said Mabel; here we are!"

"Yes, here we are!"

Said Ella, with some force restraining her—
The much-delighted Mabel—while she leant—
The not less smiling Ella—on the arm
Of her devoted, estimable friend,
Whose name we need not mention. Soon were all
On land, ascending the ravine that led
Them to the path; fair Clara Marlowe, with
Her cousin Edith, bringing up the rear,—
Conducted kindly by the master's hand,—
While our gay, laughing, pretty Mabel made,
Although her little foot had never touched
The isle ere this, an excellent good guide.
When she had gained the summit she exclaimed,
"Oh, now I see them all! the cottages
And gardens. Oh, what neat and pretty spots
The little gardens are! and there, upon
A charming piece of land, all by itself,
Stands quietly the school-house. Now I spy
The children here and there! How glad I am
They have no school the last day of the week!
And now I see"—the little speaker turned,

Came back a step or two, and said, "There are
Some *very* queer old women there, that look
Like"—a glance restrained her from the master's
Eye,—"*good* witches, though,"—she gently added—
For the word would come.

And now the dwellers
Of the hamlet were aware that strangers
Were approaching. No fear or dread appalled
These unrefined and isolated ones,
As but in recent time it might have been,
For well they knew their visitors were friends,
Who came with love and truth upon their lips,
And wishes kind. With glad and welcome shout,
That thrilled the heart of Mabel with delight,
The children flew to meet them. True indeed,
The women smoothed their aprons, and would fain,
If possible it could have been, restrained,
Just for a moment, the young joyous imps,
To regulate and *fix* a little bit
Some wrong adjustment, or some elfish lock.
But no, 'twas all too late; and with a smile
Of true and heartfelt gladness, came they forth—
These plain untutored mothers—to receive
The excellent, kind master, with the sweet,
The dear Miss Ella, and their worthy friends.
And cordial was the welcome they bestowed,
And to them all most pleasing. Soon appeared

Some few bright, healthy, pleasant looking girls,
Of full-grown age and look ; and one with mein
More gentle than the rest, whose modest air,
And courteous, kind reception, pleased them much.
She was the worthy teacher of the school,
A boarder there. Within the largest cot,
A very quiet, neat, well-kept abode,
Our happy party rested ; and conversed
(The whole community, or nearly all,
Assembled at the house ; excepting those,
Who now, and oft, were gone on fishing routes,
The elder sons and fathers) upon themes
Of pleasant interest to this little band.
Ella at length remarked, " And now, my friends,
We've come to you to have a merry time ;
And beg you all each care to cast aside,
And for the fleeting hours of this sweet day
Devote yourselves to pleasure. There would come,
We could not help it, in our little skiff,
A great abundance of the nicest things
To tempt the healthy appetite, we know.
So we intend a little while to stray
Amid the pleasant rambles of the isle,
And to return in time a board to spread
Beneath the old pine trees ; and then, oh what
A gay and happy time we all will have !"
How danced the children at these welcome words !

They capered here and there with such delight
That Mabel lingered, half disposed to stay,
And sympathize with them in bliss of heart ;
But feeling, with true delicacy, that
Perchance their mothers might like best to be
Alone awhile she gayly joined her friends.

And much, oh very much did they enjoy,
These lovers of fair nature, as they roamed ;
For many were the fascinating spots,
Redeeming by their loveliness and grace,
This unadorned and rugged little isle.
Yet of the varying charms we tell not now,
That gave delight and happiness to all,
But stray with Clara Marlowe, and her good,
Beloved cousin Edith, for a time.
There ever was, we sorrow to record,
A slightly painful feeling of restraint
Between the pleasing Clara and our fair
And gentle Ella. Could it be, oh could
It be but thus,—each mind in error ? No !
Clara had often pondered, often held,
In sadness with her cousin, since was known
The late betrothment, converse on the theme ;
And now again the subject she resumed.
“ Why is it, Edith, I cannot forget

The days that have been? why should I regret,
So deeply, sadly, that the tie that bound,
The love that once existed is no more,
Or not retained by Ella? 'Tis not, ah!
That I deplore alone the grief, the pain,
The anguish, that will thrill the noble heart
Of Julian, when is known to him, alas!
The being that he loved—yet loves, I fear,
With tenderness intense—can ne'er be his,
Is soon to be another's,—not alone
For my beloved brother am I grieved,
Or that I, too, have lost a lovely friend,
But, Edith, this fair creature is not happy.
I said her love for Julian must be o'er;
Yet, ah! there moments are I nearly fear
She read not her own heart. Why has she given
This hasty pledge to Dorset? Did she fear
Her former love for Julian might revive,
And she would place a bar that would exclude
Forever, each fond thought? Oh, did she fear
Again a change of heart! Ah, Ella, art,
Oh, art thou weaker e'en than I have deemed?
Would, I had nearly said, that thou wast not
So beautiful, so lovely, and so good,
So perfect as thou seem'st; for then, indeed,
I might not grieve as now, might not lament.
The loss of such a sister, such a friend!"

“Dear Clara,” Edith said, “dwell not, I pray,
In the same breath on weakness and perfection.
Would that we knew the secret of that heart
I cannot e’er deem *weak* ! Thou didst remark,
There moments were, a fear possessed thy mind
That yet there lingered within Ella’s breast
A love for Julian. My cousin Clara,
Thou’rt truly not alone in this thy thought :
I too have marked, have watched that angel face
When she has known it not ; and I have seen
That sweet, expressive eye of hers, on thine
Intensely gazing, with a look, alas !
Of sorrow and of interest most intense,—
Have seen the color vanish from that cheek,
And known that in the depths of those dear eyes
Were tear-drops trembling, *fearing* to bedew
Them. Yes, Clara, thou art right ; and whatsoe’er
Has caused this sad relinquishment of one
So true to her, there lingers yet within
That gentle heart an interest warm, alas !
I fear a deeper, fonder feeling than
Should now, e’en for a moment, agitate
Her soul. Ah, Clara, will the secret e’er,
Oh, ever be revealed ? What could have caused
This change of heart, of purpose, I would say,
In one whose every other deed and thought
So blesses and delights, and manifests

Such beautiful consistency of soul?"

"There is, there is a mystery," Clara said,
"I fear may be unfolded when too late :
I cannot now in any way divine,
Imagine what it may be :—this we know,
That He who ever doeth all things right
Will make it clear in his appointed time ;
And if my dearest brother is to bear
This early sorrow ever on his heart,
It is the will of Him who never errs,
And may we ne'er repine."

The master strayed

Alone this day, e'en to the farthest verge
Of the secluded isle, and seated there
Upon a jutting rock, that gave to view
The glowing ocean in its freedom grand,—
The old majestic ocean, with its freight
Of coursing sails, so gently shedding o'er
The giant's visage stern, ethereal grace,—
Yes, seated musing, solitary there,
Upon this chosen spot, this man of worth,
Of virtue beautiful, indulged his soul
With visions of a nature unrevealed.
Ah! why that face now buried in the hands?

Why raised with sudden movement, as if deep
Within that spirit's core there dwelt a flame
Of anguish unsuppressed?—Why doth the eye
Explore with eager gaze the far-off wave,
As if beyond, beyond its foaming tide
There was a joy, a bliss, from him withheld?
'Tis retrospection's hour:—we enter not
Within the holy precincts of that heart;
Too late it now would be: the fevered dream,
If thus it should be named, has passed away;
And stern reality—not so,—not thus,—
But *beautiful* reality, to him,
This lover of his duties, has resumed,
In that devoted breast, its gentle reign.

And Mabel—oh, how buoyant was her heart!
How lovely every object she descried!
“Oh,” she with sudden fervency exclaimed
To Ella and to Francis, “do behold!
See what a charming seat there is within
These twisted boughs! all hid away;—and here
Is sure a book,—a real, a printed book
Upon the grass!—How came it here?—so far,
So very far from any house,—I wish
I knew.” Ella and Francis both expressed
A glad astonishment, unsought to find

Within a pretty, shady nook, a seat,
A rustic sofa, by the hand of taste
So evidently formed. But more surprise,
Far more they felt, within the book to find
The written name of *Avingwerd* upon
Its leaf. "Then he has been here!" Francis said
With joy; "and we may see him once again!
Or surely hear where now he may have strayed;
What could have tempted him to this retreat?
Ah, Avingwerd! thou knowest not how oft
My thoughts have wandered to thee since the day
So suddenly you vanished! Thou wouldst scorn,
It may be, pity; yet I can but feel,
And deeply too, this sentiment for thee."
Ella united warmly with her friend
In sympathy for one who had aroused
So deep an interest within their hearts;
And the first question asked when they returned
To the expecting hamlet, was of him,
Of Avingwerd. Oh yes! he had been there,
They said, for many days; but took his leave
Some few weeks since,*for *where* they could not tell;
For although very kind and good to all,
Yet of himself he very seldom spoke,
Of his intentions, never.

The ramblers

All returned, they soon repaired, and gladly

Too, to Ella's pretty and well chosen spot,
And, calling for the aid of all inclined,
Went cheerfully to work. Soon, with the help
Of odd and various things, with ease attained,
We tell not how constructed, there appeared
A fine large table 'neath the shady boughs,
With covering pearly white. And now what heaps
Of nice nutritious things were there displayed
As the huge baskets gave to air and light
Their various contents ! What beauteous loaves
Of well-made wheaten bread ! what snowy rolls !
What rosy ham and beef ! what tempting fowls !
How delicately browned ! and, oh, what cakes !
"Ah, those are Amy's own delightful cakes !"
Said Francis. And what cheese ! what golden cheese !
Yes, that was Amy's basket, known to all.
And now another, of a size as vast,
Pours out in various forms enchanting fare.
Such cake and pastry sure were never seen
Upon the isle before ; and, oh, the fruit !
Grondalla's own delicious pears and grapes,
The latter, oh, how beautiful ! such thick
And heavy clusters, of that hue, that soft,
Pure, delicate, fair, pea-green hue, we can
But ever love. Such peaches too ! how fine !
Oh, what can e'er surpass that radiant glow,
The rich, warm, roseate tint, on them impressed !

And now what may that nice white dish contain,
Which Ella with a beaming smile receives
From that glad-hearted woman? How they shine!
Oh, how they glitter 'mid the viands near,
Those large, and dark-hued rovers from the wild!
Ah, who loves not the racy and the sweet,
The gem-like shiner of th' entangled woods,
That bears the simple, unpretending name
Of *blackberry*?—

Oh, ne're were moments known
Amid the sweet delights of social life,
When more true, glowing pleasure was diffused
Than on this happy day!—A *new* delight,
A new enjoyment thrilled the grateful hearts
Of those poor island tenants. They could not,
Even the oldest members of the isle,
In all their reminiscences, recall
The hour such satisfying cheer, such luscious,
Savory morsels had been theirs. Yet truer far,
More welcome and more grateful to their hearts,
Was the proud happiness they could but feel,
The exhilarating joy, on them conferred
By kind, regardful words and cheering smiles.
Oh, how attentive and how kind to all,
How busy was the master! What a fund
Of soothing, gladdening, heart-reviving words,
To many a tried and weary one, was his!

And Ella, with her sweet, benignant smile,
Her winning grace and unassuming air,
How welcome was her step where'er she came !
For every bosom the conviction felt
No vanity was hers, or love of show ;
That ostentation proud ne'er lent its aid
Her actions to control. No, sacred truth,
Holy and pure sincerity alone,
Beamed from her eye and spoke in every word.
Ah, she was lovely, true, a woman meet
T' adorn a crown, or soothe a peasant's woes.

And dearest Mabel !—why, with eager step,
So oft to that poor withered being doth
She come, with every tempting morsel ?—
Sure there is naught about that haggard face,
That dull, inanimate, and faded eye,
A lover of the beautiful to charm :
Oh, no ! alas ! alas ! far, far from that !—
This poor old creature ! she was one of those
That Mabel's eye detected when she first
Upon the island landed ; and, in truth,
The *very one* that brought, by her uncouth,
Her strange appearance, with her tawny face,
Her elfish, streaming locks of greyish white,
Her ragged, scanty, unbecoming garb,

The term of *witch* to little Mabel's mind.
And now, how sweetly this reflective child,
With smiles and gentle word, as if amends
Most gladly she would make, goes to and fro,
To wait on this poor woman! Every thing
The table did contain, she thought would please
And gladden her old heart, from cup of tea
To nicest combination of good things,
Her little hands conveyed. What beauteous fruit,
What huge and tempting pieces of sweet cake,
She places by her side! Ah, ne'er before
Had this poor outcast, as it nearly seemed,!
From human love and human kindness, known
Such tenderness, such gentleness and care!
Poor old Melissa! she was one of those—
Would that more rare, alas! within this cold,
This oft regardless, selfish world, were such!—
One of those lonely ones who converse hold
With their own hearts alone, from day to day,
No children dear to love, none near of kin.
With look and form repulsive, more indeed
By her own sad neglect than nature's will,
All seemed to shun her presence. And, in truth,
If, 'mid the walks of cultured life, is found,
Too oft, alas! aversion such as this,
We may not deem it strange that 'mid the rude,
Half civilized of earth, such faults should be.

Poor old Melissa ! 'twas impressed, engraved
Upon her very heart, we grieve to say,
That no one in the wide world cared for her ;
She was not *worthy* of the care, the love
Of those around her. Yes, by cold reserve,
By harsh expressions, heedless, it may be,
From those the most familiar, this sad thought,
This bitter feeling, in her aged heart
Had taken root, eliciting despair,
And disregard for others, till that heart
Seemed cold and stony, and the vote was cast,
By those who thought they knew her, nature ne'er
Kind human feelings had bestowed on her,
Harsh old Melissa. Often would she sit,
This poor, undisciplined, neglected one,
For hours apart from all, and ponder o'er
Scenes, words and actions, that had left a thorn
Within her bosom rankling : then would steal
A softened feeling o'er her troubled heart,
She scarcely was aware, herself, was caused
By a vague longing for the tender love,
The kind regards of others ;—yet 'twas so.
Ay, weary one ! not long in gloomy shade,
In darkness, would have slept thy torpid soul,
For light had touched the isle ; and gentle tones,
Kind, loving accents, would have fallen soon
Upon thy wondering ears. Yet Heaven decreed

A little child's sweet notes should first arouse
The angel in thy bosom.

Mabel's words,

Her kind attentions and her pleasant smiles,
Seemed for a time regarded not, by her
On whom they were bestowed. She could not think,
She did not deem the gentle child *could* mean
That sweet attractive look, those kindly words,
That offering of the nicest and the best
The bounteous table yielded them, for her:—
It could not be. But soon did Mabel make,
By perseverance in her gentle wish,
By calling her with tenderness by name,
In every way regarding her with care,
E'en humble old Melissa comprehend
Her purpose and her wishes. Then there shot,
All suddenly, so happy, bright a gleam
Athwart this poor old creature's wrinkled face,
Of gratitude and keen delight composed,
The child the look regarded with a glad,
A livelier thrill of pleasure, than had e'en
Her little joyous heart for long time known.
Yes, Mabel, thou didst make one bosom beat
With happiness that day more keen, perchance,
That it was all unthought-of, unforeseen.
As the sweet breath of spring to snowy wild,
Or sudden sunshine o'er the dark ravine,—

Came to the withered heart thy tender care ;
And bright as sunbeam, loving as its glow,
Was the glad smile the happy Mabel met
From the kind master, as she turned away
From her now happy made by word and deed.

Another glance at this sweet, winning child,
And we amid a host of tiny forms
May find her glad and buoyant ; every eye
Regarding her with wonder and delight ;
Imbibing, amid merriment and shout,
Uncultured as they were, some gentle thought,
Some holy, if unconscious, aspiration.

Dear Mabel ! child of promise ! thou who didst
With sweet endeavor strive, thy little mite,
Thy ray of light, for others' joy to throw,
Full many a heart beat happier on that day
For thy inspiring presence ! and, with thee,
Did all most cheerfully diffuse around
Bright joy and satisfaction. 'Twas a scene
Remembered ever on the lonely isle
With gratitude and pleasure ; talked of e'en
When those young flaxen heads whose bosoms throbbed
With gladness at the time, were white with age.

Thus far our deeds, how slight soe'er they seem,
Descend for good or ill ; ay, actions, words,
All disregarded at the passing hour,
May to the farthest verge of time go down,
For bitter, sad reflection, or for joy.
Yes, 'twas a day of happiness to all ;
-And when the hour for parting came at last,
All felt regret.

For many moments ere
They left the isle, the master was not seen.
Our Mabel spied him on his first approach,
Bending, almost, beneath the weight of flowers
He brought,—the same that he had promised—yes,
The darling water lilies. Oh, how sweet,
How delicate and beautiful they were !
How gladly Mabel, and with what a smile
Of gratitude and pleasure, flew to meet
The kind, attentive master, and received
With a returning, beaming smile from him,
Her generous share ! so large, her little hands,
With all her eager efforts, scarce could grasp
The stems. “ O dear Miss Ella ! are they not
The sweetest and the loveliest in the world ? ”
Said Mabel gayly, as she threw herself
Upon a grassy mound, and bent her head
To inhale with close embrace their rich perfume,
“ I *love* them, *love* them ! ”

“Yes,” replied her friend

“They are indeed delightful! with what grace,
And seeming sweet timidity, they bend
Their beauteous heads, as if in fear of what
New scenes around, another world to them,
Might bring to view:—they are enchanting sure.”

“Fear nothing, sweet ones!” Mabel gently said,
As she selected those she deemed most fair,
And twining them around her little hat,
Tied it beneath her pretty dimpled chin,
“You’re safe with me.”

And now, the day gone by,
And the light boat made ready, they embarked—
Our little party—for their peaceful homes.
Not lone and unescorted to the shore,
However, had they come; for many were
The grateful and the true that with them strayed
To where the waters laved their island beach,
A last kind look to give and to receive.
“Wait but a moment!” Mabel said, and flew
Back to the shore, to where, apart from all,
Or slightly so, poor old Melissa sat,
Watching with eager eyes the parting boat,

And gentle friends therein. Perchance a sigh
This sad, unthought-of one, or rising tear,
Was struggling to suppress, when Mabel rushed
Close to her side, and said, "I do not love
To leave you ; think of me ;" and then she paused
For a few instants only, ere she threw
Her arms around Melissa, and a kiss,
A tender, sweet, and fervent kiss, bestowed
Upon her withered cheek. It was too much,
Almost, for poor Melissa : heavy drops
Came coursing down the spot where just had been
So warmly pressed, those infantile, sweet lips ;
But, oh, they washed not that dear kiss away ;
'Twas graven on her cheek, her heart, her soul ;
And never, never ceased to shed within
That lonely heart, whene'er fond memory brought
Its joyous thrill, a radiant glow of peace.

Oh, moonlight on the waters ! tell me not
Of gentle pathways over hill and dale,—
Of ivied ruins in the classic land,—
Of rock, or mount, or wilderness, or tree,
Or aught of beauty, when the crystal *wave*
Is hallowed by the placid moonlight ray !
And when, as o'er these waters soft we glide,
The simple, holy strains we love the best,

Come gushing sweet from instrument or voice,
How dear and precious is the tender hour !

Were these the thoughts o'er Ella's mind that strayed,
As long, with eye averted, calm she sat,
While from the dulcet flute the master poured
Such notes that seemed, so beautiful they were,
As if an angel's breath had called them forth ?
Why question Ella's heart ? whate'er her thoughts,
Where'er her soul was wandering, gentle words,
Sweet converse soon recalled it ; and the time
Seemed far too swiftly o'er that by had sped
When o'er that moonlit wave their little boat
Had glided calmly on, and they were safe,
With spirits peaceful, on Grondalla's shore.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

The glowing sun was sinking in the west
Upon a lovely eve, as, with a brow
And eye serenely calm, yet air and look
Of lassitude extreme, a female fair,
Within her own retired and tasteful room,—
That scarcely could exclude, when free as now

To air and sunbeam, the sweet clambering vine,
That twined the windows round, from peeping in,—
Reclined upon her easy, cushioned chair.
Her head was slightly bent, as if it fain
Would rest itself in tender filial love
Upon the manly shoulder by her side.
He was an aged, venerable man,
Who, seated by her, with a voice subdued,
And manner gentle, was addressing her,
His loved and only daughter. “No,” he said,
“No, Isabel, I will no longer keep
Untold, the change the finger of my God
Has wrought within my heart. As steadily
My few remaining days on earth depart,
And nearer as I draw to that abode,
That home of love, to which my heart aspires,
There seems to reach me from its realms of light,
Its unimagined glories, rays divine,
That whisper to my spirit loftier thoughts,
Ay, purer, holier far than ever yet
This nature frail of mine, hath e’er conceived.
Yes, Isabel, my dear, beloved child,
Religion’s *forms*, her trivial, senseless forms,
The relics of a by-gone, heathen age,
Are fading from my mind. The alluring glare
Calling vain man to glory in the show,
And pomp, and pageantry, and pride of life,—

Extorted often from the scanty hand
Of weeping, wailing Poverty,—her tears
Subdued, and crushed, and scorned by grasping power,
This vain, unmeaning glare, compelling thought,
Demanding energy, and time, and will,
Is not, ah no, my child, is not indeed
The pure and holy sacrifice our God,
Who worship asks in spirit and in truth,
The great I AM, our Father, doth require.
Simple and unpretending are the rites
Religion, pure and holy, doth prescribe.
Oh, if I long have erred, that God, I trust,
Who knows his children's weakness, will forgive !
My church, the mighty church, in which I drew
My earliest feeble breath of mortal life,
Within whose guidance I was nurtured fair,
And whose allurements seemed the diamond glow
My infant mind encircling, deep it pains,
Oh, deep it wounds my spirit to reject !
How many of the holy and the true,
Cherished and reared in its expansive arms,
Will stand aghast with wonder and surprise !
Yet may the time arrive I may not heed
Aught but my reasoning soul ; for clearer light,
I can but deem, is breaking on my mind.
What once appeared as *Justice, Right, and Truth,*
Have taken now the hideous, startling forms

Of Avarice, and Rage, and Bigot-pride.
Aye, *cruelties*, too bitter and too deep
For tongue to utter, or for pen to note,
Have blotted, and defaced, and stamped with guilt
The *holy* church. I shrink, I shrink, my child,
From memories from which the heart of man,
Strong as he deems it, should forever quail.
Ah, why so blinded hath it been decreed
Thus far my days should pass? Thanks, thanks to
Heaven
That, ere the setting sun of life declines,
Celestial rays should radiate its disc!"

The father paused; 'twas well; his recent tone,
And rising warmth of manner, suited not
His convalescing daughter's quiet room;
And ere his wandering eye again returned
To observation of his weakened child,
Her head was bowed, supported by her hands,
And warm, impassioned tears, of feelings wrought
Too strongly for concealment, poured at once
In torrents from those eyes so dear to him;
While sobs intense, as if of agony,
Revealed her agitated state of mind.
"Dear Isabel, my Isabel," he said,
"I have been too abrupt,—forgot, my child,

Thy weakness, and how deeply such avowal,
So suddenly acknowledged, would affect thee.
My child, my lovely child, forget it all :
Thou art too weak for this : be calm, I pray.”
And Isabel *was* calm ; the tempest gale,
The sudden fearful shower, had passed away,
And sunlight glistened 'neath the gentle cloud
That lingered o'er her spirits ; soon it gleamed
So beautifully forth, in such a smile
Of radiant happiness, the father took,
With a delighted gaze, her yielding hand,
And both for many moments felt that peace,
That joy of heart, and sympathetic glow,
Arising from the full conviction sure,
That each the other's feelings felt and knew,
And each rejoiced in spirit.

“ My dear child,”

At length the father said, “ what do I not
To thy late illness owe ! As I have sat
For hours beside thy fevered couch, and marked
Thy hasty breathings and thy rapid pulse—
As I have seen the look of doubt and fear
Thy mute attendants wore—my soul has drooped
With fearfulness : I could but think, alas !
If I should lose this solace of my life,
This rich and precious gem, this flower so dear
My God in tender mercy has bestowed,

What would remain on earth to which I could
In tender love adhere. And then arose
Thoughts of the long departed. Thy deep grief,
Thy years of long endurance, when a word,
But one consent of mine, would have, I knew,
Have spoken peace and rapture to thy heart,
Thy gentle pleadings, all came o'er my soul
With softening power,—yes, I will own it now,—
And with deep fervency did I resolve,
Should Providence in mercy raise again
This treasure to my arms, not many suns
Should come and go, ere all I would reveal
Of wavering sentiments that pride had quelled,
Of thoughts and feelings that for weeks had striven
To gain ascendancy within a heart
Long years had seen devoted to a faith
Deemed far beyond all other faiths supreme."

"My father, dearest father," answered she,
His sympathizing daughter, "I cannot,
Words cannot speak the throng of glowing thoughts,
The grateful, big emotions of my soul.
Oh, thanks to God, to Him who sees us now,
For all that I have heard; for the great gift
Of life again restored; for thy deep love;
For all, for every blessing! And that name,

That ever to be loved, remembered name,
So precious and so dear to thee and me."—
Tears choked her further utterance, and she paused—
The lovely speaker—ere she said, "How sweet
To name it now! Ah, where is he?"

"Yes, where,"

In slightly quivering tone the father said,
"Where is our Gerald,—my lost boy,—my son?
Ah, if I may but live again to see,
To hold him to my heart!"

"Oh, fear not thou,
Fear not, my father!" Isabel replied;
"What though I've lost the knowledge once possessed,
And know not now the clime he calls his home,
Yet sure resorts there are: we have no cause,
I feel within assured, for fear or dread;
No, no, my dearest parent! Happy days,
Bright, precious, joyous days, are coming now
To gladden thy fond heart."

The words just said
Were scarcely spoken, ere the sound was heard
Of a quick horseman near; and ere again
Was thought expressed by either, there appeared,
E'en at the gentle invalid's own door,
The figure of a young and graceful man—
"My son! my own dear Frank!" the parent cried,
"Oh welcome! welcome!"

Sweet that meeting was
Between the three, who, for so long a time,
Had severed been : joy filled each glowing heart ;
And long it was, ere, seated hand in hand,
They quietly conversed of scenes and thoughts,
And feelings, that had been, since last they met.
And then, how much had Francis to relate !
'Twas true his friends so dear had been informed
Of all his love and hopes ; yet from his lips
The tale seemed sweeter far ; and it appeared
As if enough they never could be told,
Of Ella, and the happiness in view
For him they loved so well.

“ And soon,” he said,
“ Now, very soon, I trust, that hand so dear
Will be mine own for aye.”

And thus the eve
In interesting converse passed away ;
And a refreshing night restored again
New strength, and vigor, and delight to all.

“ And now,” said Frank, as in the morn he sat
With the beloved invalid alone,
“ One favor I request ; it is that thou
Wilt grace Grondalla with thy presence ; when
Arrives that time that will, I trust, ensure

True happiness and peace to many hearts."

The kindly answer favored his request ;
And now, the theme till this, by both suppressed,
Or by our happy Francis overlooked,
With mind and heart on others more intent,
Was eagerly discussed ; and he informed
His interested hearer all he knew
Of *Avingwerd*,—and what, alas ! he feared,
That his rare mind by sorrow was impaired,
Not as it once had been—not wholly sane.
The listener—who with eye and ear intent,
Had hung upon his words—made no reply ;
He turned, and she had fainted by his side.

THE COTTAGE.

Within Grondalla's mansion there was one
Sweet, darling little room, that Ella loved
Far more than all the rest. 'Twas not too fine,
Or gay, or precious, for the daily use
Of those who love their comfort and their ease
Far more than brodered ottoman or chair.

It had a garden entrance ; and the flowers
Grew close around the door. To Ella, that
Gave ever pleasure ; and she loved to stray
Alone and all unheeded, 'mid the paths
On either side they beautified, and cull
For the dear room's adornment, what she deemed
The sweetest and most tempting. And besides
The flowers so dear, there was a charm more rare ;
And, to a heart like Ella's, that possessed
So *true* a love of nature, one for which
Sincerely grateful she had ever felt.
This cherished beauty was a rivulet,
A little gentle, pearling, rustic brook,
That o'er a pebbly bed as real, as e'er
'Mid rural path or wilderness was found,
Did run, and play, and glitter, close beneath
The very windows of the tiny room
She loved to call, and ever did, her own.
No fountain artificial ever gave
Such pure delight as our dear Ella felt
When she her simple little vases dipt
In the translucent stream, to fill with fresh
Clear, sparkling water, for her charming flowers.
True was it, we must own, this brooklet meek
As far away it wandered from the room,
Round cultured walks, and groves, and trellised bowers,
Did lose the sweet simplicity she loved,

And reveled oft in strange fantastic freaks.
But o'er the quiet ground where first it flowed
Fresh from its native spring, more pure it seemed,
More dear to Ella's heart, than when away,
Like many a wanderer from a woodland home,
It glittered in the artificial world,
And took the polished name of jet or fount.

Oh, the delights of this wee, simple room !
Her heart room, Ella named it ; for she here
Oft held familiar converse, unrestrained,
With those whose modest sense of station, bade
Them shun, and gladly too, apartments rich
And gay. For Ella, in but *one* half of
The world, as very many do, lived not
Alone. She sought the lowly : not with gifts,
And charitable favors to relieve ;
This holy claim was not the only one
Her kindly, social spirit owned,—oh no !
She sought in truth their friendship and their love ;
She asked for information from their lips,
And it was gladly, oh, how gladly ! given.
Full many a weary one when resting there,
On Ella's easy, comfortable seats,
With warbling birds and rural charms without,
And welcome smiles and cheering tones within ;

Has passed an hour of sweet relief from care,
And found in gentle sympathy with woe,
And every joy, a solace and a charm.
And this was why her heart-room it was named;
Not that the heart of Ella e'er was cold,
Or e'er refused to sympathize with all,
Of every rank, that merited regard;
Yet easier from her own truth-hallowed room
Could she exclude whate'er might please her not,
Than from the gay and thoughtless world, expel
The vain and insincere.

How Ella loved

To take her work, or book, when all alone,
And by the open door, where she could hear
Her streamlet murmur, and behold her flowers,
To sit in quiet happiness! No place
Seemed ever half as dear; and e'en her griefs
Were softened down, she thought, when, calm and still,
She quietly could list to nature's tones,
Of gentleness, and peace, and love, and joy.

One day it was, ere Francis had returned,
Thus Ella sat reflecting; and she feared,
Ay, well she *knew* it, that each passing day,
As *now* it came, brought less of peace to her,
Yes, less of calm tranquility—for ah!

The time was near, her trembling spirit felt,
When to another she must yield the hand,
Once promised with her early, tender love,
To one she deemed as lofty and as pure
As mortal frail can be. The time was near;
And with a pious heart did Ella strive
To banish from her soul each gloomy thought,
And to the future look with holy trust,
And confidence and hope. What little step
Disturbs her anxious mind? She upward looks,
And *Mabel*, with her simple, childlike mien,
And lovely face, is entering the door.
Yes, it was Mabel; but her beauteous glance,
Her sweet, expressive look, had less of joy,
Her step had less of lightness, than had been,
With other charms, peculiarly her own.
What aileth thee, sweet Mabel? was the thought
To Ella's heart that sprung; but ere the words
Were said, with pleading look and voice, the child
Exclaimed, "O dear Miss Ella, will you come
With me? our Jamie is so sick; and, oh,
Dear mother is in trouble! She has sent,
And says if you will please to come to her
'Twill comfort her so much."

"Yes, surely, dear,"

Said Ella; "sit and rest, and soon I will
Be ready."

Few indeed the moments were,
Ere Ella, with the little eager hand
Of Mabel in her own, was far advanced
Upon the pathway that conducted them,
'Mid glen, and hill, and wild-bush, to the home
Of Amy, the fond mother. There they found
Poor Amy with her baby in her arms;
Not the bright, radiant, happy boy he was
When last we met him, no, alas! not so;
For sickness sad had touched him,—he was weak,
And dull, and spiritless, and languid now,
The color had forsaken his soft cheek,
And back he lay exhausted in the arms
That ever ready were to clasp the form,
To hold, support, and cherish, and relieve,
In every gentle way, the weakened frame.
As Ella came, with Mabel, to his side,
The darling boy looked up, and *tried* to smile,
A gentle brightness fluttered in his face,
And then it vanished, and he turned away,
And closed his eyes, as if 'twas all forgot,
The friends, the smile, the momentary thought.
Poor Amy! she had watched him through the night,
With how, oh, how much tenderness and care!
It was but two short days she scarcely knew
But that in perfect health that little form
Was gamboling and tumbling o'er the floor.

“The coming night,” said Amy, “when I waked,
I found him suffering much with pain, it seemed,
And burning brow and hands.” Here Amy ceased,
She laid her darling on his little bed,
And motioning to Mabel to attend,
And watch him with great care, she left the room
With one whose gentle sympathy she craved,
In whom she felt and knew she could confide.
“O *dear* Miss Ella !” when they were alone,
Poor Amy said, with such a look of grief,
And e’en of agony, as Ella ne’er
Upon that tranquil face before had seen,
Or thought it *could* such misery express.
“O *dear* Miss Ella ! I must tell you all ;
And yet it grieves my heart beyond all words
To do it ; but you know I have no friends,
No relative in whom I can confide,
Mother or sisters none,—an orphan girl
He took me to his heart,—and none can tell
How much I loved him, and how kind he was,
How kind he ever has been ! Oh, we lived
So sweetly here together ; labor seemed
Like play, almost, we loved each other so.
And then our darling children ! Oh, *you* know
How lovely and how very dear they are.
A few weeks only is it since I found
All was not right with Jamie : he would stay

Long after nightfall at the village near,
And when he did return he never seemed
Confiding, and I wondered why ; yet hoped,
Yes, *trusted* in my husband, knowing he
Had ever been so good and pure of heart.
Alas ! alas ! he has been led away—
I know it must have been—by tempters there.
This is the sorrow that I have to tell,
My husband, my dear Jamie, whom I love,—
On whom our little ones, and I depend,—
Has raised, my friend, the intoxicating cup
To his pure lips, again, and oh, again.
When first I saw it, knew it by his tone,
His look—when *first* it flashed upon me that
'Twas thus, O, O Miss Ella, 'twas as if
A dagger sharp had pierced me ; I cannot,
No, no, I *cannot* tell the agony,
The suffering of that moment ! and he was—
He was not able, had not sense enough
To know my misery ; he, my dear Jamie,—
Him that I did *respect* as much as love."

Here ceased the suffering wife, and raised her hands
To her now pallid face, and wept such tears
As but the deeply stricken e'er can know.
Dear Ella tried to soothe by every word
Of tender, gentle kindness ; and the tones

Of her sweet voice were comforting to her,
The poor, afflicted Amy ; but she drew
A long, deep sigh, and said that all her tale
Was not unfolded yet. When, as I said"—
She did continue—" I, the other night,
Found my dear baby sick, and needing aid,
At once I felt a feeling like despair,
For well I knew that what might give relief
I had not in the house ; and ere the morn
The dear sick child should have this needful aid,
Or a physician should be called to him.
Alas ! alas ! my friend, well might I droop
In heart, for he, my husband, had returned
The eve before less like himself than I
Had ever known him. Hard I tried to rouse,
Awake him from his sleep ; 'twas all in vain,
Either he could not, or he would not hear,—
The *husband*, and the *father* ! once so kind !—
At last he bade me leave him, with a rough
And angry voice, and said it was no use,—
That he, the child, would do until the morn,—
And then again was lost in soundest sleep.
O dear Miss Ella, may you never know
Such anguish as was mine at this reply !
I longed to go myself ; it could not be.
I watched and soothed my baby,—for his cries
Went to my heart of hearts,—and well I knew

That every hour he was more distressed.
How long the morning seemed ere Jamie waked !
At length he roused himself, but yet was far
From rapid in his movements, as he once
With all his heart and soul, for such a cause
Would sure have been. The doctor came ; but oh,
I felt—he said, indeed,—we should have sent
For him some hours before. Ah, how the words
Did sink withip my heart ! And he, my poor,
Dear husband,—yes, he felt it then,—his mind
Seemed now restored again, and well he knew
And comprehended all. Oh, what a look
Of grief and of despair came o’er his face
When his eye rested on our suffering boy !
I saw how much he felt,—that deep remorse
Was harrowing up his soul,—for sure, my friend,
If ever parent took delight and pride
In children, Jamie does in his ; and then
His *boy*,—his little *namesake*,—oh, how much
He loves that child ! I cannot tell how kind,
How tender and devoted all the day
He was to him and me. And through the night
I scarcely could persuade him to take rest
For e’en a moment. Sick, oh, very sick,
The dear boy was, and *is*.”

Poor Ella had

Shed tears at Amy’s words. She said, “ oh, trust,

My friend, in Him who ne'er forsakes;" and then
Directly they returned to where the child,
And Mabel were. Jamie they found asleep;
And Ella, as she softly by him took
A seat, entreated Amy to go forth
Awhile, and breathe the fresh, pure air. "'Twill do
You good," she said, "and I will gladly stay
And watch by darling Jamie."

Oh, how sweet,
How cheering and refreshing was the breeze
That played o'er Amy's cheek, as, by the door,
Her head reclining on the simple shaft
That raised the little portico, she stood
With thankful heart inhaling the pure draughts!
How deeply tender were the thoughts that stirred
Within this gentle bosom when she gave
Her soul to recollections and to fears!
It was the *mother* and the *wife* whose eye
On vacancy seemed fixed. But now she moves;
For she beholds approaching the one form
Dearer to her, she feels, than aught on earth.
Jamie had gone for what had been prescribed
That morn, and now he was returning. When
His troubled wife beheld him, her first thought
Was to retreat, and meet him not alone.
What! turn away from Jamie? him she loved?
Her *husband*? oh, what could, what could have caused

Such thought! yet still she doubted till he came
Quite near. "Amy," he said, "O Amy!"—and
He stood as if he feared another word
To speak,—as if he dared not trust again
His voice. She looked upon him, and he gazed
Intently on that suffering face, so wan,
Yet lovely still—"My *wife*, my dearest, O
My *love*!" he said, and clasped her to his heart;
"Can you forgive me, Amy? oh, but say
That you will love me, dearest, once again!
Oh say," with agitated voice he said,
"That you despise me not!—oh, love me yet,
Sweet Amy,—my own wife!"

She threw her arms
Around his manly form, and wept, and kissed
His cheek, and ample forehead, o'er and o'er.
How ardently those kisses were returned!
"Oh, I have been the wretched cause," he said,
As still he held her to his throbbing heart,
"Of all this grief, this anguish!—tell me all,
Say, shall we lose our boy?"

"I trust not, dearest:—
We must pray to God,—He only can relieve,—
Go now dear Jamie; sit and rest awhile;
And I will go to him."

Through all the day
The parents watched together, with the friend

So dear, so very good and kind, beside
The bed of him, the suffering child. When night
Approached, and Ella took her leave, she said
That she would send as nurse a worthy girl,
And begged poor Amy to take rest that night.

For many days the stricken, lovely child,
Upon his little bed, or in her arms
Whose soul-devotedness admitted not
Of scarce a moment's rest, lay, worn with pain,
Or tossing wild with feverish, burning heat.
Ella was with her friends each day for hours;
Aiding, and soothing by her gentle words,
Affording comfort, such as only those
Who feel the worth of such attentions, know.
And many kindly spirits gave relief
By sympathy sincere. Good Edith came,
Their worthy pastor's daughter, and around
That bed of sickness Ella felt far more
Her worth and excellence than e'er before,
And a firm friendship that endured for life,
First sprung and blossomed there. The pastor, now,
Was absent from his charge; yet one there was
Whose kindly visits ever cheered and soothed,
Whose excellence and purity was felt,
And loved by all. How would the drooping heart

Revive again and glow,—the eye dilate
With gladness and expectancy, whene'er
The *master* entered ! Yes, when he appeared
A welcome from each heart was ever given.
How gentle and considerate are his words !
How fervently his interest is expressed !
How *quiet* is he ! and how softly now,
With all a woman's tenderness, he bends
Towards the dear sick one, whose enticing ways,
And half-formed words of love, had often given
Delight and pleasure to his manly heart.

Dear little Jamie ! oft he lay so still,
And patiently enduring, as it seemed,
They could but think him better ; then again
The grieved, poor little thing, unused to pain,
Would gaze around with such imploring look,—
As if he would have said—"Dear mother, friends,
Oh, aid me ! give relief ! why is it thus ?"
It went to all their hearts. Long seemed the time
Since first he drooped with sickness, yet he still
Was struggling for his little infant life.
The parents did not, could not cease to feel
A faith in his recovery ; no, they thought,
We cannot lose our boy ; he will again
His dear, sweet look resume, his smile of bliss,

And all that gave such pleasure and delight,—
It cannot, cannot be that death will lay
His icy hand upon this lovely flower ;—
O God ! the father thought, it cannot be.
Few were the words this troubled parent spoke,
Yet, oh, with what devotedness he watched
His darling boy ! how eager to assist,
To soothe and calm and ease, if possible,
His every pain ! most hard it was for him,
The self-condemning one, the room to leave,
The bedside of the sick one to forsake,
For duties that his daily care required,
And which, alas ! of late had not received
The earnest, deep attention once had been
So faithfully bestowed.

All through the morn

Of a bright, beauteous day, had the sick child
Been slumbering ; when he waked, how eagerly
Were riveted on his the anxious eyes
Of loving ones around !—It was the hour
That would proclaim, 'twas thought, if life or death,
Subservient ever to the will of Him
Who all directs, should finally prevail.
He wakens now ; and sure, oh sure, they thought,
There is a brighter radiance in that eye,
A softer, deeper, holier look of love
Imbedded in that little angel face,

As now around with mute intelligence -
He gazes on the features of the friends
Well known and loved, than has of late been there.
“*Dear Jamie!*” were the words expressed at once
With earnestness and trust; while she, the fond,
Almost adoring mother, clasped her hands
In new-born hope and gratitude intense.
But doth this radiance wane? this light grow dim?
And the sweet fervor pale from out that face?
Is there a change upon that cheek and brow?
Ah! thus is it indeed? The father, quick,
With sudden eagerness, pressed towards his boy,
While a swift pallor o’er his own brown cheek
Told of his heart. His darling Jamie had
Not seemed of late his presence to remark,
But now he raised at once his little arms,
“Oh, fader, fader come!” he did exclaim,
“Dear fader come!” The parent softly took,
Uplifted to his heart the tiny form,—
One moment thus—and then the sweet head fell
Closer and closer to the father’s heart.
Upon that loving bosom it reclined,
Never, oh never, of its own command,
To rise again.

The scene succeeding this
Must be in thought portrayed,—we tell it not—
’Twas soothed and calmed and hallowed by the prayers,

The holy words, and gentle, loving tones
Of earnest friends around ; but on that night,
When all was still and lone, and friends had gone,
And every eye was closed in troubled sleep,
Save his, the afflicted father's, soft he crept
To where his dear one lay, and bending o'er
The clay from which a cherub pure and bright,
To heaven so late had flown, gave vent at once
To words that could not longer be suppressed.
" O Jamie, my sweet darling !" he exclaimed,
" Canst thou not hear ? my boy, my lovely boy !
O Jamie, beautiful, look up and speak !
But smile upon me once, my child, my own !
Dear Jamie, Jamie, hear me ; dost thou not ?
Speak to me, dearest ! say thou wilt forgive !
Lift up thy little hands yet once again,
O Jamie, my lost child ! No ! no !" he said,
" All calm and still, thou never, never more
Wilt hear thy father's voice, or smile again
To glad his longing heart !" What bitter tears
Now flowed in streams from eyes unused to weep !
What deep, heart-rending sobs escaped from him,
This agonized, strong man, as low he flung
His aching head upon the bed of death !
How filled that lacerated heart, alas !
With vain regret, with harrowing remorse !

Oh, the sad moment, when we lay aside,
Within the silent, solitary grave,
The form that has been precious as our life,
The dear, familiar features we have loved !
Oh, the sad moment, when forlorn is given
The last, *last* look on what has been so dear !
What but the faith a holy God proclaims,
What but the sacred promises of Heaven,
Could ever at this bitter, dreary hour
The trembling and forsaken heart sustain !
But, oh, how beautiful the radiance thrown,
By holy light and sacred, o'er the gloom
Of this dark, fearful resting-place of man !
How, as with solemn tread we enter where
Earth brings allurements none—her joys are naught—
How, by the faith of Jesus, may we see
An angel on the threshold ! how may hear
The solemn, holy words, “ He is not here ;
He hath arisen. Why then weepest thou ? ”

The grave had closed upon the dear remains
Of the sweet infant boy so fondly loved,
And solemn, fervent prayers had uttered been
By him we call the master, at that hour
When dust to kindred dust had been consigned,
And after—when the tender mother sat

Absorbed in sacred grief, had soothing words,
Of trust, and faith in love divine, been said,
To which her pious heart gave glad assent,
Yet the poor father, mute, and far apart,
Still bowed his head in woe, unheeding all.
—The supper hour had come; and calmly now,
With tears repressed, did Amy, with the aid
Of little Mabel, softly move, to all
Her usual evening duties to attend.
No child could feel more tenderly a grief
Than Mabel did the one that had bereft
Her thus,—had taken from her gaze her fond,
Her little darling playmate so beloved,
Her laughing, happy brother. Oh the tears
That had bedewed her cheek! though hushed and
soothed,
Yet often they *would* come, she gently said.
But 'mid her woe how sweetly had she striven,
With a calm thoughtfulness beyond her years,
To soften the keen sorrow of her dear
Beloved parents! And now, at this time
When with regret and pain she did observe
Her father's silent grief, how tenderly,
By every unobtrusive, gentle word,
By every kind attention, did she try
To win his observation!

“We have made

The tea, dear father ; it will do you good.”
And then she placed his favorite chair beside,
The neat, inviting table now prepared.
“ Oh *do*, dear father, come and eat a bit,—
Just *taste* the bread and butter and the tea,—
We are so sad unless you sit by us.”
But no,—he slightly shook his head, but gave
No other answer to her pleading words.
The master, who was present, felt regret
And sorrow that a trust in One who but
Afflicts his erring children for their good,
Had not yet soothed or softened the deep grief
Of this beloved parent. True he knew
There was a cause for anguish deeper far
Than common sorrow could demand ; and, oh,
How much his tender, sympathizing heart
Had yearned to comfort and assuage his woe !
Oh, well he had endeavored ; yet it seemed,
It *now* appeared, as all had been for naught.
Most deeply feeling, pitying his distress,
The master, oh, how gently ! took a seat
Beside the heart-wrung man, and taking, kind,
Within his own, his hand, “ my friend,” he said,
“ I know thy grief is great,—that it hath pleased
Our heavenly Father to afflict thy soul,—
With a peculiar trial visit thee,—
Yet do not, do not let it bear thee down

In such distress, for Jesus with thee weeps :
His arm is near, his words are by, to lead
Thee to thy God. Commune with Christ, with him
Who mourned and suffered for poor sinful man,—
Who took the little children in his arms,—
Who said their angels ever do behold
The face of God the Father ; he who said
Let not your heart be troubled. Peace I leave—
My peace I give to you—be not afraid.
Come unto me all ye oppressed with woe,—
With sin are laden,—I will give you rest.
And, oh, my friend, how countless are the words
Of beauty and of tenderness, expressed
Within the inspired *Psalms* of holy writ !
Our weeping may indeed endure a night,
But in the morning joy again will come.
Oh more to be desired than finest gold
Thy true and righteous judgments are, O Lord.
The Lord is nigh to them of broken heart,
And saveth those of contrite spirit are.
His way is perfect : ever trust in Him ;
For excellent his loving-kindness is.
O God, thou art our refuge and our strength,
An ever present help in time of woe.
Oh, hate all evil ye that love the Lord.
For the upright in heart is gladness sown.
Oh vain th' attempt, my friend," the master said,

'Mid such a *world* of mercy and of love,
Of beauty, and of promises divine,
As is the holy book, the effort vain
The lightest section, nearly, of its words
Of consolation and of peace, to cull ;
The further we explore the more we're lost
In wonder, and in gratitude and joy.
Oh search the scriptures ; for in them most sure
All thou wilt find thy wounded heart requires.
Oh search the scriptures ; say, with patient Job,
The Lord hath taken from me what he gave,
And blessed be his name forevermore.
Ah, my good friend, how dear to thee and me,
How precious to each erring human heart,
The blessed, firm assurance in His word,
That by forsaking every evil way,
And by repentance, are all sins forgiven !
Oh, bliss that we may know, 'mid grief and pain,
'Mid every storm of life, that *God is love !* "

The master, when the last words he had said,
Drew gently forward toward the seat prepared
The husband and the father : then, with hands
Uplifted to the Father of us all,
The comforter and giver of all good,
A blessing asked with reverence and love.

When this was o'er, they gratefully partook
Of what had been provided; and serene
Was every heart around this humble board,
Nay, Mabel almost *smiled* with peace of heart,
When her dear father silently exchanged
With her beloved mother and with her,
Sweet, earnest looks of sympathy and love.

A few short days from this, and friends again
Within this stricken home are gathered near
The bed of sickness with its many woes.
And who the victim now, whose ringlets lie
On yonder snow-white pillow, while within
Their twining, glossy folds, the lovely face,
Flushed with wild fever's glow, is looking forth
With sweet bewilderment on those around?
Ah, Mabel, is it thus? has fell disease
Attacked *thy* gentle form, and laid thee low,
Sweet flower of beauty? is it thus indeed?
Alas! the care-worn looks, the anxious eyes,
The silent, deep distress that dares not speak,
Or whisper, e'en, its agony of fear,
All, all attest it is no common ail
Hath hushed the music of that gentle voice,
And bade to die the smile upon those lips.
O Mabel, Mabel, must we lose thee then?

Will death, who claims so oft the fairest flower,
Set his cold seal upon that angel brow,
Causing those graces that have charmed us here,
Those lovely infant blossoms, to expand,
And bloom and radiate in holier climes ?

“ Ah, who can tell how far the sin of man,
To what extent, *one* frailty weak, may lead !”
Thus thought the father of this lovely child,
As o’er her now, with tender, anxious look,
Silent, as fearing by the slightest word
Her quiet to disturb, he gently bends.
There had an inward change come o’er the soul
Of this fond parent since the recent words
Of the kind master ; he had thought far more
Of Heaven’s minute and never-ceasing care,—
Of the deep love of God for erring man,—
Of the *ingratitude* of vicious ways,—
Of the far-reaching evils may attend
A rash, unfeeling course of selfish sin,—
Of the deep *wrong* of causing pain and care,
Distress and anguish, to the loved and true,—
All this he had reflected on far more
Than e’er before ; and he had schooled himself
To something e’en like resignation sweet,
To the deep, recent sorrow of his heart ;

But *now*, this sudden, this unlooked-for stroke,
As a swift thunderbolt had dashed afar
His late scarce-recognized composure, and
If outwardly was calmness and repose,
Within were stormy fears and harrowing griefs.
“My child,” he thought, “my last, my beautiful,
And must I see thee likewise sink and die,
And I the cause of all? alas! alas!”
—There was but one resort for this poor man,
And thanks to God he did reject it not—
He brought to mind the Saviour’s earnest words
Commending holy prayer—and on the wings
Of faith and of repentance, went to Heaven
Petitions fervent, humble. This allayed—
As the sad hours went by, and still his child
Seemed panting out her little infant life—
These aspirations, calmed and soothed his soul.

Much had dear Mabel suffered, much endured
With sweet and gentle patience. From the first
Rude touch of the disease, all feared and felt
What might be the result. And now that days
Had passed, and wandering, dreamy phantasies
And thoughts, her words betrayed; and every change
Brought with it symptoms sad, the hearts of those
Now watching with solicitude intense.

Did sink within them as they mutely gazed.
The master, who detected, as he thought,
More reason in the grateful, loving eye
Upraised to his, bent o'er her with a look
Of deep and tender interest, and expressed
A wish, if she was able, she would speak
And tell him of her thoughts.

“Yes,—yes,”—she said,
“Oh that is what I wish ; for I do feel—
I think that I am going very soon
To darling Jamie ; am I fit to go ?
Oh, am I good enough to be with God,
And with the holy Saviour ? I have thought
That he who loved the children so on earth,
Must love them very, very much in heaven.
I feel that he will love me. Oh, how dear,
How sweet were all the words you ever said
To little Mabel ! They have done me good.”
The dear child paused a moment, and then said,
“One thing is very painful to my heart ;
I do not like to think of those I leave,
And love so *very* much. Oh *you* will come
And comfort them, I know, when I am gone.
Dear father and *dear* mother ! how they love
Their Mabel !”

Every word the lovely child
Had uttered, had been heard, so still were all,

By every one within this quiet room ;
And audible would many sobs have been,
But that with effort strong they were repressed.
The master gently whispered words of peace
And consolation sweet, to the dear child,
Which soothed her soul, and brought at once a smile
Of bright, seraphic beauty o'er her face.
Just at this moment, who, within the room
All suddenly should enter, but the one
Who would have been almost the very last
They would have thought could come ; it was in truth
Poor old Melissa ; who, upon the isle,
Had seen and loved sweet Mabel. How she came—
Who had conveyed her from the lonely isle,
And how of Mabel's illness she had heard,
They knew not, thought not of—but there she stood,
In somewhat neater garments, it is true,
Than when we met her last, yet with the same
Unprepossessing, haggard look as then.
She eagerly pressed forward toward the couch,
With an expression on her tawny face
Combining many feelings, many thoughts ;
Deep agony and fear might there be read,
United with affection pure and sweet,
And tender too, as mother for a child.
Some one had just to Mabel held a flower,
As if to calm her mind, a sweet, fresh flower,

Of form and hue most delicately fair ;
But Mabel waved it from her ; and with both
Her arms extended clasped the withered neck
Of wrinkled, old Melissa. Dear embrace !
It fell like balm upon the troubled heart
Of this poor creature. As she turned away
She trembled with emotion, might have fallen,
Had not the master offered her support,
And kindly, gently, led her to a seat.
And old Melissa, once so scorned and feared,
Was a true, loving christian from that hour.

On Mabel now they looked ; as every heart
Was fearing the excitement of the scene,
So sudden and unlooked for, not as well
For the dear sufferer ; but in placid sleep
Her loving, beautiful, dear eyes were closed.
How anxious were the moments while she lay
In deep repose ! 'Twas thus, they could but think,
That little Jamie slept ere all was o'er.
And as they now with still increasing fears
Regarded the sweet slumberer, sure it was
That each soft breath grew shorter that she drew.
Ah, loving friends, there is now but a step
Between thy dear angelic one and death !
Resign her to her God : who did but loan

This treasure for thy good. Oh, who is this,
That, anxious beyond words, and worn with grief,
Still nearer presses, more intently looks,
Upon the faintly-breathing, sleeping child ?
“ Is there no hope ? ” the *mother*, in a voice
Scarce audible, and tremulous with fear,
Said to the good physician, as he bent
With fearfully grave aspect o’er her child.
“ All things are *possible*, my friend,” he said ;
And this was all the answer. Oh, well those
Who e’er have felt the bitterness of such
A hopeless moment, can recall its woe !

We speak of loving friends around this couch ;
Yet were not many present. Ella, loved—
And the kind master—and Melissa, now—
With the good girl that Ella sent as nurse,
Were all, but the physician, ’neath the roof
Of those so much afflicted. Other friends
Had kindness kept away ; for far and near,
Was Mabel loved, and her good parents too.

Long did the dear one sleep ; and when again
Her eyes she oped, the doctor waved his hand
For perfect silence, till he could survey,
And judge of the result. The time seemed long,

Alas ! how *very* long to anxious hearts,
Ere word was spoken by the skillful man !
At length he turned, and with a placid look,
" I trust our fears may cease," he calmly said,
" The symptoms are far better, thanks to God."
No word was uttered ; but to every eye,
Did sudden, unforbidden tears arise ;
And the long-anguished parents, who had sat
In silence by the bedside, hand in hand,
Impulsively embraced, and softly wept.

How radiantly beamed the rising sun,
How every heart responded to its glad,
Delightful presence, on the happy morn
Succeeding to the day that Mabel waked
With Hope exultant hovering o'er her couch !
When this glad morn appeared, a night of rest,
Of sweet refreshment, had the dear one known ;
And now, raised up in bed, with look, 'tis true,
Of touching weakness, yet with placid brow,
And cheek where fever sat not, she reclined
With grateful heart, upon the arm of him
So tenderly supporting her sweet frame,
The kind, devoted father of her love.
How peaceful, nay, how beautiful the look
Illuminates the open, manly brow

Of this now happy man! The master, who,
Ere to his little school his way he took,
Called on the invalid, regarded this,
To spirit like to his so dear a scene,
With joyous, trusting hope of future weal.
"How grateful should we be to God!" he said.
Tears filled the father's eyes; and ne'er again,
No, never, *never*, from that happy hour,
Through a long life succeeding, did he yield
To the weak sin had caused him such distress.
And soon again did peace and joy return—
As stray birds to a sweet embowered nest—
To this dear home of gratitude and love;
For hearts *resigned* to what has grieved—oh thanks!
Abiding woe know not. And short the time
Ere Mabel, with fresh roses on her cheeks,
Was moving in her gladness, the delight,
The soother, and the charmer of each heart.

THE VISITATION.

"Yes, yes, it is the last time, 'tis the last
I e'er shall gaze upon your towering forms,
Ye mighty monarchs of this woodland home,
Ye trees of ages past, of days gone by!
Ah yes, it is the last time I behold

That loved and honoꝛed mansion ! Time has been
When every scene that beautifies the spot,
Nay, every simple charm, the flower, the shrub,
Was dearer to my heart than tongue can tell ;
But ne'er again those doors will ope to me,
No, never ! never ! Was I not forbid
Again to enter 'neath that once so dear
And venerated roof ? Ah yes ! The words,
The last farewell will linger ; never leave
My lonely heart. Oh ; bitter was the word !
And yet from lips that I must ever love,
Must ever hold in reverence, they fell.
No more my heart ! Adieu,—a last adieu,
To each remembered scene of early love,—
To each dear glen and pathway where I strayed,—
I go to other lands, to other scenes :
To all, to all, a fond, a last adieu !”

Thus murmured Avingwerd,—as, on the eve
Of a departure for another clime,
He ventured sad and lone within the grove,
The ancient seat adorning, where abode
The venerable owner of this home,
With his beloved daughter Isabel.
Little, oh little thought the inmates there
Who was so near them,—who had come to take

- A last farewell of the beloved scenes
Imprinted on a tender, youthful heart.
And as they sat alone at twilight hour,
E'en at the moment when the wanderer strayed
So very near, their thoughts reverted, as
Full oft they did, to the long-absent one.
"Dear father, *should* it be," said Isabel,
"That we no more behold him, yet thy eve,
Thy sun will set—whene'er our Father wills—
• In beauty now, in dignity and peace,
No cloud o'ershadowing, for thy heart has given,
Thy tongue has spoken the forgiving word.
Yet, oh, I will not for a moment deem
Thine eyes again will not behold thy son!
No, no, my father, he will come again,
With mind and heart untarnished, unalloyed,
My long-lost, darling brother. God will grant
A glad and grateful answer to our prayers;
And thou wilt yet behold him, with the joy
A parent only knows. Oh, fear it not!"

"We will leave all with Him who doeth right,
My daughter; yet I feel, the painful thought
Will gleam across my mind, that ne'er again
That happiness so longed-for, can be mine;
For I do feel the stealthy grasp of age

Closer and closer mastering my frame,
Unnerving, shattering, weakening. Yet may God
Grant me this boon, but once again to see,
To hold in my embrace my injured son !
O Isabel, my very soul doth yearn
For this glad moment ! but—*God's will be done !*"

Most reverently then the father clasped
His aged hands, and they together joined
In a profound and grateful evening prayer.

RAMBLES.

"Oh, would the day, the dreaded day, were o'er !"
Thought Ella to herself, as lone she bent,
At early eve, unheeding, her steps
The way that led to a romantic spot
Not far from her own dwelling ; yet with trees
So close embowered, one might truly deem
Their foliage graced a wilderness profound—
"Oh, would the day were o'er ! One little week
Of doubt, regret and dread, and all will be
At rest within my soul ; but *will* it then
Be thus ? will these regrets, these unsuppressed
Emotions, when the form that binds me to

Another will be o'er, will *then* they be
 At rest? Oh dreadful thought! One comfort yet
 Is mine; yes, sweet is the reflection that
 With earnest prayers the effort I have made
 To acquiesce, regret not, and forget.
 The *effort* I have made; but oh, my heart,
 'Tis weak, 'tis very weak! As days pass on,
 And nearer comes the hour that will forbid
 Remembrances, I fear, of what has been,
 I feel, I think that I am equal not
 To what it will require. O Julian, must,
 Oh *should* I wed another, when my heart—
 No, is not thine; but once, in days gone by,
 When all was calm and beautiful around,
 And thou wast true and holy, as is now
 Yon glowing star of eve, was wholly thine.
 O Francis, injured Francis, well I know,
 Oh, well I know thy worth!—too good thou art
 To wedded be to one that loves thee not;
 Ah, why should it be thus?—But it is late,—
 The evening dews are falling,—I must go,—
 Must leave these somber woods, that seem to have
 A charm peculiar to my wayward heart,—
 Francis, so late returned to me again,
 Will deem it strange, my absence. He has sure,
 Methinks he has detected in my mein,
 My look and tone, a coldness and reserve:

I meant it not; yet how the inner soul
Will gleam in sudden flashes, and betray
Its deepest alcoves to th' observing eye!
And is it of *myself* I speak, alas!
An unoffending, simple-hearted girl,
That mysteries deep do veil, and from an eye
Whose glance it should be my delight and joy
Should penetrate my soul!—Oh, how I long,
How grateful to my spirit it would be,
Could I but say to Francis—"Thee, I love;
And never loved another." Would, that word
Could be in sacred, holy truth but mine!
How gladly, gladly would I soothe the heart
Of this most noble being, who is doomed,
To love where love may never be returned,
Who loves and trembles, knows not what to think!
And shall I now retract?—reverse the word,
With such a pure intent to Francis given?
No, never! *never*! Julian loves me not;
And Francis I will wed. Farewell ye dreams
That gleamed deceptive o'er my early morn!
My sun of life may sink at last to rest
In holier, calmer beauty, 'reft of rays
Ye threw delusively my path around!
Yes, Dorset I will wed; and trust that time
Will mitigate this waywardness,—will change
This coldness to affection. I will strive—

Oh with what earnestness of will and heart !—
That thus it may be ; and will soothe and calm,
If but within my power, each troubled thought
Of him whom I have grieved ; but soft !—he comes.”

’Twas true indeed—ay, painfully ’twas true,
The fear expressed by Ella, that her gloom,
Now so apparent since his late return,
Had been observed by Dorset. It had shed
A sympathetic gloom upon *his* mind,
Nay, chilled his very soul with fear and dread.
“ Why is it thus ? ” he thought ; “ why is the heart
Of this beloved girl with sadness filled,
When just I deemed myself upon the eve
Of happiness so great ?—Oh, can it be
Aversion to the one who tenderly
Adores ? Would, would to God I could explore
That heart ! I know indeed, sweet Ella, well,”
(Thus to himself spoke Dorset) “ that thy kind,
Thy tender feelings have been roused and grieved
By recent sorrows near ; yet that, methinks,
Would not suffice—oh no, it could not be—
For this deep-seated sadness, that thy tone,
Thine eye, thy every motion speak. Ella,
I know, oh deeply has the knowledge pierced
My heart !—as a repulsive, poisonous plant

The soil of him would gladly tear away
Each hated fiber from the home it seeks—
That thou dost love me not, and never hast.
Yet I have trusted, foolishly perchance,
Thy heart so formed for love, would yield at last.
Ha! can it be that thou hast loved ere this?—
And lovest yet, *another*? E'en the thought,
The very thought, is madness to my brain!
It cannot be! no, no, O Ella, no!
Thy pure, confiding, noble, generous heart
Would not have kept this secret:—I will drive—
As the swift torrent sweeps the muddy pool
With one wild rush—this vision from my soul.
No Ella, I will doubt thee not—but yet
Thou wishest not this union. Then no more
Thy promise shall be binding:—we will part.
Better, far better, that the wound should pierce
My bosom, ere the last, the solemn form
Is o'er, that binds thee mine. Oh *then* to doubt,
To fear, mistrust and dread, would be, O Heaven!
Deep agony indeed! No! I'll wait not
That sad and fearful hour; but break the cord
At once, should e'en my heart be doomed, as well
It may, to bleed for aye."

Thus Dorset mused,—

As restless he was wandering on the eve
That Ella roamed abroad—"And why," he said,

“ Thus lone doth Ella stray ? and why prolong
 To this late, chilly, gloomy hour, her walk ?—
 But she is coming ; ’mid the deepening shades
 Her white robe I espy. O Ella fair,
 Lovely as rises the pure orb of night
 In its celestial beauty, ’mid the wild,
 Dark, flickering clouds of night, dost thou appear !
 “ Ella,” this noble lover said aloud,
 As he approached the wanderer, “ glad I am
 To find thee safe returning, for the air
 Is cool and misty now, and darkness near.
 Wherefore, O dearest Ella, stray alone,
 When there is one would gladly ever be
 Thy shield and thy protector ? Art thou sad ?
 Whose duty should it be to cheer and soothe,
 And whisper hope and trust, if ’tis not mine ?—
 Art thou in happy mood, and tak’st delight
 In nature in her ever varying forms ?
 Who would more gladly sympathize than I
 In all these gentle feelings ? Ah, my friend,”
 Dorset continued, as around her form
 A shawl he threw that he had kindly brought,
 And took her arm within his own, “ I fear,
 And, oh, most deeply doth the thought distress
 And agitate my soul, that it is grief,
 Unhappiness, that bids thee seek for peace
 In lonely contemplation. Ella, oh,

Think not I've been regardless of thy sad,
Thy sober bearing! I have marked a gloom,
A pensive shadow stealing o'er thy face,
And a dejection in thy tone and air,
That has, O my loved Ella, nearly like
A fatal, murderous poniard, pierced my heart.
There is, I feel, a reason for thy woe,—
There is a circumstance connected with
Thy pure and spotless life that never has
Been whispered to mine ear!—Oh tremble not,—
Sigh not, sweet Ella!—If indeed 'tis true,
This fear of mine, I know, I know full well
No wrong of thine hath ever caused thee pain.
Yet sure it seems some mystery there is
Hath wound itself around thy path of life;
Oh, when it is unfolded, may it be
But to make surer, do I pray to God,
The happiness of each!"

There was a pause

When Dorset had concluded the last words,
And ere poor Ella's thoughts were well arranged,
And spirit calmed, that answer she could give,
He spoke again. "Ella, if happier it
Will make thee, would it not, oh would it not
Be better to defer, for months, if thou
Preferest it, our union? I will wait,
If more it is thy pleasure, e'en for years,—

Nay, *never*, Ella, let this tie be formed
If 'tis to make thee wretched,—break at once
The promise thou hast made,—let not, I pray,
A kind regard for me forbid thee own
The sacrifice too great ; I can endure—
Deeply and fondly as I have adored—
Intensely at this moment as I love—
All, all, with Heaven's aid, can I endure,
All but *thy* misery ! that to know, alas !
And after all too late would be the time
When thou couldst e'er retract, would be to me,
O Ella, well thou know'st, a most severe,
Ay, and a life-long wound ! In pity then
To *me* if not to thyself"—He paused, and seemed
Affected.

“ O my friend,” said Ella, “ I——
Indeed, indeed I wish not to retract !—
Oh pardon me if I have caused thee pain !—
And though I cannot, Francis, make myself
Unworthy thy affection, by pretence
Of passion and of feeling I have not,
Yet, oh, I do assure thee that my heart
Reveres thy many virtues, and esteems,
Most tenderly esteems thee. Every year
Must heighten, sure, a friendship like to this,
On reason founded. Should my feelings e'er,
As ardently I hope and trust they may,

Attain a fervor equal to thy worth,
How much more permanent such love may be
Than fancy or caprice could e'er inspire !
Dispel, then, from thy mind each fearful thought !
Have confidence in me ; for, oh, indeed,
Thy love is very precious to my heart,—
I look to it for tranquil peace and joy,—
It is my all on earth. Oh ! take me then,
With generous, firm reliance, to thy heart ;
And from this hour, my friend, forever be
My guardian and protector.”

“ Oh I will

Dear, gentle, lovely Ella,”—Dorset said—
“ Thy friendship doth indeed possess a charm
More grateful to my heart than could the love
Of any other woman. Come, then, O
My dearest friend, to that adoring heart ;
And from this moment constitute to me
The bliss and the felicity of life !”

Tranquilly, happily, to every eye
That could not penetrate to Ella's heart,
Seemed the swift hours to pass, from day to day,
O'er her so much beloved. She deemed it, since
Her recent conference with him so soon
The sacred right of guardian to claim,

Her duty, even more than e'er before,
To seem, nay, *be*, if possible, serene
And sunny-hearted. Gladly Dorset marked
This change in one so dear; she seemed again
Th' enchanting, witching Ella he had loved
From the sweet, precious hour when first they met.

Ah, Ella, *now* the hour, the dreaded hour,
Is near indeed. Thy hand in two short days
Must be bestowed on one who loves thee well,
But yet, oh, not on him to whom thy heart,
Thy early vows were given. Kind friends are near,
To bless thee with their tenderness and care,
And one, by Francis from his boyhood loved,
Is sheltered 'neath thy dwelling. Yes, Isabel,
The tender, noble-hearted Isabel
Of Aftondale, her home has left, and him
She daily blesses by her love, to be
With thee and Francis at the coming hour.
How precious was thy welcome to the heart
Of this dear stranger, Ella! How it soothed
And charmed away the weariness of one
Scarce from the bed of sickness quite restored!

Ah, why, beloved Ella, stray abroad?
Why, why indulge thyself again with dreams,

With visions of the past ?—The eve was fair ;
The lovely twilight hour had never seemed
More tempting ;—Dorset, too, (ah Ella) would
Not be at home until the morn. “ Oh give
Me one, but one more lonely hour amid
The wilds, the solitudes I love !—I will
No more,—it is the last time I will e’er
This heart indulge with memories by-gone !
Oh sure it is the *last* time !” thought again
Our self-deluding Ella, as she roamed
The same lone pathway o’er that led her steps
To the wild woods so near. “ Yes, here we met
In infancy and youth,—here did we cull,
From these dear mossy banks, sweet, gentle flowers ;
No soft-returning Spring hath ever brought,
Will, e’er again, such beauties to mine eye.
How Julian loved to twine them in my hair !
And how we both would sit, and listen glad,
While the gay singing bird with note of bliss,
Would flutter near !—How beautiful those days !
And when we older grew, oh *then*—but cease,
Fond memory cease !—’Twas here, upon this spot,
Where now deserted and alone I rest,
He first expressed the thought, the word conveyed,
That sent a burning glow across this cheek.
How timidly, how tenderly, was told
That fervent tale of love ! then first I felt,—

Alas, alas, that thus it should have been
Towards one so changeable ! then *first* I knew,
From that low murmur, what was in *my* soul.
O Julian, Julian, had we never met—
Or hadst thou been as good, as true in heart,
As lofty as I deemed, how much of pain,
How much of anguish, that no heart will know,
No bosom but mine own, would ne'er have been !”

As Ella hushed her thoughts, she turned from where
She stood, and as she roamed, the hat she wore
Became entangled in the bending boughs,
She took it from her head, and down there flowed
O'er neck and shoulder, such long, glossy curls
Of deep rich auburn hue, a gazer's eye,
On such a face and figure, with the charm
Of such luxuriant tresses as a veil,
Half shading, half revealing that sweet face,
Would have beheld with rapture. Does she hear
A sound unusual ? why that eager look ?
And why that hat so suddenly replaced ?
“ Surely is some one yonder,”—Ella thought—
“ Or why that gentle rustling of the boughs ?
The hour is calm and still,—the evening breeze
Scarce stirs upon its stem the tiniest leaf,—
I must return,—’tis late,—I scarce can see

Afar." But instantly, and ere she moved
Away, a young man lightly, swiftly, passed
Th' distant glade. Ah, why art startled, Ella?
Thou canst flee,—thy home is near,—why now stand'st
Motionless, with gaze intent on yonder
Branches that have ceased to move? Ah, thou didst
Deem,—perchance it fancy was,—yet, oh, indeed,
Sure did it seem to thine attentive eye
There was a look, a motion in the form
Of him so quick had vanished, like to one
On whom thy dreamy thoughts, this very eve
Had lingering been. "*Julian!*" she thought, "O
Heaven!

It cannot be! Doth not the ocean roll,
The vast far-reaching ocean, roll between
Him and his country! he has not returned?—
No! no! it cannot be;—'twas fancy all;—
And yet the look, the figure,—O my God!"
Said Ella, as she pressed her lovely hands
Upon her ashy face—"e'en *should* it be,
What, what to me is Julian? has he not,
Oh, has he not forgotten every tie
Once cherished here? forsaken, in a way
Can never be mistaken, her he loved?—
Adieu, adieu the thought that he is near!
Or I, alas! will care for it no more!
Ella is naught to him; and he—come pride

And aid me,—*duty*, too, oh come !—he shall
Be naught to Ella.”

Swiftly then she paced—
Our agitated Ella—o’er the path
That led to her abode, and gained unseen,
And longing for its solitude, her room.

THE STRANGER.

O father, I am glad you came with me,
For I could not have twined the evergreen
So high around that pillar ! Oh it looks,
Dear father, it looks beautifully now !”—
Exclaimed a lovely, happy little girl,
As slowly she receded from the spot
Where stood a hale and pleasant-looking man,
Surrounded with huge heaps of natural wreaths,
And glossy branches, of the brightest shades
The teeming forest yields—“ Oh yes, it looks
Delightfully ! Miss Ella will be pleased ;—
I am so glad you came.”

“ Well, Mabel, now
I think that I can leave you ; you can fix

These little sprigs and bunches here and there,
As well, or better, than your father can.
Do not fatigue yourself; and be at home
The time your mother wished."

"Oh yes, I will;
I shall admire to fix them!—So good bye!"
With cheerful voice our pretty Mabel said.
And when alone within the grave old church,
She turned again, to take a glad survey
Of all that had been done. No thought she had
Of loneliness or gloom, where oft, so oft,
With those she loved most dearly, she had been.
Her thoughts connected with the place, were all
Of the most gentle and the happiest sort. •
She was too young, perchance, to feel that awe,
Akin almost to fear, possesses those
With minds imaginative, whene'er alone,
Away from human ken, they stand within
The dimly-lighted, solemn house of God,
With its long, pillared aisles, its silent nave,
And all its holy places. She knew not,
This artless child now bending o'er her work,
And sweetly singing a familiar hymn,
Of feelings such as these, yet did she start
A step to hear, in slow and measured tread
Advancing near. She turned,—and lo, there stood
A stranger in the aisle, surveying her,

And her adornments, with a look intent.
He seemed quite young in years, and yet he had
A grave and sober bearing, and his cheek
Was darkly tinged, as if a warmer clime
Had colored it than Mabel knew. There was
A noble, manly look about the form,
Mingled with youthful pliancy and grace,
That even she remarked. But more her eye
Was taken with th' expression of the face,
So sad it was, she could but think, and stern.
There seemed a marble stillness and repose,
A calmness of the features, that appeared,
Or would to more experienced eye, as if
With mighty effort he had stilled and hushed
Strong passionate emotions. "Who is this?
Who *can* it be?" thought Mabel; and a slight,
Involuntary feeling of alarm
Was entering her bosom, when he spoke—
"You seem quite busy there,"—he gently said.
So gentle and so friendly was the voice,
Although upon the features there was not
The least endeavor to call up a smile,
That Mabel lost all fear and felt at ease.
"Yes it is pretty work, I think;"—she said—
"I am so fond of flowers, and all such things,
I like it much." There was a pause when this
Reply was given; the stranger silent stood,

With folded arms, surveying all around.
"It is our church,"—the timid child remarked—
Feeling perhaps, she ought to speak again,
Yet doubtful what to say. "I see it is;"—
He answered. Mabel felt (she scarcely knew
Wherefore she ought, poor child,) her last remark
Was anything but sensible and right,
And plunged at once in talk, as if she wished
Her *mauvais honte* to veil in flowing words.
"We are," she said in deferential tone,
"I mean a few of our Miss Ella's friends,
Not her great friends, but some she loves as well,
Preparing for her wedding; and we thought—
They thought—'twould quite surprise her if they
dressed
The church with green a little around here;
They've done it all but just an atom, and
So easy to be finished, they all said
That I could do it; and I felt so glad,
For I delight to do the things that please
Miss Ella; she is good,—oh *very* good!
And every body loves her. You would too,
I know, if you could see her; she lives near,—
Perhaps you know her?" Mabel gave a look
As if she hoped he did; but no reply
Was granted to the question.

"Does she know,

Miss Ella *know*," the stranger asked, "of this?
Of these gay deckings for her wedding-day?"

"Oh no!" the child with eagerness replied,
"We did it to *surprise* her when she came,—
We thought she would be pleased we took such pains;
No one must tell her!" and she gave a look
As if it might be she had trusted him,
This stranger, with a secret far too great.

"Dear Mabel," he gave answer, "fear me not!
Do you not know me?" and there came a change
Of look and manner o'er his form and face,—
"Say, Mabel," he said gently, with a smile
Sweetly benign and tender, while he took
Within his own, her pretty little hand,
Do you not recollect a friend that once,
When you were very young, did know you well,
And loved to talk and laugh, and play with you?
You surely must remember me!" and then
His name he told. How beauteous was the glow,
The bright vivacity of look, o'erspread
Sweet Mabel's face! "Oh yes," she said, "I do,
I do, I do!" and raised her little face
With eagerness, to meet his proffered kiss—
"How stupid I have been! but then so long,

So *long* you've been away ; and are so changed ;
You've *grown* so much,—and altered !”

Julian smiled—

For Julian Marlowe verily it was—

At these concluding words, and answered, “*you*
Have grown, dear Mabel. Come now, sit you down
Upon this seat with me, and tell me all
The things have taken place since I was here ;
For I have absent been, as you remarked,
A long, long time.”

“Yes, so I will,” she said ;

And instantly a retrospective thought
Subdued the smile upon her lovely face,
And filled with tears her beautiful soft eyes.
“I know it all,” said Marlowe,—while he feared
His words had been too hasty,—“I have heard ;
Thy little brother dear, has gone to heaven.”
“Yes,” Mabel said, “our darling little Jamie.”
“And you, too, have been very ill,” he said,
“Dear Mabel, I am thankful God was pleased
To raise thee up again.”

No answer came,—

The dear child even looked *distressed* with her
Emotions,—but the tears, the grateful tears,
That she could not repress, soon gave relief.
A moment's silence—and then Marlowe asked,
Although the subject wrung his inmost heart,

About the wedding,—knowing it to be
To the dear listener by his side, a glad
And pleasant theme.

“Oh, soon it is to be !”

The child replied—“It would have been to-day,
Had dear Miss Ella not been taken sick
The other eve. She’s better now ; but yet
I do not know the day. Oh *you* will come !”
Continued the fair speaker—“Sure you will !”
For well she recollected seeing him,
Her new-found friend, with Ella long ago.

“I think I now must leave thee,”—Julian said,
As suddenly he rose—“but we shall meet
Ere long, I hope, again. Good morning, now !”

“Oh I am going too !” the child replied—
“The work is nearly done ; and they will come
And finish all, and take the things away.
I’m going too !” she said again, and smiled,
As Marlowe took her hand and led her forth
To where the bright sun gleamed, and breezes pure
Swayed the long boughs, now slightly autumn hued,
That beautified each avenue around
This venerated, peaceful house of God.

They walked in silence, hand in hand, this pair,
With feelings, oh how different ! yet both
Refreshment finding from the breeze, the glow,
The stirring, gladdening power of nature's smile.
Soon, Marlowe dropped the little hand he held,
"I cannot now go further towards thy home,
Dear Mabel ;" kind, he said. "Oh we should be
So glad to see you there !" the child replied.
"Yes, I will come,—I hope to come quite soon,"—
He answered, as he lightly raised a lock,
A beauteous ringlet straying o'er her arm—
"But farewell, now !"

When left alone, alone,
No one to mark him near, what then, alas !
Were Julian Marlowe's feelings ? "O," he said,
"O Ella,—loved so long ! The thought, the sure
Conviction now, that I to thee am naught
Seems more than I can bear. How each renewed
Assurance that the day, the dreaded hour
Is near, that gives thee to—O Heaven ! the care,
The guidance of *another*, stings my soul !
• Oh can it be a few short days are all
That now can intervene, ere but to think
Of thee with half the love, the tenderness
And fervor I have felt, *do* feel, alas !

Will be a sin ! O Ella, lovely, good,
All-beautiful and radiant, have I lost,
Oh, have I lost forever thy dear smile ?
Gentle, confiding Ella,—tender, fair,
Modest as floweret shrinking from the gaze
Of rude invader, yet most firm of heart,
Most strong in purpose when thy duty calls,
How have I been enraptured by thy glance !
How thy dear words, thy low and gentle tones,
Have sunk within my soul ! and have I lost,
O Ella, have I lost thy holy love,
That sweet affection that I felt and knew
Was mine, and only mine ? and hast thou given
That tenderness, that true love, to another ?
O Heaven, it cannot be, it *cannot* be !
No, no, it is not so,—it is not thus !
It is an error ; deep within my soul
I feel I have been wronged ; there has been played
Deep *villainy* ; it must, it must be so !
Truthful and noble Ella ne'er could change ;
My dreams are true ; the thought that I have scorned
Was one I should have cherished,—it is he,
The very inmate of her cherished home,
Th' apparent friend, the parent that has sinned ;
I feel it thus,—some voice will not be hushed
Is whispering it within,—it must be so !
His son ! O God ! his *son* ! The golden trash,

The paltry, glittering dust, has lured him on—
This fawning, courteous interloper here—
Assuming parent of an angel pure—
It must be so : *I never liked the man.*"

When thus had Julian to his spirit given
Some slight relief, he threw upon the ground,
The soft, inviting sod, his trembling frame ;
And there he long reclined, his face concealed
And buried in his hands, as if he deemed.
The light of heaven too pure, the scene too fair,
For feelings such as his. He long reclined,
'Mid countless thoughts and visions,—till subdued,
And changed in mind and purpose for the time,
He calmly rose. "Oh all is vain !" he said,
"My soul, may be, has erred ; and Ella, good
And lovely as she is, may yet have changed.
Did I not see her on the by-gone eve ?
O heavens, how beautifully fair she looked !
With those long, radiant curls I once adored
In careless freedom flowing. O my heart !
I cannot bring that vision to my mind,
That one so fleeting glance, without a thrill
Of rapture and of pain. Yes, her I saw,
I saw her stand unagitated there,
Within yon woody glen, and gaze on me

With coldness in her mein,—aye, calmly gaze,—
And then, as if a viper vile her path
Had crossed, she flew,—flew eagerly away,
That not a tone, a glance, from one so scorned,
Might e'er intrude on her again. Would this,
Would this have been indeed, if yet her heart
Its *friendship*, e'en, retained, for one who ne'er
A moment has been false? And why, oh why
That boon should she deny? Is it not clear?
'Tis shame forbids her meet the injured one.

“True, *sick*, as Mabel said. That I have deemed
Occasioned by exposure—evening air. Oh *could*
It be? but *no*! or if it were, methinks
No light inquietude she could have known
At meeting one so recklessly deserted.
My sister and my cousin me entreat
To seek her presence, deeming that, perchance,
There may be some gross error to explain.
They whisper times there are when sadness sits
Most manifest upon her lovely brow,
And, deep within that beauteous, heavenly eye,
Imagine sorrow lurks. And I have meant
To cast my all upon a single throw,
And meet thee, Ella! yes, that very night
I might have sought thee ardently, had not

Thy look and thy avoidance roused the pride
I trusted had been quelled. And have I crossed
The wide, far-reaching ocean with the thought,
The purpose fixed, to meet thee, ere too late,
Have I my own, my native land regained
With that intent, and now be baffled *thus*?
Oh, I am weak! and yet, oh yet, to mark
That eye averted, once for me that beamed,
That smile restrained—that voice to hear assert
Her heart had changed,—*another* claimed it now,—
No, no, I will not go! yet, *if*,—*if*,—*if*—
Oh *should* it be that she has been deceived.—
That wrong has been enacted,—that there lives,
There lingers yet, within that gentle heart
A fond remembrance of the truest friend
She e'er can know,—oh, *should* it be but thus!
No, no, he *dare* not do it! Cease my soul!
O varying mind! more restless and unfixed
Than quivering leaf of aspen; even now,
As confirmation strong, the thought is mine
To quit forever, and at once, my home;
The land, the dear scenes of my early days;
Again to throw me on the foaming deep,—
Beyond its waves a resting place to find—
Till weary nature can no more endure,
But faints for aye,—while seeks the springing soul,
In glad exultancy, some holier clime."

THE RENCONTRE.

“What, *now* to have my plans, my eager hopes,
Dashed all aside!” exclaimed in angry tone
The elder Dorset, as alone he paced
A solitary spot—“now, now, when all
Seemed promising and fair,—the time so near—
And naught, apparently, to interrupt
The scheme on which my heart for years has been
So fixed, determined,—*now* to have him come—
Return upon the moment—at the hour
When all was nearly o’er—the knot secured
That all my fears and tremors would have lulled,
And to my fond, parental heart have brought
Sweet rest and satisfaction! *Be it so!*
He shall not break my purpose! I have sworn
Within my inmost heart this match shall be,
And naught shall change it now. Aye, all the powers
Of heaven and of hell, shall not prevent
The life-seal to be fixed. And shall I fear,
Ridiculous! a *boy*? Some few years since
A boy that I did spurn in very heart,
And crushed the tokens of his foolish love,

That o'er the far seas wandered, with the ease
The mighty monarch of the Afric wilds
Would crush the limbs of childhood,—*fear him?* no!
To-morrow's sun shall see the rite accomplished.
How *absurd*, this petty sickness of the
Foolish girl! *Pshaw!* just, too, upon the hour;
• For this alone a trifling form defer
On which my heart is fixed. And Francis, too,
Like as a sentimental baby boy,
Yielding in quiet grace to every whim.
A longer respite give her, and who knows
But Marlowe she may meet; and all may be—
Oh curse it! all explained. I tremble now
At every breeze that blows. Should Francis see,
Or even hear of him he ne'er has known,
Of whose return I've every measure ta'en
Within my power, that they should not know,
How fatal the result might be, alas!
Frank with his sensitive, ill-judging heart,
With all his strange ideas of right and wrong,—
So wide opposed to reason and to sense,—
The only rule of life, good common sense,—
How would he start, and frown, and rave, and mourn,
O'er what, with all these visionary dreams,
He'd term, without a doubt, his *father's sin!*
The kindly care and earnest love for him,
So visibly apparent, would be scorned;

All would be overlooked; and I condemned
As a mean, selfish mortal, that had dared
Profanely lift my hand against the true,
The only flower of life, deep fervent *love*,—
Tender, delicious love, with all its hosts
Of kisses, and of blushes, and of sighs,
So beauteous and enchanting. Bah! bah! bah!
I now have lived, thank God, to find how poor,
How worthless an ingredient, to the bliss,
And peace and pleasure of the married state,
Is this same silly love. God never *meant*,
When he created man, this fire should glow,—
This satisfier to the woes and ills, and
Accidents of life. No, no, 'tis gold—pure,
All-commanding, all-enticing *gold*—
Is the rich, radiant jewel he bestowed
To tug for, live for, ay, and die for, too.
A competence is naught; the world will frown
If millions are not thine; and if they *are*,
Oh beautiful, delicious! how the smiles
Of all, of every rank, are freely thine!
How courteous, how attentive, and how bland,
How kind, how gentle, how compassionate
Is every one thou meetest! and *thyself*—
Why thou art perfect; what fault *can* be thine?
How *excellent* thou art! how wise, how great!
How talented, how fair! Oh gold, gold, *gold*!

Oh give me, give me gold, and I shall win
The heart of every creature! Happiness,
Calm peace of mind, aspiring hopes and trusts,
Can not be without gold. Then shall not I
For my own offspring wish it? shall he delve,
And labor for this same, when close within
His very grasp it lies, asking but for
A little energy, self-will, and firm
Determination like to mine? no, no!
This purpose I've effected for my son,
My child, mine only one,—and would have done,
Ay, would have done it had the girl been rude,
Unpolished, ugly, odd, or aught on earth
Detestable, instead, as Ella is,
So purely fair, and tender as a dove.

Now do I go to hasten and to urge
By gentlest means, this union. Every hour,
Each moment of delay, is dangerous now.
I cannot, for much time, prevent the word
From reaching them, I dread; and I do long
For quietude of heart. This trouble o'er,
This fear of interruption to my plans,
And peace must sure be mine. *Now*, I have whims,
And strange, unpleasant reveries, that jar
My gentle spirit,—as the roughened gale

The tender harp of old Æolus beats,
Till wild, terrific notes are from it flung.
Last night, it was, I dreamed her father stood
With steady eye beside me; on his brow,
Pale, broad and full, there was so calm a look
Of deep reproach, I shuddered. Why was this?
Have I not ever been to his fair child
A kind and loving parent? Do I not
But wish to wed her to mine only son,
A most congenial spirit, formed, like her,
With every grace and charm. The wish of wealth,
The *motive* that allures me to the task,
Is only one that nearly all the world
Are guided, influenced by, in such affairs;—
Surely no harm exists. But hark! methinks
I heard a sound:—some one is near!—no, no!
'Tis but the light breeze playing 'mid the trees,—
Or the so frequent move of fluttering wings,—
But one of the innumerable stirs
With which the impenetrable shades are filled,—
I like not these rude noises of the wild;
Sacred and solemn thought they oft disturb;
I love them not; and often deem there comes
Some most unwelcome visitant. Oh *bah!*
What can *I* fear from sound, or form, or voice,
With physical and moral strength beyond
Bestowment often given?—Oh tush, tush, tush!

But, hark ! there *is* in verity a sound !—
No, no, 'twas nothing ; but there *is*, I hear—
As if a footstep pressed the withered leaves ;—
And nearer now it comes : let *thought* be still.”

But thought, appalling thought, was far from hushed
By *will* at such a moment, when there stood,
All suddenly before the general's eye,
A noble youth, and yet a *man* he was,
Of bearing firm and proud,—of lofty height,
And features stern and piercing. Dorset felt
It was no *boy* whose deep, determined eye
Was fixed on him so searchingly,—no boy ;
But a strong man, of five-and-twenty years,
With depth of intellect, and soul of fire,
True, glowing, heaven-descended, holy fire,
That *wrong*, for e'en a moment, would not brook,
If once but sure that wrong he had received.
The general quailed in spirit,—and in look
Had not his wonted calmness ; nay, pale guilt
The stranger's eye detected in his face,
Confirming deep suspicion ; for too brief
Had been the warning moment, ere appeared
This most unwished-for presence.

“ Sir, I hope

I've not intruded on thy musings, for

Methinks you seem *surprised*, that I, as you,
Should roam in gloomy solitude; afar
From frequent interruption to our thoughts"—
Said the new comer, in a tone, the spirit
Chafed unplesantly, of him addressed.

"No,—

Yes, Marlowe, I'll acknowledge I was deep
In some romantic vision, when thy form
So suddenly appeared,"—the General said—
"Yet truly glad I am to welcome thee
Returned; I scarcely knew it was so, such
Report erroneous is so oft."

"I presume,"

Replied the one addressed, "that my return
Was not a circumstance affecting *thy*
Determinings and thoughts. *I've* naught to do
With thy intentions and thy bosom plans;—
Yet sure so many obligations due
From me to thee, although I'm now renounced,
Merit *acknowledgment*, thou'lt own, I think."

The General wished the earth itself would ope,
And swallow——not himself—but him who dared

In this sarcastic way, to probe and gash
His hidden, inner heart. "And *can* he know?
And has he ascertained?"—he thought within,—
No, no, it cannot be!" He would have braved
The indignant being, that with steady foot
Stood firmly close upon him, face to face,
Had he have *dared* the trial; but there was
Within that quiet eye upon him fixed,
And o'er that brow, a something that conveyed
The thought within his soul, 'twas better far
Not too much venture,—and he calmly said, "
"Talk not to me of favors: I have *meant*,
'Tis true, my duty to fulfil,—as years
Of friendship shown thee have evinced,—yet, sure—
And I would gently speak upon the theme—
Thy coldness, has of late, towards me and mine,
Been rather too apparent; yet with true,
To-be-commended spirit, she, I know
Thou *once* didst fondly love, has changed her will
And her affections, and will soon, as thou
Hast heard, become another's bride."

Oh strange
Mistake for thee, thou wily man, for *thee*
To make! Thou must have been *confused*, or thou
Wouldst not, we deem, oh sure, have spoke this word.

The firm, undaunted bearing of the youth
Now gazing on thee, has unnerved thy heart,
And sent a gentle tremor through thy veins.
Better, far better for thy ease and rest
Would it have been, allusion to have made
To any theme than this.

“And *dare* you then,”

The answer was, *reproach* me by thy word?
Dare you reproach—accuse me of a sin
Thou know’st I ne’er committed?—Did *I* leave,
Did *I* forsake the gentle girl I love?—
Thou know’st it is a lie,—a hideous lie!
’Tis *thou*—and, as he spoke, did Marlowe shake
His strong fist in the face of this mean man—
“’Tis *thou* hast been the wretch—the only one
In this affair has sinned—’tis *thou* hast been
The fell destroyer of my peace and hopes—
The blaster of my joys—deceiver vile
Of her who loved me true. This thou hast done,
Effected by thine *art*,—thy hideous art;—
And *avarice*, base man, hath led thee on;
The love of *gold*. Nay, blench not from my gaze;
I’ll harm thee not; though, God knows, I could rend
Thy form from off the spot where now it stands,
And hurl it o’er yon steep and rugged cliff,
With all the ease a pebble could be thrown
In laughing, foaming tide. What is there *not*

A chafed, indignant spirit could not do
With a weak heart like thine, without the sense
Of *conscious virtue* to uphold the soul ?
Nay, look not at thy sword : I know thou wear'st
A silly dagger, and that I have none ;
Yet that is naught ; as this strong arm could tell.
O man ! thou sordid, mean, deceitful man !
Take thou her gold, her jewels, and her lands,—
I have enough for comfort—take them all ;—
All, all I do despise, compared with what
Thy perfidy has robbed me, the pure heart
Of my once faithful Ella. If thou *hast*,
As strongly I believe, deluded her,
Weaned her affections by thy hellish art
From an adoring lover,—caused her place
Her true love on thy son,—thou art the most
Perfidious villain breathes upon the earth.
But it *may* be *that* gem thou couldst not reach,
Pure Ella's noble heart. Though well I know,
Most gladly thou'd have swayed it to thy will ;
Yet it may chance this power was not thine ;
I'll see her on the moment !—I *will* know !
Ay, artful man, she shall not wed thy son
If yet her heart is mine ! it shall not be !
E'en at the altar I will claim my bride ;
I'll leave you then, without a moment's space
For further machinations."

"Go!" said he,—

Who with such fearless speech had been addressed,
The trembling, dashed, confounded, angry man,
The secretly enraged—"Go, go!" he said,
Recovering at once his native art,
And deep duplicity of word—"I *urge*
Thee go; that Ella's lips may vindicate
My truth. She will declare at once the change
Within her heart; and tell thee years have not
For nothing passed her by. Go, then, I *urge*!"

Oh depth of art! and yet these words, vile man,
Were now thy last resort. Marlowe could not,
Did not, alas! completely pierce the veil
So densely folded round this subtle heart,
And answered to him—"No! I will not go!
I will not swell the triumph of thy son!
I will not cause thy mean, ignoble heart
A moment to exult in the success
Of its abhorred, despised, detested wiles!
I leave you then, thou man of stratagem,
With the assurance that *I know thy guilt* ;—
And more—that He who sees thy inner soul
Far better than can I, will surely judge,
And in His own good time award to thee
Requital for thy deeds."

A moment more,
And many a foot of wild and woody land,
'Tween Julian Marlowe, and the truthless man,
Was interposed. Short time the latter stood,
Ere he, with quick and sudden movement, took
The nearest way to reach his neighboring home.

Ella and Francis were alone that morn,
Engaged in converse, when, with hasty air,
The General rather suddenly appeared.
"Be not surprised at my request," he said,
"But I a summons have but now received
That urges me away at early dawn.
It may be weeks or months ere my return;
And gladly would I know the union formed,
So soon to be, my children, ere I go;—
Say, will you gratify a father's love,
And be united privately this eve,
Secluded from the cold, indifferent gaze
Of public eye?"

At Ella, Francis looked,
With anxious, earnest wish, to read her heart.

Since the late eve when Ella chanced to see
The form so like to Julian's,—for not sure,

Even as yet, was she, it could be him—
A thousand harrowing thoughts her mind had filled.
Her aching head, by deep excitement-caused,
Obliged her to defer the time assigned
For consummation of the marriage vow ;
Yet now that days had passed, and not again,
By word or sight, had anything occurred
To lead her think him near, she felt a calm
And cool indifference when the hour might be,—
Nay, in her heart, she nearly wished it o'er.
“Should Julian have returned,” she thought within,
“And not appeared,—or shown in any way
The slightest wish our friendship to renew,
No thought of him should surely cause defer
A moment our intentions.”

And when now

The father of the lover, to whose joy
’Twas Ella’s purpose to devote her life,
Asked but the hastening by a few short hours
Of the last solemn form, she gave consent.
Her pious heart, we own, within the church,
The holy church she loved, had wished to breathe
Its promises for life. To gladden, too,
The hearts of unassuming friends around,
She had desired. These wishes could not be ;
The hour must now be late upon the eve ;
And something was there in the thought, to her,

The gentle Ella, who loved not display,—
Or the world's cold regards, when feelings deep
Her soul pervaded—something in the thought
Of sacred, still retirement, at such hour,
That peace diffused within her trembling heart.

THE GARDEN.

“ Oh, where was ever seen, oh could there be ”—
Thought the good Isabel of Aftondale,
As she at eve most tastefully arranged
A precious, pearly wreath of natural flowers
Around fair Ella's head—“ Oh, could there be
A lovelier vision for th' admiring eye ?—
That dress—the jewelled arms—the perfect form—
The pensive sweetness of that angel face—
The whole combined, how exquisitely fair ! ”—
And sure, O Isabel, thy thoughts were those
Of all who gazed upon this bride to be.
Apart she wanders now—our Ella loved—
Apart from every eye ; and at the door
Of her own quiet, darling little room
She stands, intently gazing on the scene

A most enchantingly sweet night reveals.
Yes, there dear Ella lingered ; and the thoughts,
The true, pure thoughts, were floating through her mind,
An angel's sympathy might well have met.
With effort strong each vision she repressed
She felt should not intrude at such an hour ;
Her early love she banished from her mind ;
No sickly sentiment beguiled her heart ;
On Francis only, who to her so soon
Must be so very near and dear a friend,
She thought—with trust that He who cares for all,
Who orders all, would lead and guide her mind,
And aid her wishes to fulfill with joy,
With cheerful confidence, her duty given.

It was a night of tenderest beauty, this,
When Ella stood thus musing. O'er the spot,
The little garden-place embowered with shrubs,
The gentle brooklet purling by the door,
The walk, the branches, all, the placid moon
Was shedding purest rays. And mild the air
As summer's sweetest eve, though autumn's tinge
Had flushed the clustering boughs. Ella beheld ;
And grateful was the feeling that arose,
This lovely spot was yet to be her home.

Is there a form approaching ? does she hear
A footstep o'er the path ? 'Tis surely thus ;
Not often at this entrance was it heard,
Save when there came some well-known, favored friend.
Who ventures now within this lone retreat,
With tread so firm and fearless ? Ah, sweet girl,
Thou beauteous, radiant, lovely, tender bride,
So soon to be, well may'st thou tremble now,
For he who stands before thy wondering eye,
Calm, grave and manly, was thy earliest love :
Nay, nay, the only one that e'er aroused
Love passionate and deep, within thy breast :
Well may'st thou tremble, gentle one ; for, oh,
E'en though thy heart the full assurance feels
That he who gazes on thee has been false,
Yet scarcely at this moment canst thou quell,
Though all arrayed to be another's bride,
The impulse strong thou feel'st, within his arms
To throw thyself, and welcome his return
With blissful joy. But Ella *did* resist,—
Subdued her soul—and stood before the man
Who thus within her own secluded bower,
Her sanctum pure, had ventured to intrude,
Composed and dignified, with not a glance
Would lead him to imagine that one ray
Of tender, deep affection, lingered yet
Within that throbbing heart.

“And on this eve,
My friend of other days,” he calmly said,
“Thou art to wed the man thou truly lov’st ?
I may not doubt it thus ; for sure methinks,
That Ella Cleaves would not her hand bestow
Where her pure heart was not. God grant she ne’er
May thus be led to err !”

“Why shouldst thou doubt ?”
The answer was—“Thou canst not know indeed
The one to whom this eve it is my will
My hand to give, and question of his worth,
His nobleness, and merit to possess—
If any one deserv’st it—true affection.”

“I question not his worth,” was the reply,
“And glad I am, O Ella—if thou art
Indeed to be his bride—that thou hast given—
If thus it be—thy tender love to him.
Pardon, I ask thee, my intrusion here ;
And pardon, too, the interest I feel
In one so early known. Whate’er the cause
Hath led and swayed thy purpose, if thy heart
Its deepest, holdest *love* hath given to him
This night is waiting to receive thy vow,

God grant no power on earth may intervene
To change th' intended deed. But if—oh if
It is not thus ; and deep within that heart
There lurks the slightest *fear* of cold return
To worthy love, oh let me urge thee now,
For thy own bliss, for his, thy friend who trusts
His future joy to thee, to cause, *defer*
At least, thy purpose for a time."

"Methinks,"

Did Ella answer, "it is strange, at this
Late hour, *thy* interest to express. I know
Not why that thou shouldst ask me wait, and con
My heart anew. Dost *thou* believe affection
May not change,—again alight where other
Love exists?"

"No, no, I doubt not of its
Change," he said,—“of its abduction, rather ;
This have I feared, and now most fully *know* ;
Then wherefore should I linger? All is o'er,
Adieu! O Ella! fare-thee-well for aye!"

One look, one earnest look, did Ella give
To where the branches met, so soon concealed
The form but just before her ; he had gone,—
Forever gone, the being she had loved

So long and truthfully. One look intense,—
And then no more her full heart could restrain
Its gushing agony; she wept,—she wept;
Oh deep, heart-breaking sobs! not lost in air;
But heard and listened to, by human ears.
Julian amid the boughs had paused awhile,
To nerve his heart—collect his fevered thoughts,
Recall the scene—the meaning of her tone—
The looks of her the bitter words had said
Had crushed his every hope—he paused awhile,
Before to all so loved, a last adieu—
A last farewell was given. What breaks the calm,
The wonderful tranquility around?
“Ha!” thought the lover, “what the sound I hear?
Sobs, heaving sobs? ’tis Ella,—it must be.”
A moment more and he is by the side
Of one than all on earth more dear to him.
She started—“Leave me, I entreat,” she said.
“*Never!*” said Marlowe, “till I know the cause
Of these distressing sobs. Ella, indeed
Thou canst not say that happiness is thine,
Or why these tears? but one short hour, may be,
Ere thou wilt form for life a sacred tie,
A tie should bring thee bliss if found on earth.
Ella, delude, deceive me not; I know
For this heart-sorrow, there must be a cause;
Confide it all to one who ne’er can cease,

Who ne'er can school his heart, that he may not
For thee, the early loved, an interest know.

Oh, tell me all, sweet Ella ! Even now
Thy tears are flowing. Would to God I knew
The cause of thy affliction !"

"Cease," replied

The lovely girl, as she receded far,
Restrained her tears, and raised her beauteous head
In dignified composure—"cease thy words
I thee entreat ; and wonder not, I ask,
If I again demand why thou shouldst feel
An interest in one so long—for years,
Remembered not ?"

"For years *remembered not* ?

What canst thou mean ? believe me, there has not
Scarcely a moment flown, from e'en the day
With deep heart-woe I left thee, that thy form,
Thine angel loveliness, before my eyes
Hath not in fond imagination been.
I *thee* forget ? my first and only love—
Sooner will yonder moon forget to glow,
The stars of heaven to shine, or morn to rise
In all her glory, ere—to me it seemeth—
I could thee forget. *Remembered not* ! oh
What, what can have given you this strange idea ?
Did not my letters show—my earnest words,
Begging one little answer in return—

My long communications often sent,
Urging a reason for thy silence strange,
Did not, oh did *they* not my love convey ?
My never-ceasing truth, my fears and hopes,
My anguish and distress ? and canst thou now
Accuse me of forgetfulness ? Ella,
Methinks that more, in truth, far reason more
Have I to censure thee, without a word
Of explanation, thus, oh thus, thy faith,
Thy purpose to retract—forget so soon
Thy promises, and all that cheered and blessed
And soothed my parting hour—and leave me lone,
Unloved, and so uncared-for—as it seemed—
Upon a foreign soil. I can but think,
O Ella, *I* have cause, far more indeed
Than thou hast, sure, to wonder ; and if blame
By me to you could e'er, oh *could* be given,
To censure thee for this."

Transfixed she stood,
The wondering Ella, as she heard these words.
"*Thou*," did she murmur low, while her blanched cheek
And hands together clasped, her thrilling thoughts,
And wrapt intensity of soul betrayed—
"Thou sentest letters ! never *one* by me,
O Julian, Julian, since the hour we met,

And gave a last adieu, has been received !”

How in a moment flashed the fatal truth
Upon the soul of Marlowe ! “ O my God !”
He said, “ I knew him guilty, but thought not
Of this—of baseness so unparalleled—
The vile suppression of my letters sent—
O my own injured Ella !” and, at once,
Both instantly the deep wrong done to each
Intensely feeling, caring for naught else,
Rushed eagerly within each other’s arms,
All, all forgot in rapturous embrace.

And long did Ella’s head, upon the breast
Of him she felt had been so wronged, recline ;
Long, long it rested, as the gentle dove,
When worn and weary, to its home returns.
And, oh, with what intensity of love,
With what devout, deep, pure and holy joy
Did Julian press this dear one to his heart !
All was forgotten—all the doubts and fears,
The agony and woe—it all was o’er,
True bliss was theirs—new-found and perfect bliss.
“ I knew,” he whispered, “ that it could not be
Thy truthful heart had changed ; O Ella, no !”
“ Never a moment, Julian,” said this dear

And lovely being, as she raised her eyes
And met the impassioned, ardent ones that spoke
Such volumes to her soul Ay, bliss was theirs ;
They heeded not, knew not, that other eyes
Beheld their rapture,—that amid the thick
And heavy foliage near, a form had strayed
All stealthily along—with motive scarce,
E'en to his own dark, guileful bosom known,
Unless to watch, it was, the beauteous flower
This dear retreat concealed. Yes, one there was,
The father of the bridegroom soon to be,—
As had been thought—that gazed upon the scene,
Just for a moment gazed in mute surprise,
Astonishment intense, then dashed away,
To agony inflamed. “*Zounds!*” uttered he,
“Who could have thought of this? Oh fury! where,
Oh where is Francis? curse it! he has gone.”
(And so it was; for Francis had been told—
That evening only—Avingwerd was near,
Within the neighboring hamlet, and with joy
To meet, and to the bridal welcome him,
Had gone.) “Gone,” said the mad man, “foolishly
Away. *At once* he must be here; I'll flee!”
It just then passed the General's fuming brain,
The thought of rushing quick, with fearful threat,
To where, unheeding all, the lovers stood;
But soft drew back for reasons of his own;

"No, no!" he said, "I'll waste no time on him;
My duty lies away—my son to bring.
Oh fury! for a horse, a horse, a horse,
A horse, I say!" Not breathless Richard e'en
With like demand more frantic could have been
On Bosworth's field, than was our General now.
His wish attained, behold him, then, with speed,
With furious haste, careering o'er the wild!
On, on he dashes—with his bosom filled
With hate for him, th' usurper, as he deemed—
On—on—with purpose fixed of dire revenge,
If will of his could conquer; on he flies,
O'er the lone by-road, wound its way along
'Mid stump, and rock, and bush, and craggy mound,
That, touched by moonlight ray, would often loom
Like fearful vision to the fevered eye.
So deemed, at least, the animal bestrode;
For starting wildly from the beaten path
At some rude object near, with furious zeal
He dashed on towards an awful frowning brink
O'ertowered a dark, deep dell; and as arose
A shrieking outcry from his rider, wild,
Startled with sudden terror, and the words,
"Oh horror! save me! save me! O my God!"
Were echoed back, both horse and horseman plunged,
Down, downward dashed, to ruin and to death.

O man ! proud man ! how vain thy efforts are,
Thy will, how futile, if that Power that guides,
Directs in might, hath otherwise ordained !
How little dreamed the expectants on that day
Of a time-hallowed form, long wreathed with bright
And joyous-budding hopes, of the cold chill,
That startling of the spirit ever comes
When death unlooked-for, unforeseen, appears !
Yet he,—“the king of terrors,”—and, oh not,
When thus, all unattended by his train
Of seraphs bright, he comes—unjustly named !
Appalling death had stiffened not those limbs
That languid lay and useless, when the form,
So late exultant in its strength and power,
Within its beautiful and gentle home,
All tenderly was brought. That thrilling scream,
Uttered in moment awful—that wild cry
Of agony and terror—had been heard,—
An inmate of a humble mountain cot
Had caught the sound ; and soon upon the spot
The noble horse had found in stiffened death,
And he that clung to him, as if no more
His bosom e’er could heave with breath of life.
Yet in a few short hours had care and aid
So far restored to reason and to strength
The injured man, that death, though surely near,
Seemed far away.

. FATHER AND SON.

It was the solemn hour
Of midnight deep, that Francis sat alone,
Such was his father's wish, his couch beside.
"My son," was feebly uttered, "would to God,
Oh, would to God that life could be restored !
O Francis, Francis, may'st thou never know
The awe, the fear, my stricken bosom feels
At death's approach ! Would that, oh would, my son,
A few short days were mine ! Oh I have lived
In error and in sin ! I see it now.
O Francis, O my boy ! I've injured thee
Beyond forgiveness ; and thy heart must quell
The deep love I have roused within thy breast
By arts unparalleled." All then was told,
The tale of Julian's love, and Ella's grief,
The motive that had lured him to the sin
So long concealed, all was disclosed ; and, oh,
We surely need not speak of the intense,
Bewildering sorrow, chilled the noble heart
Of Francis Dorset, when he heard the words.

Yet love repressed, and e'en the sorrow caused
To loving, truthful hearts, seemed then as naught
To the deep sin committed ; and by one
So near in blood—his *parent*. “Oh,” he thought,
“ Could but this sin be blotted from his life,
Ere at the judgment seat of God most high
It all must be revealed ! O father, ask—
Look to thy God ! ” pronounced those virtuous lips
That never yet had uttered loud such thought—
“ Look to thy God for pardon ; He will soothe ;
Ask but for *His* forgiveness ; not too late,
Oh not too late, my father, is the hour !
Oh *where* is our good master ? ” he exclaimed
With nervous movement—“ gone ! yet we have one,
Oh we have one in heaven ! Ask through him
Forgiveness of the Father. Jesus hear—
O God, the Father, hear the pleadings deep
Of an afflicted son ! Oh pardon him—
Pardon this parent every earthly sin.”
Francis now turned his agitated look
Upon that stricken parent, and the tears
Were streaming down that pale, attentive face
In torrents nearly. Gently did the son
Speak tender words, and wipe the tears away ;
Then stooped and kissed the forehead. “ O my boy,
My son,” the father said, “ may God reward
And bless you ever ! Yes, I’ll ask, I’ll ask

Forgiveness from my God. O Thou, in heaven,
My Father and my God, I humbly pray
Forgive the countless sins of early youth,
The sins of riper age; through Christ, I ask."
How deeply sunk these words within the heart
Of the dear sufferer by! he gently took
His parent's trembling hand, and whispered words
Of tenderness and love. Soon came a change
Upon that pallid face, and Francis knew
A deeper change was near. He called but one,
His father's gentle partner, to the room,
And both together watched the flickering flame
Of struggling life go out. "My friends, O Frank,"
Exclaimed the dying man, "'twill soon be o'er;
My God! how vain, how more than worthless now,
Seems this world's gloss and glitter! 'Tis as naught,
Avaunt! away! ye tinsels, from my mind;
For you I've lost a life! Oh, give me back,
Oh, bid return the days can be no more!"
He ceased a moment—shorter grew his breath,
Struggles came on, and pain convulsed his frame.
"O Francis, help!" in agony he cried,
"Help, help, my boy, for hideous death is near!
Oh save me, save! I die; O Frank my boy!
Yes, yes, I feel thy touch; come nearer still;
O God, reward, my Father, hear in heaven!
Oh! oh! I thought"—

And days passed o'er; and not
Until the solemn funeral rites had been,
Did Francis feel the weight in all its power,
Of the peculiar trial that had crushed,
So painfully, his hopes. Then came its force.
"Oh, thanks to God," he thought within his heart,
"The union so much longed-for, was not formed!
Ah, had it been, and all too late to me
The truth had been revealed to render to
The lover ere I knew her, and—O God!
The *only* one *beloved*, the justice due;
Oh, thanks that I am saved what would have been
An anguish never ceasing!

O Francis!

Noble, loving, virtuous youth, though *this* grief
Thou wast spared, yet what a weight of sorrow
Came at once, unlooked-for, unimagined,
O'er thy soul! Yet greater, yes, far greater
Was the grief thy parent's *sin* occasioned
Thee, O Dorset, son attached, than even that,
The wrenching of thy spirit from its love,
The blasting of thy tenderest, brightest hopes!
Ay, the deep sorrow, the depressing grief
Caused by thy near of kin—the vile, mean sin
Enacted by thine own—outweighed it all.

O man ! before thou sinnest, think of all
The misery thou may'st cause—the anguish deep,
To loving, trusting hearts ; and if thou art,
Oh, if a *parent*—ponder, ponder well
Upon a child's deep-seated, fervent love ;
And if a *child*—but here I will forbear ;
Oh, who can speak the parent's agony,
If the sweet child that was, that lay within
His tender, fostering arms, and smile for smile
So often gave, becomes, when grown beyond
His loving care and guidance, a vile wretch !

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

An interesting, touching scene between
Fair Isabel, our friend, and Avingwerd
Had been, which we impart not, full of deep,
And tender, glowing fervor, as it was.
But of the hour, the evening, ere that day
Arrived would separate true friends, must now
Relate. How delicate had Ella been,
How sweetly had conducted towards the man
So recently she deemed would be to her
Her dearest friend for life ! How well he felt

Her sympathy was his ! the sympathy deep-felt,
Of a kind, loving sister. Marlowe, too,
The noble, generous Marlowe, how with care
From Ella loved, and from the home so dear,
He did absent himself ; that not a thrill
Of anguish to the man so deeply grieved
His presence should occasion ! On that eve
To which we now refer, did Francis sit,
Pale, calm and silent, gazing for the last,
Yes, were his thoughts, the *last* time on the scenes,
The dear, familiar objects he had loved.
By stealth those eyes that had so often dwelt
On her, his soul's first idol,—that had gleamed
With rapture and with hope whene'er her voice
Spoke words of gentle meaning;—that would light,
In hour gone by, so oft with joy and mirth,—
By stealth they wandered to the lovely face,
The gentle figure near, now left alone,
With mind and heart o'erflowing ; full of deep
And earnest sympathy for one so soon
Afar to stray ; for one whose manly heart
She knew was swelling with its bitter grief.
No word was spoken ; silently they sat—
This youthful pair—with feelings all suppressed,
Glowing within, yet scarcely sending forth
A semblance of emotion.

“ And is it thus,”

Thought Dorset to himself, "is this the last,
This eve the very last I e'er shall gaze
Upon that tender form,—shall sit beside
The being dearer to me than my life?
Ah, why that life bestowed? one glowing hope,
And then the darkness of the lurid tomb
Thrown over all. O Ella, *must* we part?"
The self-command of Francis, as he raised
To her his eyes, seemed now beyond control,
Those eyes were filled with tears. Sweet Ella looked—
Met that sad, tearful glance—and silent then
No longer could she be.

"Francis, my friend,
My brother," she exclaimed, "be happy! oh
Let not, I do entreat thee, any grief
Afflict for much of time thy generous heart!
O Francis, I implore thee be to me,
Through life, a brother dear; oh where on earth
Could I e'er find a nobler, a more kind,
A holier one on whom I could bestow
That tender title, brother! I entreat,
Dear Frank, I beg of thee forget me not;
Think of me as a sister; one whose heart
Will ever swell with sorrow for thy griefs,
And beat with rapture for thy joys and hopes."

“Deign, too,” exclaimed a pleading, manly voice,
“A brother to accept !” and suddenly
Before this estimable pair there stood
The noble form of Marlowe : who had heard,
As he was entering, the concluding words.
“O Dorset, deign a brother to accept ;
One who can truly say that not on earth
He knows the man on whom he can bestow
More reverence, more regard, than on thyself.
Yes, Dorset, I entreat thee be to me,
Even to Julian Marlowe, who has loved
From boyhood nearly, the sweet girl, with look
Beseeching by thy side—oh be to him,
Even to *him*, a brother.”

As he spoke

The noble Marlowe offered to that man,
The brother he implored, with earnest look
Of manly friendship and of trust, his hand.
Warmly was Dorset’s pressure of that hand
By Marlowe then returned ; and both these men,
So youthful and so generous, felt that thrill
Of lofty gladness, visits every heart
Of texture noble, when it meets the soul
Congenial to its own.

But who appears
Just at this moment at the entrance ? who,
What well-beloved stranger, that had been

For weeks a Rambler from his quiet home !
It is the *master*. Oh, how gladly beamed
The loving eyes around ! and what a scene
Of deep and thrilling interest to all
When meeting one that knew, and felt for each
So tenderly and warmly. Hand in hand
This loving circle sat, ay, e'en for hours.
Few were the spoken words—yet either felt—
Th' afflicted son and lover—and the youth
So long a wanderer from his early home—
The tender female—all—that near them glowed
A loving, sympathizing, noble heart.
How precious, oh, how grateful was the look,
The tender, soothing tones, and smile benign,
Of this meek, fervent christian ! how they brought—
These angel charms—refreshment, holy, pure,
Watering as heavenly dew each gentle heart !

And now another form within the room
Serenely comes,—a female mild and fair—
The graceful Isabel of Aftondale.
Why doth the master start ? and gaze with look
Intense and eager on that placid brow ?
Why doth sweet Isabel forbear to sit ?
But stand with look of wonder in her eye,
With rush of color to her lovely cheek,

And then with sudden paleness o'er it spread ?
'Twas not a moment thus, with wonder and
Amazement filled she trembling stood, ere quick
The master rushed and caught her in his arms.
"O Gerald! Gerald! can it be?" she said.
"O Isabel, my sister!" he exclaimed—
"My God, I thank thee!"

More we cannot say—
We enter not those holy, sacred hearts;
True bliss was theirs if e'er 'tis found on earth.
Yes, Isabel, the brother of thy love,
He who so long a wanderer had been—
He who was banished by a father's voice
From his dear birthright home—from every tie
So deeply precious to the tender heart—
He, he is now before thee; God has blessed,
Has heard thy prayers; and there a brother stands
Supporting thy dear form, that loftiest heart,
That holiest spirit, would be proud to own.

The evening passed, and night, ere came a thought
Of separation, or of rest, to those
Now mingling soul with soul. How Dorset's heart
O'erflowed with joy such relative to find!
And how were all with sympathy made glad!
How easily the master—for that term

We ne'er can throw aside—did all explain ;
How, by the slightest change of name alone,
He long had lived unknown in holy peace,
Soothed and supported 'mid his secret woes
By the pure faith he chose ; for which, those ties
That shed o'er life a halo, he resigned.
Yes, all was soon explained, was soon made clear.
Of General Dorset's marriage with a dear
Remembered sister, he had never known ;
Or *him* but at Grondalla. Francis, then,
Was but a stranger to him when they met :
But *now*—with what a warmth of tenderness,
Of sympathy devout, he pressed the hand
Of this lamented sister's mourning son !

One radiant word of comfort and of joy
By Isabel was whispered, when apart
For a few sacred moments she had drawn
This loving, new-found brother of her soul.
“Oh, God be praised !” he uttered, “God be praised !”

The first faint, silver streaks of coming morn
Were softly glimmering when this little band
Of gladdened spirits parted for the rest
A few short hours might give. And when the day
In its bright fulness shone, again they met ;

Ay, met to part; the brother found, the son,
Longing an aged parent to embrace;
And *all* with hushed emotions waiting for—
To love, to friendship true, that dreaded time—
The parting hour.

“This knowledge, Isabel,
E’en at this hour so late, is more to me
Than words can tell, said Avingwerd, when they—
These lovers that had been in early youth—
Upon the morn to which we have referred,
Apart had strayed. “Believe me, it will soothe
The days may yet be mine, far more than thou
Canst e’er imagine. Ah, to know in truth
That the deep love I bore thee when my heart
Was glowing with the fervency of youth—
To be assured by thine own precious lips
This warm affection was in part returned—
That thou couldst e’en have loved with tenderness
The man thou didst reject—this is, believe,
Is more, oh more, dear Isabel, indeed,
To spirit like to mine, than I can tell !
For, ah, with thy rejection, was the thought,
The bitter and depressing thought, alas !
That I to thee was nothing. Had I known,
Ah, had I known the secret thou hast told,

It might have shed upon the weary years
Since then my life has known, a soothing glow.
And yet, my friend, for all the world can give,
I would not thou hadst known, as I have done,
The bitter pangs of disappointed love.
Oh I have been, dear Isabel, I fear,
A worthless human being. And yet not,
Oh not to *thee* do I attach the blame ;
Myself alone must answer for the guilt.
No *object* have I had to fix my heart,
And nerve my sinews on to arduous work,
But for the world *have* lived. Oh not, alas !
As for the world I *should* ; and for that soul,
That longing, ever-living soul of mine,
Was by my God entrusted to my care ;
But for the follies of the empty world,
Its vanities and lies. And I have not
Rejected deep regret and sickly thought,
As duty would have prompted, but have nursed
A flame should long ago have faded, till,
O Isabel, my friend, I have not had
That confidence I should that all was right,
Within, oh dreadful thought ! this brain of mine."

" Oh deem not so !" said Isabel, " let not
Such thoughts, I do entreat, disturb thee more :

Oh ne'er again indulge them—let thy soul
Pursue the lofty path it yearns for—and,
Yes, soon, soon may all be well."

"Oh bless you
For the words!" the answer was, "Yes, Isabel,
E'en yet it may be so; for there has come
A dawning o'er my spirit of the power,
The mighty influence of a settled faith.
Too long, my friend, I banished from my mind
All thoughts of holy things; though whispers soft
As if of angels near, would seem to chide,
Or rather to *entreat* my wayward soul.
Yes, all, as thou hast said, may yet be well;
Years many may be mine; and I will strive,
A future well encountered, shall repay."

After a silence painful—for they both,
These loving spirits once, now felt that fear
So chilling to the heart, that never more,
Perchance, in this world might they meet again—
After a silence, Avingwerd said low,
"Dost thou remember, Isabel, the day
I first beheld thee? 'Twas the very hour
Thy brother had departed—he whom now
Kind Heaven has restored. Yes, it was the day,
The very morn he left his father's roof,

When I, all ignorant of grief within,
Approached thy lovely dwelling. Merry birds
Were singing on the branches,—and the hum
From happy insect tribes, was heard around.
Sweet roses flushed, and gentle tendrils climbed
The noble pillars near. Ay, all was gay,
And teeming with fresh life, but *thou* wast sad,
Ah, like a lily fair 'mid gaudier plants,
Didst thou appear when first I did espy,
Within the shadiest nook, thy tender form.
Thy young fair hands were folded, firmly clasped,
As if no glad employment e'er again
Could set them free. Tears fell upon that cheek,
Yet that sweet face, so mournful, from that hour,
Dear Isabel, I loved. I feared to break the trance
So beautiful and-holy; and I was
All silently departing, when I met
Thy father near the threshold. What a grief,
Oh what a sorrow sat upon that brow!
Stern, dark and fearful was it. Isabel,
Oh pardon me allusion to that day
I ne'er, till this, have mentioned,—should not now,
Had not that Being who controls and guides,
Restored to thee again this brother lost.
Yet I would ask forgiveness, that the scene,
The memory of my heart, has been revealed—
There's something whispers me my words have flowed

As they should not have done,—oh I am weak !”

“No, no,” said Isabel, “that thought recall;
And doubt not, fear not, thou hast said amiss;
Thy words were full of interest to my heart.
And now, God bless thee, Walter! Nerve thyself
For a bright onward course. Oh thanks to Heaven
Thy soul has waked to what alone can give
True happiness and peace! Strive nobly on—
We now must part. I go to cheer and soothe,
If so I may, an honored parent’s days—
To live a life of gratitude to Heaven
For a lost bliss restored. And, Walter, thou,
To combat with thyself; and to *succeed*.
And ever, well thou knowest, shall I think
With kindness and regard, my early friend,
Of thee, and of thy happiness. Farewell.”

The offered hand, by Avingwerd was pressed
With fervor to his lips; and soon were each
Pursuing different routes, and far apart.

THE CONCLUSION.

'Twas one of those bland, soft, delicious days
That renovate the heart in sunny May,—
That joyous time when new-born buds and flowers
Are lavishing their sweets,—and the dear woods,
And leafy nooks are gushing o'er with bliss,—
'Twas one of these glad days, a youthful pair
Were slowly pacing arm in arm along,
'Mid scenes none more enchanting could there be.
"Yes, Julian," said the lady, "I have passed,
Methinks, the happiest winter of my life,
Thy mother with us, and thy sister too—
Dear Clara—whom I never knew before ;
And though they now have gone, yet have I not
Thee, mine own noble Julian, ever near.
Yet cautious I must be," she archly said,
"As yet in giving praise, for we have not
Been one, as they express it, quite three weeks."

"O Ella, dearest Ella," Julian said,
"How thankful is my heart that after all

Its trials and its fears, thou art mine own !
Oh, when afar, a wanderer from my home,
'Mid scenes of tenderest beauty, works of art
Surpassingly delightful—oft with all
Of the sublime and grand within my gaze
Spirit the most exalted could desire—
How has my bosom yearned for one dear look
From eyes far, far away—for one sweet smile
From her, my soul's beloved ! And when came
The agonizing thought, that never more
Those eyes so dear might look on me again
As once they looked—those lips reply to mine,
Or smile on me again as once they smiled—
Oh what, to me, dear Ella, was the glow,
The splendor and the loveliness of art ?
Or what, from nature's lavish hand, her charms ?
Oh sin," continued Marlowe, " what a curse,
Oh what a direful enemy to man !
Why will he foster, cherish it, and nurse
This marrer of his peace—destroyer *sure*
Of all his truthful bliss. O sin, base sin,
How would I blot thee from the injured world,
• That groans beneath thy suffrage ! how would quench
The matter vile, thy powerful arm ignites !"

"Soft, soft, dear Julian," Ella gently said,
"Forget not Heaven's word,—we darkly see."

"Yes, thou art right," said Marlowe, "we will thank
A righteous, holy God, all things that are,
The deep, the dark, the misty, and the strange,
All, all will be explained; and, oh, rejoice
His holy will it is, we laborers be
From every heart to purge this sin away
As far as power is given. And we will strive,
Mine own beloved, within our little sphere,
This to effect; and scatter peace and love."
"God aid us in the duty"—Ella said.

After a moment's silence, both at once
Ceased further progress; they had reached a place
Brought each of them remembrances most dear.
"Ah, sacred tree!" said Marlowe, "still it waves,
As ever, in its glory. All the same—
The seat, the tree, the brook. Oh lovely spot!
Here, Ella, sit, and recollect with me
Sweet days of yore,—and listen, I entreat,
To my full heart's delight and gratitude
For such a happy consummation now
To all my fears and hopes."

But Ella blushed,
And turned her from his gaze. It was the place,
Where, just one year before, her tears had flowed,
And her young heart had ached at his neglect,
As then she deemed it. Yes, she felt a glow
Suffuse her cheek while of those heart-wrung tears
Confidingly she spoke.

“O Ella, loved,
Dear, gentle, precious Ella!” Julian said,
And thou didst weep for me!—Oh that I then,
That I but *then* had known what now I know!
Oh with what eagerness should I have flown
From scenes remote and dreary to thy side!
And, ah, the months that passed,—and thy dear peace
In thousand ways molested, my sweet love!”

“Oh speak not of it, Julian,” she replied,
“For wast *thou* not a wanderer—far away,
Alone and friendless?”

“Yes, oh yes, my love,”
Said Julian, as he pressed her to his side.
“But now—oh thanks to Heaven for such a gift!
Thou art mine own; my hope, my love, my bliss,
My joy, my wife—dear tender name, my *wife*,—
Look up and speak and tell me thou art happy.”
“Oh canst thou, canst thou doubt it?” Ella said,

And drooped her lovely head upon his breast.
Some moments passed ere word was spoke again
By Julian or by Ella. When at length
The latter raised her head and looked around,
"I see we're not the only roamers here,
Dear Julian," low she said. "There is a man
Slowly advancing yonder 'mid the trees.
Do you not see him? now he's resting there—
Now looking round—and now he's coming on."

"Yes, now," said Julian, "he is full in view;
But seems to joy in lingering. Now, methinks,
It is his pleasure to advance with speed;
And now he's hidden from us by the boughs;
Ah, there he is approaching!"

"Who can be
Wandering hither?" Ella said.

"Only one
Of nature's votaries, dearest, I conclude,
Who loves to meditate amid her charms,
We'll bid him welcome to our calm retreat."

"Must it be so? I like not much his looks,"
She answered, as she clung to Julian's arm.

"Why mine own love," replied he, "sure he seems Refined and elegant in mien. Can it be—

"No! yes!"—said Ella, Julian, both at once—

"It is—'tis he!" said Ella, "can it be?

'Tis *Gerald Arlington*, the master! oh!"—

Both forward rushed, with what intense delight,
To greet their honored friend.

"My children dear,
God bless you!"—he exclaimed—"yes I am here;
I'm with you once again."

Oh that dear voice!
How precious were the tones! We cannot speak,
We cannot tell the joy, the rapture felt
At this delightful meeting. When were o'er
The *first* expressions of their happiness,
"I've come," the master said, "to pass with you
A little time—to visit humble friends,
Dear nooks and quiet spots—and then return
To the parental, happy roof again."

How grateful was the converse that ensued!
All friends were well; and *Francis*, who had gone,
As well his *sister* and his *brother* knew,
With manly will across the foaming tide,
Had late sent messages of peace and joy.
Yes, happy words were spoken by these friends

As slowly on they strayed. The place where last
Within these gentle shades, had Ella met
The master, and his kindly words had soothed,
Was not forgotten as they passed it o'er.
She told it all to Julian—how sweet peace
Had entered in her heart, as here she sat
And listened to his words.

“And thou hast found,
Dear Ella,” said the master, “that the prayer
Of humble faith is ever heard by Him
Whom Jesus said was love. And if 'tis not
As manifestly clear, the answer given,
As thine has been, yet in some silent way
That blesses and consoles, 'twill surely come.”

And wandering further on, ere long they reached
The charming spot o'er looked the lovely vale
Where Mabel, and her worthy parents lived.
“We long to welcome thee,” did Julian say,
Addressing the dear stranger, “to our home ;
But Ella and myself have here been asked
To pass this evening with our pleasant friends,
And thou wilt go with us—I know it well.”

“Oh gladly !” was the cheerful, quick reply,

“ It is a home I love ; I long to greet
The happy inmates there.”

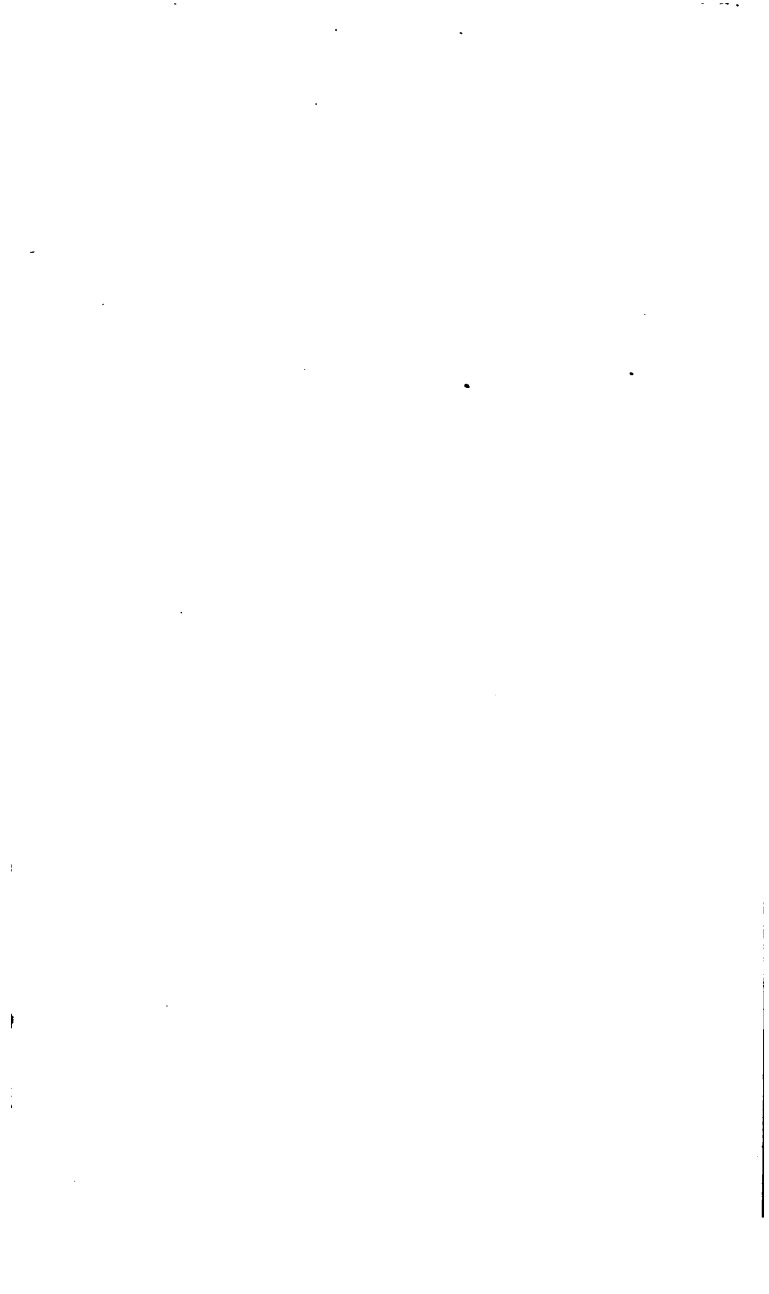
How quietly,
How peacefully this little calm domain
Amid its many beauties seemed to sleep !
How lovely was the glow the gladdening sun
To meadow, stream, and tender foliage gave !
Our friends beheld admiringly ; and oh,
Another heart than Ella's thought of scenes
Of interest deep and touching, that had passed
But one short season gone, beneath that roof ;
And as were looks exchanged, 'twas with a glow
Of happy satisfaction, that no trace
Of slight or of neglect in aught was seen,
But all evinced the willing, earnest hand
Of industry untiring.

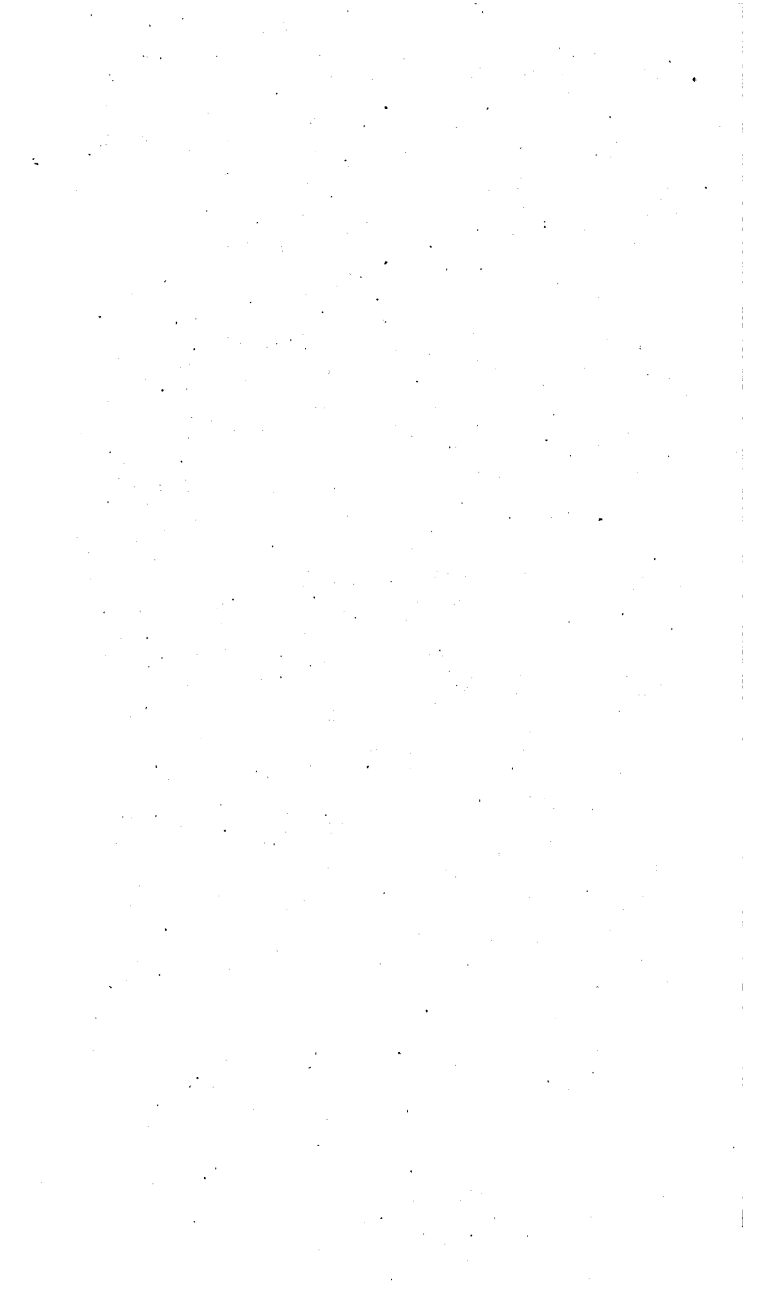
As they came
Nearer the quiet homestead, they descried,
Beneath the spreading tree, that seemed as if,
From the associations dear it brought
Of rural pleasures and domestic joy,
Almost a member of the household there,
A table, white and pure ; and well they knew
Its purpose, and the cheering welcome, too,
Would soon be theirs.

And who is bounding now
With rapid step and dancing curls along,

Eager to meet the visitors she loved !
It is our Mabel ; grown, since last she came
Before our vision, yet as sweet as then,
As charming and as lovely. Why the step,
The light, fleet step, restrained ?—and why that look
So wondering and so brilliant too, as if
A new and beautiful, and glowing thought
Was thrilling her pure soul ! She hesitates ;
She looks ;—again she doubts ;—she trusts ; she *knows* ;
“It is, it is the master !”—she exclaimed,
And clasped her little hands in rapturous joy.

THE END.







SEP 11 1964



